THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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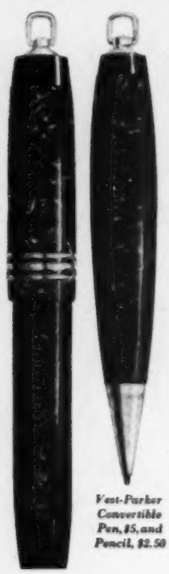

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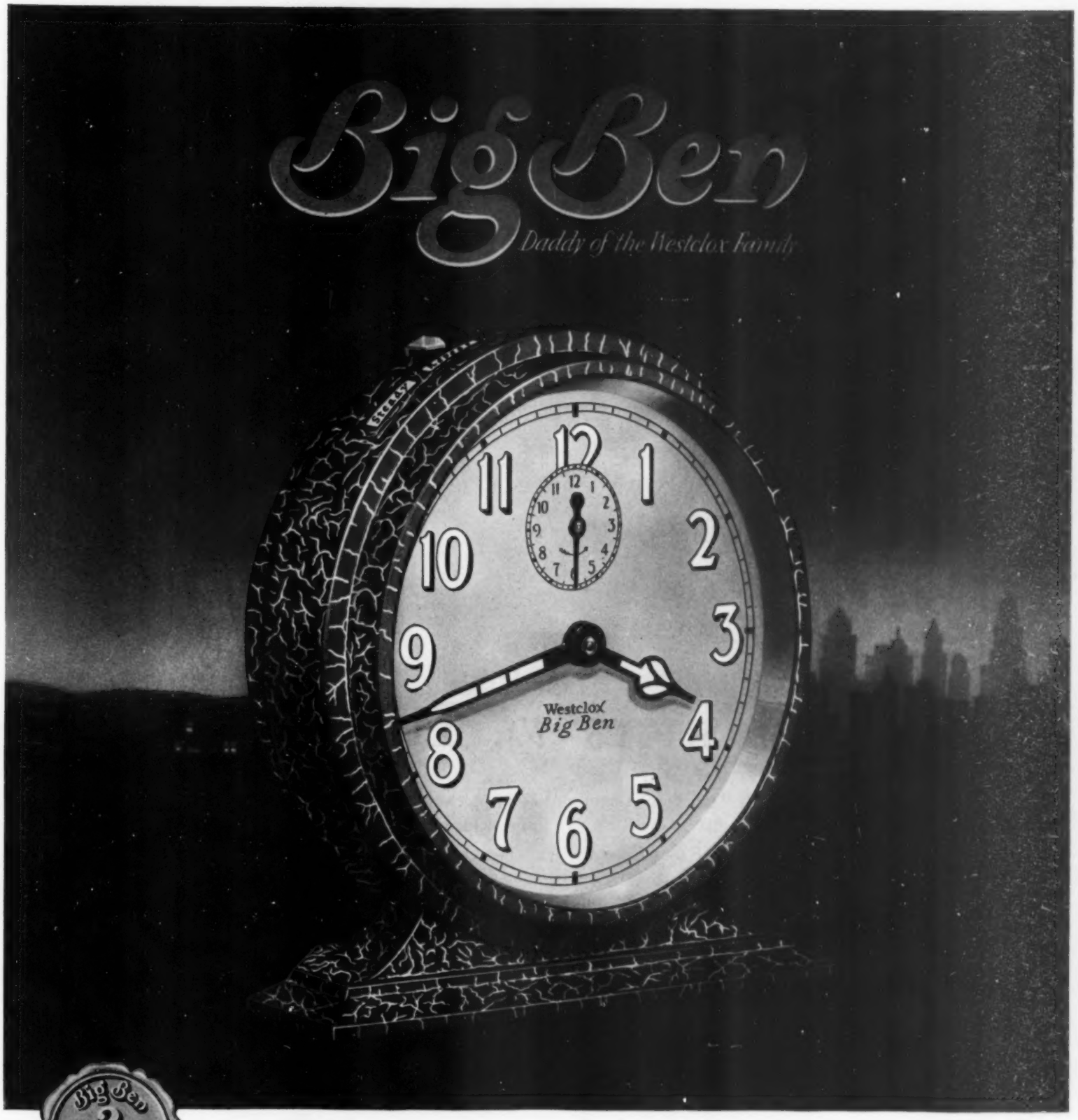

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BAD PENNY

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

DOROTHY GROVE'S wedding was set for Wednesday, the eighteenth of the month. As her mother had died only a year back, and as her father, Edward Grove, was in poor health, the ceremony, at the old Grove place in Coventry, Massachusetts, was to be of the quietest sort. Virtually all the preliminary gayeties were put aside. But there was one small indulgence that Mr. Grove insisted on: He arranged a quiet dinner party for the Friday evening preceding the wedding—Friday, the thirteenth, as it happened. Thompson Burr and Ben Willis drove up together from New York for that little dinner. Burr planned to stay the night and run back on Saturday. Willis, the bridegroom, on the other hand, had arranged for his brother Arthur to drive out from Boston during the evening and take him in to their mother's home on Beacon Hill.

The two men had been acquainted since boyhood, but had seen little of each other during recent years. Willis, a product as distinctly Bostonian as the baked bean of comic tradition, had gone, on leaving Harvard, directly into the investment-banking firm to which his father's life had been devoted, and was now assistant manager of the New York office. He was a self-contained, good-looking young man. His thoughts, apart from the naturally absorbing matter of his approaching marriage, dwelt on business affairs and the stock exchange. During the all-day ride, chatting in a rambling way, as men will on such occasions, he surprised his companion by his knowledge of the current bull market. Even the tobacco crop of the Connecticut Valley—as they drove from Hartford to Springfield—drew from his mental reservoir a set of precise facts and figures.

Burr, on the other hand, when hardly out of his teens, had drifted out to the Orient. He was known as the author of a much-quoted book on the Far East and the Pacific problem as well as several rather distinguished works of fiction. He had experienced battle and famine and international intrigue. The World War caught him up in 1917, and aged him. He attended the Peace Conference as a correspondent. And now, a few days after the wedding, he would be leaving again for China and Tibet. He was tall, dark, grave, though not wanting in a strain of dry humor.

They were rolling along between Springfield and Worcester when their easy chat was enlivened by an amusing, if quite earnest, clash of views.

Ben, reverting to the topic that was naturally uppermost in his mind, remarked, "I've often wondered why you've never married, Tom."

"I'm afraid, Ben, that I don't altogether share your regard for womankind. Forgive me, but I don't. They have, of course, certain necessary racial functions, and some of them contribute a decorative value. Oh, now and then, I'll admit, you find one that appears to have civilized human instincts."

"Dad's Got Money, But the Man I Marry Has Got to Have a Lot More. He's Got to Have Ability Too. I Want Position and Things. I'd Have Grabbed Benny Quick if I Could Have Got Him"

Ben spoke with some heat: "Oh, come, Tom! We know that man was not made to live alone. He needs woman to complete ——"

"If my life were any completer," Burr put in, "I'd burst."

"But if only to take care of you—a woman ——"

"The ladies, I've observed," Tom interrupted, "devote most of their energy to taking care of themselves. They're a queer lot, Ben. A primitive lot, really, beneath the veneer. Nature's little joke on us men. For myself, I can't be bothered with 'em."

"Dorothy's not a queer lot!"

"Oh, well, Ben; naturally, I had no idea of ——"

"She's been everything to her mother and father. You don't know!"

"Oh, yes, I do. And admire her for it."

"She has done a remarkable job, running that big house. She is quiet, you know. But believe me, there is plenty of spirit beneath that outer calm of hers. It is simply under control. She agrees with me that we should cultivate will power and govern our lives. She is not a child, you see. She is twenty-four. During those last few years of her mother's life she gave up every outside interest to take care of her. She's just a wonderful person, that's what she is!"

"She hasn't had much fun, poor girl," mused Burr.

"Fun isn't important," said Ben. "It's character that counts."

Burr smiled and nodded, but for the moment kept his thoughts to himself. Those thoughts were tinged with a somewhat jaded, somewhat wistful worldliness.

"If it were Beth, now, it might be different." Ben, roused by that curious opposition in their views, was stirred to talk on: "Beth is more the flapper type. Plays around. A little light-headed, I'm afraid. But she'll settle down. There's splendid stuff there. It's a strong family."

Burr put his mind on the business of picking his way through Worcester. Soon they were again making good speed on the open highway. The lesser city of Marlboro slowed them again. A few miles farther and they would leave the Boston Road to swing northward toward Coventry.

"It's a wonderful time for young men in business today," observed Ben. "Simply unlimited opportunities. Given character, a man can go just about as far as he chooses. I've always felt, anyway, that the right sort of man should be able to direct his own life."

"I'm afraid that is a rather quaint notion, Ben."

"Why? It is simply a matter of will."

"That, of course," said Burr, "is rot."

"Rot? Why, Tom ——"

"Character and will? My eye! Luck and coincidence would be nearer it."

"Oh, I realize that you're a bit older than I am, Tom. Probably you know more. I've been everywhere, seen all sorts of things. You're a success too. But, just the same, I believe in character. And if character isn't will, I'll confess I don't know what it can be."

"But life is so complicated," said Burr grimly. "It does unexpected things to you. I am drawing nearer and nearer the belief that the real governing force is pure coincidence."

"If I accepted that philosophy of life," cried Ben, "I shouldn't have a leg to stand on!"

It was rather silly. But Burr was waking up to the argument. "As for being able to plan your life—'direct it' was your phrase—why, take my case. The present assumption is that I'm leaving for China a week from tomorrow. But I may find myself, instead, dashing to Moscow or the Sahara, committing a murder, plunging headlong into the flour-and-feed business, flying to Buenos Aires with another man's wife. Who knows? All I can be reasonably certain of is that something, anything, is likely to happen, and that the only consistent thread running through the crazy-quilt pattern will be coincidence. For example, if I fly southward with the imaginary lady just mentioned and our plane is wrecked and we are rescued by a liner, it is fairly certain that the avenging heavy husband will be on that ship. Or that the captain will turn out to be her still heavier brother. Get me?"

Ben thought over this outbreak deliberately. When he finally spoke, it was to say, with a slight tone of disapproval, "Anyone listening to you would suppose that the whole business is simply melodrama."

"Isn't it?"

"Certainly not."

"How about the war?"

"Bad enough, to be sure. But it's over, isn't it? And I observe that Harvard is still functioning over there in Cambridge. Trinity Church stands right where it did in Copley Square. The House of Morgan is still doing business at Broad and Wall streets. No, Tom, you're evidently more of a Bolshevik than I'd have supposed possible."

All Burr said to that was, "Here's a filling station. Thought we might be able to make it, but we're down to our last gallon."

II

IT WAS a typical wayside stopping place. A clearing hollowed into the woods. Two shedlike structures—one for service, with gasoline pumps in front of it; the other a long open counter with a roof. A garish sign blazed out the legend—Dick's Place. On the counter were displays of sandwiches, hot dogs, boxes of strawberries. Placards advertised ice-cream cones, coffee, waffles and other comestibles. A few cars were parked about. A row of people ate and drank at the counter. A mangy bear slept in an inadequate-looking cage beyond the service shed.

Burr had to wait to get to a pump. Ben, remarking more cheerily that a hot dog and a cup of coffee would taste good, stretched his long legs and strolled over to the counter behind the car.

Burr glanced quizzically after him; then, with suddenly narrowed gaze, looked more closely. As Ben took his place at the counter another man moved over to give him room—a slender but vigorous-appearing person in linen knickerbockers, a rather noticeable olive-green sports coat and a Panama hat with a gay little feather—olive green—stuck in the band. Burr's brows contracted as he studied that figure. There was a foreign air about the costume. The fellow's profile, when he turned his head courteously to acknowledge Ben's brief word of thanks, looked more foreign still. It was a strikingly handsome profile, almost too sensitive for a man of his build. Burr's intent look became a definite frown. He knew that face. It was odd to find it here—very odd. The fellow didn't look a day older. Burr, still frowning, turned back.

An olive-green roadster was parked beyond the pumps near the bear's cage. It would belong, surely, to the man of the green feather. It would be like him to study out just such a color scheme.

A blue sedan, westward-bound, swerved across the road and stopped by the olive-green roadster. A young woman was driving it, alone. Burr stared, then hurriedly lit a cigarette, lounging down behind the wheel and partly shielding his face with his hands. For the girl was stepping down in a flustered manner and looking furtively about. Quickly, then, she opened a rear door and dragged out a suitcase, which she placed, with some effort, in the back compartment of the roadster. In that same hurried way, stumbling a little, she opened the green door and got in, sliding down very low in the seat and waiting; shielding her face with a moody hand, just as Burr himself was doing.

There was no mistaking her purpose. The meeting had been planned. It looked, for all the world, like an elopement. What else, really, could it be? And the girl—Burr felt a queer catch in his breath—was Dorothy Grove.

He looked back. Ben, both elbows on the counter, was serenely eating his roll and sipping his coffee. He couldn't have seen. For that matter, the cars at the pumps would have been in his way. That other man was eating too. Burr's bewildered mind became coherent in the briefest of moments. Quick and vital decisions were no novelty in his active life. It was not a time to raise questions. The situation was pure drama; all the elements were present.

At the moment no one else appeared to be about. The owners of the two cars at the pumps had wandered over to the food counter. The attendant was not in sight. Burr leaped out and stepped around to the back of the green roadster.

In a moment he had out the suitcase and had thrown it back into the blue sedan, calling softly, as he did so, "Dorothy!"

She turned, her brown eyes bent on him in confusion. She was lovely to look at in her trim little frock and hat; a small person, very pale, but tremblingly alive.

"Quick!" said he. "Come back here!"

"But, Tom—of course I didn't suppose—oh, I ——" Her rather deep-toned voice stammered itself into silence.

"Hurry! There isn't a moment. Ben's right over there. Anything might happen."

The situation, evidently, was beyond her. He had to take her arm and help her out. She was frightened. But it might turn out all right if she didn't faint. There was no telling what an overwrought girl might do, of course.

She let him, without a word, put her behind the wheel of her own car. But then she turned on him. Spots of red flamed in her cheeks.

"I don't know what you're thinking of me," she began, but he cut her off:

"It doesn't matter what I may be thinking, dear. There's only one possible thing to do. Drive home just as fast as you can go. No, not another word! It's pure luck that he hasn't turned. Just go!"

She flashed a bewildered glance over toward the food stand, hesitated; then—her will overborne by Burr's cool tone of authority, still with those flaming red spots in her cheeks—quickly backed the blue sedan around and sped off to the eastward.

"You Do Know!" She Blazed Out. "You Were in That Mix-Up Today. You Fought ——"

Her Beautifully Chiseled Mouth Twisted Into a Faint Unhappy Smile—Stood Dorothy. "Decided to Face it Out," Thought Burr Grimly

Burr, looking moodily after her, felt a strong hand on his shoulder and whirled about. There stood the man in the olive-green coat, his face, under the Panama hat with its cocky little feather, livid with rage. But whatever excited words may have been trembling on the fellow's quivering lips died there.

"You!" he breathed.

"Yes, me. Is this your car?"

"Certainly. But what right have you ——"

Burr glanced again toward the stand, peering between those two cars at the pumps. A waitress was handing Ben a second hot dog.

"Step around the building here, Du Rut," he said crisply. "I want to talk to you."

The man he had called Du Rut drew himself up. Pride, anger, confusion were evident in his blazing eyes and in the sudden color that swept into the handsome face. With a sudden, low-voiced outbreak—it sounded like "Get out of my way!"—he leaped toward the roadster. Burr, who was no weakling, caught his arm and dragged him, sputtering and striking out blindly with his free hand, back between the service shed and the bear cage. They couldn't be seen here.

Du Rut swung on him. But the blow was wild, and it was not much of a trick to catch the flying arm and pin it. "None o' that!" said Burr. It was odd that neither of them, in this curiously disjointed conversation, raised his voice. "What were you up to with that girl?"

"That is my affair, and hers. It does not concern you in the slightest degree." The speech was stilted.

"I intend to handle it, just the same. You're in real peril, my friend. There's a man over there at the stand who would just about murder you if he knew what you're up to. You keep away from her! Understand? Keep away!"

Saying this, Burr relaxed his hold. Du Rut, quick as a young tiger, sprang back and snatched up a heavy stick from the ground. He was clearly beside himself. "Well," thought Burr, "if there's got to be a fight, let's have it out!" He partly fended the rushing blow, but at that, as the stick scraped his face, saw stars. Then, after a quick shake of his head to clear it, he leaped forward, caught the upraised arm, spun the fellow around and knocked him flat. When he got up—cursing and moaning, but even then keeping his voice low—Burr, with a few quick blows, knocked him down again, back among the bushes.

"You'd better lie there for a while, Du Rut," he said, looking sternly down at him. "Think yourself over, for once."

He straightened his tie, brushed off a patch of dirt that had somehow got on his coat, walked quietly back to his car and bought his gasoline. The main joint of his right thumb throbbed and burned painfully.

Ben came strolling over. "Well," he remarked cheerily, "that was something like! I could face anything now."

"Would you mind driving, Ben?" asked Burr quietly, holding a bloody handkerchief to his cheek.

"Of course not. But—what on earth, Tom?"

"I stumbled getting out of the car. Plowed up the gravel with my face. And I think I've sprained my thumb."

"Well, well! Tough luck!" said Ben with quick sympathy.

So they rode away toward the pleasant old town of Coventry.

Burr's thoughts ranged back darkly over the years. Flashes of memory rose—a Chinaman with a sensitive white face standing by an open coffin on the dim after deck of a Yang-tse steamer; a violently dramatic scene in Times Square; a grove near Versailles at dawn, and himself looking down at the blood-tipped rapier in his hand—little scenes that wavered uncertainly past the inner eye of memory like the flickering, confused motion pictures of fifteen or twenty years back. But he didn't speak of those scenes to Ben.

III

THE Grove place—several hundred acres of pine-clad hill and meadowland—lay a mile or more from Coventry Center, as the village was called. The spacious yet amiably unpretentious mansion looked out over one of the green-bordered little lakes in which the region abounds, into a spreading view of gentle hills and shallow valleys; miles upon miles of settled countryside, with a distant spire pointing up whitely above the luxuriant growth of trees.

Mr. Grove was out on the lawn, talking with a chauffeur, when Burr's car emerged from the trees below the house; a tall, stooping figure; not a well man—he moved slowly and stiffly, turning his head with his body; the face colorless—a flat gray. Even the lips were gray.

But he greeted them in his crisp, dry way: "Hello, Benny! . . . Well, Tom, glad you found you could make it! Come right along in! . . . Sorry Dot isn't here to welcome you, Benny. She had to drive into the city for some shopping that appeared to be frightfully necessary and got back a few minutes ago with a sick headache. Been going it pretty hard, you know, getting ready for the big event. Anyhow, girls seem to go in for these little upsets. Funny creatures!"

His keen eyes took in the bruise on Burr's face, but he didn't speak of it.

The chauffeur stepped forward smilingly, saying, "I'll run your car around, Mr. Burr."

"How did he get my name?" thought the guest. "A new man. Wonder what's become of old Thomas. Funny. But, of course, they've spoken of me. He acted, though, as if he knew me. Come to think of it, I've half a notion I've seen him somewhere or other."

Beth, the younger sister, met them in the front hall. A remarkably pretty girl; slim, lissom, distinctly changed since Burr had last seen her. She'd been a leggy, affectionate tomboy, pale blond in coloring, with big eyes of the sort perhaps best described in the old phrase, "China blue," a slightly pouting fullness about the friendly mouth, and given to an amusing, cool sort of impudence. She didn't look so impudent now; the pout had smoothed out of a piquantly lovely face. Even the China-blue eyes seemed to have deepened and taken on meaning and mystery.

Indeed, at the moment, he noted something disturbing in those eyes; as if she'd been lately—very lately—shaken by some pretty deep experience. Certainly, however grown up she might appear, the tomboy note hadn't wholly left her. She fairly launched herself at Burr—she'd always been fond of him, and had often climbed on his knee to chatter in a comically adult way. She had him literally by the neck now, kissing him, while at the same moment extending a careless left hand to Ben.

Burr put down his suitcase and firmly disengaged that uncompromising arm.

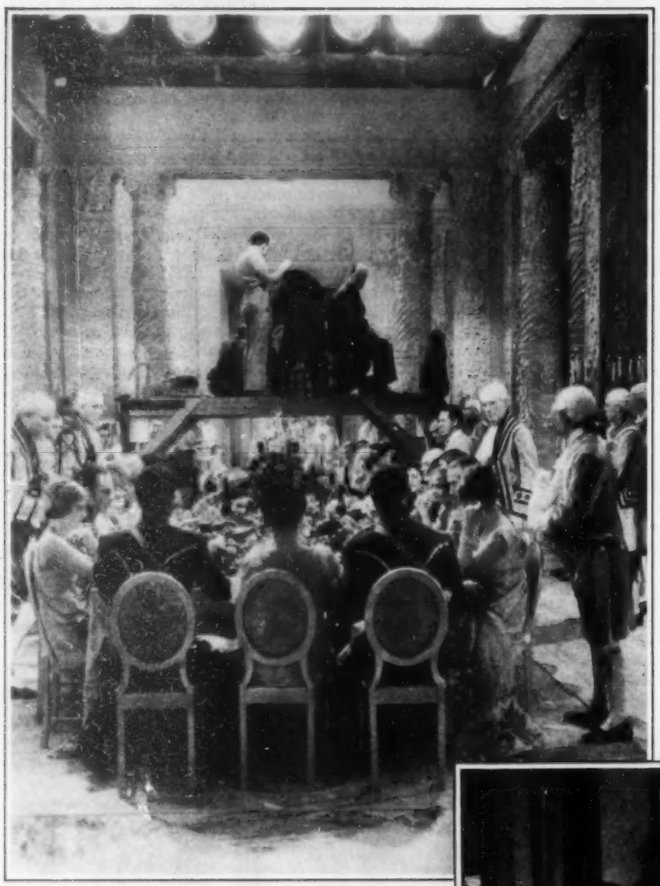
"Dot's feeling rotten," she announced, the blue eyes lingering curiously on his bruised face. "Said she mightn't

(Continued on Page 142)

"All Right. I've Got to Stay With Dad, Anyway. There's a Couch in His Room. I Can Doze There. I'll Hear Him if He Stirs; He's on My Mind So"

THE ARDUOUS ART

By Ben Ames Williams



Recording Movie Royalty at Dinner. A Sequence in the First National Picture, "Bride of the Regiment"

THERE is hardly another great American industry which has received so much detailed publicity as the business of making moving-picture films, and by the same token there is hardly another industry about which so little that is true is generally known.

Volumes have been written—and published—about moving-picture stars; their private lives have been distorted for publicity purposes into an unreality like that of fairy tales. The same publicity methods have been applied to a greater or less degree to directors, to stunt men, and even, on occasion, to writers. But this publicity has centered almost altogether upon the private rather than the professional activities of these individuals; how and why they work, and what they do, are forgotten in a dazed wonder at the golden glamour of their lives.

Not so much has been written about the men whose brains have made the moving-picture business what it is, and who are actively at work in the effort to make it better than it is. They have no press agents; they avoid publicity; they enter their own theaters, on the night of a great première, by the side door, so that they may go unrecognized. Inevitably, about them legends gather; and these legends are not complimentary. But, incidentally, neither are they true.

Anyone who, on acquaintance long or short, seeks to appraise the moving-picture business is doomed to error.

Five Arts in One

THE whole is so complex that no single eye can compass it. Yet even a brief contact with the actual work of making moving-picture stories is sufficient to make clear that this business is also an art, that this art is a jealous mistress, and that, among the related arts, the art of telling a story in pictures is certainly the most complex and arduous of them all. Art has been defined in many ways. Among others, it has been defined as: "The expression of beauty in form, color, sound, shape or movement." Since the advent of the colored talking moving picture, the art of moving pictures has become: "The expression of beauty in form, color, sound, shape AND movement."

Sculpture, painting, poetry, the drama, literature and the dance are very ancient arts indeed, but the moving picture is at once the youngest and the most richly endowed of them all. In the very richness of its endowment lies its extreme difficulty. Just as plane geometry is more readily comprehended than is solid, so is painting essentially a simpler art than sculpture. When two arts are joined, the task of the artist is made not easier but harder; and when five arts are combined in one, that difficulty is many times multiplied.

To tell a story in moving, talking pictures is not a simple matter nor an easy one. It is a complex and arduous business, and the purpose of what follows is briefly to suggest some of the hurdles that must be taken along the way.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Greta Garbo Listens to Director Clarence Brown's Instructions in Her First Talking Picture, "Anna Christie"

John Smith wrote a story. Writing stories was his profession. His tangible, physical equipment for this profession included a typewriter for which he had paid a hundred dollars two or three years before, a desk and chair representing an expenditure of about fifty dollars, and a dollar and sixty-five cents' worth of white paper. Thus, to write this particular story cost John Smith, in actual dollars and cents, hardly more than the price of a book of postage stamps.

Having written the story, he sought to present it to an audience. Heretofore he had reached his audience through the magazines. This time it seemed to Smith that his story was particularly adapted to be told as a moving picture, and he determined that it should be so told, and set about the business of the telling.

He discovered at once that to tell his story as a moving picture would be a costly proposition. Even one moving-picture camera costs a considerable sum of money, and he would require three or four. His was to be a talking picture, and sound-recording devices are expensive. The camera would demand proper lighting on the subjects to be photographed, and electricity and lights must be paid for. The action of his story must be laid against a physical background which would have to be designed and built for the purpose. And further, to tell his story in moving-picture form would require human actors, and men and women competent to do this work command, and receive, substantial salaries.

The Story Must Fit the Film

SMITH spent some time investigating ways and means, but he was not able to arrive at even a rough estimate of what his project would cost. He could only be sure that to tell his story in moving-picture form would require, on his part, an expenditure of much more money than he could possibly get together. So, of necessity, he sought to find someone to finance the enterprise he had in mind.

He was fortunate enough to enlist the interest and cooperation of a moving-picture-producing company which had the equipment, the technical staff, the actors, the properties, the laboratories, the distributing agencies and the theaters in which the moving-picture story would later be displayed, all at its command.

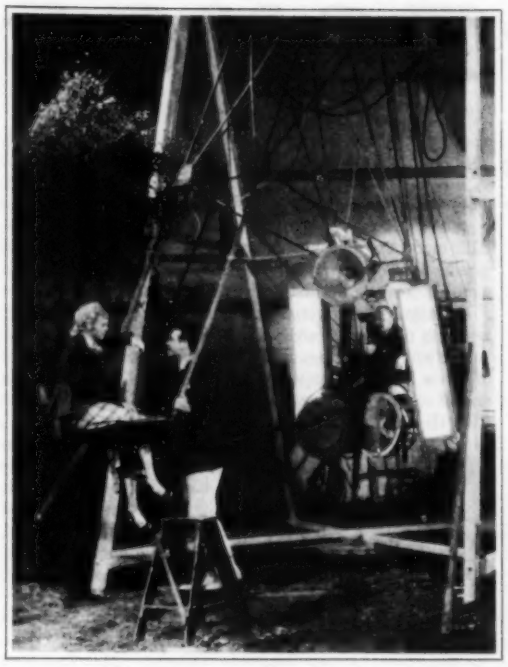
The company might have demanded from John Smith some payment for its services in making it possible for him to tell his story, but the company, in order to support its own bulk, must have moving-picture stories on which to feed. Therefore, instead of asking John Smith to pay for the manufacture of his story, the company paid Smith for the privilege of making the story, asking in return only the ownership of the completed picture.

In return for the payment he received, Smith agreed to coöperate in the work of telling his story in pictures, and for this purpose he went to Hollywood.

Smith's cooperation in the task of telling his story in pictures had scarce begun before he encountered the first difficulty. His story was a short one. It could be told briefly, and directly, and effectively—he was convinced of this by the producer—in from three to four reels. But there is no market for pictures of this length. The story must, therefore, be expanded so that it would require approximately an hour to tell it in picture form.

Smith undertook this work of expansion. It did not occur to him to protest, because he was sufficiently practical to realize that the company's expenditures could only be justified by the prospect of a reasonable return. So he set to work to expand his original story to about twice its first proportions.

He found this surprisingly hard to do. The story had assumed in his thoughts a compact unity. To make a longer story out of it meant either the attenuation of the



Harry Beaumont Directs a Love Scene From a Swinging Perambulator on the Metro-Goldwyn Lot

original parts or the addition or insertion of new episodes. The former would weaken the structure of the whole; the latter would require many changes, to bring the old material into harmony with the new.

But the manufacture of stories was Smith's profession; and he succeeded, after some time, in bringing the story to the proper length, without any very grave sacrifice of its essential unity.

Up to this time, the story had been read only by Smith and the producer, but having now assumed a form and a length which seemed to the producer and to Smith effective, copies of it were delivered to some of the others who would be engaged in telling the tale in picture form.

The first of these other persons was the director; the second, the scenario writer; and the third, the actor who would star in the picture.

Smith, at this stage, asked the producer: "Is it necessary to have a star?"

The Lode Star

THE producer said frankly, "Yes." And he continued: "Your name, Mr. Smith, is familiar to readers of books and magazines, but it is not necessarily familiar to the people who will come to see your picture. Your name is not sufficient in itself to draw people into the theaters. After this picture is made, our first task will be to persuade people to come and see it. If they like it, they will tell others to come. But it will be difficult to persuade the first ones to come and see it, unless we have in the company a star whom they already know and who has sufficient drawing power to bring them into the theater, regardless of the story in which he appears."

Smith saw the justice of this, so he accepted the star. He accepted the director, because he knew himself incompetent to arrange and stage the scenes which when recorded by the camera would tell his story. He accepted the scenario writer, because a study of the scripts of other moving pictures had made it clear to him that a scenario was a highly technical piece of work, and that for its preparation a knowledge of the camera—its powers and its limitations—was essential. So the story which had begun as a unity, conceived and completed by Smith alone, became, first, a composite resulting from his consultations with the producer, and was then delivered into the hands of a group consisting of the producer, the director, the scenario writer, the star and Smith himself.

The Importance of the Background

SMITH had some misgivings about this arrangement. He knew that collaboration is seldom successful, that great works of art have almost universally been the product of the mind and hand of a single artist. But he knew also his own limitations, which these other folk would supplement. So he accepted the situation. He had dinner with the star, and played golf with him; he discussed the story with the director; and he began then to work with the scenario writer toward the completion of a finished script.

The influence of these other personalities was immediate, not only on the story but on Smith himself. Having become acquainted with the star, he inevitably began to visualize this actor in the rôle which he would play in the finished picture; and, so doing, Smith recognized the fact that there were some things in the story which the actor would never have done—and could never do convincingly—and that, on the other hand, there were other things which the actor could do convincingly and amusingly which might be injected into the story. So Smith's original story began already to be modified in his own mind by the personality of the actor who would play in it a leading part.

The influence of the director was also manifest. The story had been laid against a simple, unified background.

PHOTO. BY ERVING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Continuity Clerk and "Still" Camera Man Making Records Useful in the Final Editing of a Picture

The director, without insisting that Smith make any change in this arrangement, nevertheless did point out that in his experience a picture which lacked variety of background failed to interest the audience.

"The eye of the audience," he said, "becomes tired of looking at the furniture in one room. It becomes tired of seeing only interiors. It becomes bored with monotony of background, just as it becomes wearied if the actors remain static instead of moving."

Smith knew the director's skill and reputation; so, when he and the scenario writer began the work of shaping the story into moving-picture form, Smith was already prepared to sacrifice his original unity of background in favor of a more entertaining visual variety.

The scenario writer with whom Smith now collaborated was a young woman who had made, or helped in making, more than two hundred moving picture stories; she was a veteran of the industry, yet with a capacity for invention still unwearied, and an enthusiasm that never failed.

Personalities

SMITH found not only that her technical ability simplified their joint task but also, when it became necessary—as it did become necessary, even in his eyes—to change the story here and there, he found her suggestions shrewd and valuable.

She knew, for instance, the personalities through whom the story must be told. The director, she pointed out, was extremely skillful in handling two, or three, or four actors

(Continued on Page 191)

A MAC JULIAN FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

Director Clarence Badger and Camera Crew Shooting Scenes for the Outdoor Talking Picture, "Under Western Skies"

SALES RESISTANCE

By Frederic L. Smith, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE blond young woman at the switchboard critically inspected the card which Ellis Higbie handed her. "Salesman?" she inquired, glancing up at him.

"I'm with the Wesson Motor Company," Ellis informed her with a suave superiority calculated to put a menial of the outer office in her place. "Tell Mr. Briggs I'd like to see him, will you?" He removed his right glove, preparatory to greeting a possible customer for a Wesson Eight, and adjusted his derby to a jaunty angle. The blond young woman smiled faintly and pressed one of the myriad of buttons before her. It was scarlet, Ellis noted, and set apart by itself—an important and rather prepossessing-looking button.

The switchboard presently clicked in response and the blond girl glanced again at the card in her hand.

"Mr. Ellis Higbie of the Wesson Motor Company to see you," she chanted into the transmitter. Maliciously, it seemed to Ellis, she added, "Sales representative."

There was a moment's pause. The blond young woman held the receiver a few inches from her ear, and Ellis could hear the instrument buzzing angrily.

"Yes, sir," said the girl at the switchboard, her lips close to the mouthpiece. "All right, Mr. Briggs. Yes, I'll tell him." She put down the receiver and regarded Ellis with what he took to be an expression of utter satisfaction.

"Mr. Briggs says for you to go to hell," she informed him demurely. "He says you're the sixth automobile salesman that's called today, and if he wasn't so busy he'd come out and take you apart with his hands.

"He never talks to salesmen," she continued, as though admonishing a naughty child. "Mister, you don't want to bother the boss any more. You'll just get thrown out on your neck. Plenty of salesmen have tried it."

"Thank you," said Ellis icily, and turned on his heel. The blond young woman snickered audibly and watched the door close behind him. "These fresh guys; thought they could breeze right in and see the big chief, did they?" She reached for a copy of Torrid Topics lying on top of the switchboard and resumed her reading.

Ellis walked slowly down the marble corridor toward the bank of express elevators. It would be pleasant to report that he was raging inwardly, torn by a fierce desire to retrace his steps, brush boldly past the blond young woman, and beard Mr. Briggs in his lair. As a matter of fact, Ellis Higbie's mind was in a state of perfect serenity. Being advised to go to hell and threatened with great bodily harm in the same breath ruffled him not at all. Words of similar import had been addressed to him, directly and indirectly, on so many previous occasions that they had lost their force.

He extracted a small leather memorandum from an inner pocket, and instead of crossing the name of Jonas Briggs from his list of prospects, as a lesser Wesson salesman might have done, Ellis underlined it with two heavy pencil strokes. A good many names in Ellis Higbie's notebook were similarly designated; these were marked men whose sales resistance was of an aggravated order. They were destined for some very special treatment at Mr. Higbie's hands. What form of treatment would be applied in the case of Mr. Briggs, Ellis had not fully determined, and as he stood waiting for the elevator he was turning it over in his mind. There were a number of different factors to be considered—what clubs Mr. Briggs belonged to, his social proclivities, the state of his golf game, and, above all, his daughter Sally.

As a salesman for the Wesson Motor Company, Ellis Higbie had achieved an almost perfect blending of business and pleasure, and his methods were as subtle as those of an *agent provocateur*. Early in his professional career, it became apparent to him that the likeliest prospects were, in many instances, the most difficult to approach during business hours. They were shielded by inquisitive telephone girls and prying secretaries schooled in the knack of standing off sales assaults. But no prospect, Ellis assured himself, however great, was actually inaccessible; if he could not be reached in his office, there were other channels.

Proceeding on this reasoning, Ellis Higbie had joined as many clubs as he could afford. Parting with a thousand dollars for membership in the country club rather staggered him at first, but within a year it had proved an exceptionally profitable investment. His commissions from sales to country-club members represented a profit of 400 per cent over and above his dues and initiation fees. Ellis did not own a yacht, but secured a yacht-club membership nevertheless; it seemed like five hundred dollars well spent, since his commissions on two Wesson Eights would almost exactly balance it. As a matter of fact, his yacht-club prospects yielded more than three thousand dollars the first year. The university club did not prove such a fertile pasture, a large proportion of its membership being too recent graduates even to look sidewise at a Wesson Eight. However, Ellis achieved several sales through university-club contacts, and it was a convenient place to live.

Having demonstrated beyond any question that the way to a prospect's heart was through his club, young Mr. Higbie proceeded to develop his sales stratagems a step further. He followed the society columns zealously and kept in close touch with each succeeding crop of debutantes, not overlooking the subdebs and the young women with a season or two of social glory behind them. In a word, Ellis made the discovery that the most carefully fortified prospect, no matter how perfect his system of office defenses, could be readily approached through his daughter.

His method was very simple, as borne out by an early triumph over one Harrison Dewing, a particularly refractory client whose sales resistance flamed as fiercely as that of Jonas Briggs. The vanquishing of Mr. Dewing was but one of many similar achievements and it was typical of Ellis Higbie's sales philosophy. Calling at Mr. Dewing's office, he had been met at the outer barrier by a sharp-eyed secretary and told to be on his way. No automobile salesman, he was informed, had ever penetrated to Mr. Dewing's sanctum, and it was quite evident that none ever would. Ellis, however, had laid his plans.

During the Saturday-night dance at the country club, he repeatedly cut in on Marjorie Dewing. Mr. Dewing's daughter did not attract Ellis Higbie in the least, but he was outwardly enthusiastic. It was easy to arrange a date. He took Marjorie to the theater, and, having gleaned from various sources that Mr. Dewing entertained mid-Victorian ideas, Ellis was careful to return her at an unusually seasonable hour. As he anticipated, Mr. Dewing was favorably impressed. He offered Ellis a cigar and chatted amiably with him until well past midnight. It developed during their conversation that Marjorie's father was a collector of antique firearms, and Ellis evinced an immediate interest which came from everywhere but the heart. Mr. Dewing promptly escorted Ellis to his study and exhibited his assortment of musty weapons, and somehow young Mr. Higbie contrived to propound a number of intelligent queries which further impressed his host—enough so that Mr. Dewing invited him to dinner a few nights later.

An hour of intensive study in the university-club library enabled Ellis to converse quite fluently on the fine points of early matchlocks, cap-and-ball revolvers, dueling pistols and kindred antiquities when he next encountered Marjorie's father. Mr. Dewing was entranced. Later, when Ellis adroitly switched the conversation to automobiles, his host did not flinch. He even went so far as to discuss prices and models, and Ellis found it difficult to refrain from tendering him an order blank then and there.

The following afternoon Ellis appeared at the Dewing residence in a lustrous new Wesson sedan. It was a special model, with long, sweeping lines and vast areas of polished metal, a thing of beauty and fleetness after the best Wesson traditions. Ellis had invited Marjorie to play golf with him and she met him at the door.

"Hello," he said casually. "Your father home?"

Mr. Dewing appeared behind his daughter in the hall and Ellis stepped aside from the doorway and indicated the gorgeous vehicle at the curb. He had taken care to park it so that its visibility from the Dewings' threshold was unobstructed.

"That's the car we were talking about last night," he explained. "I thought you might like to see it."

"H'm," said Mr. Dewing, examining the sedan critically. Pretty fancy, isn't it? Fancy price, I suppose?"

"Sixty-five hundred," Ellis returned calmly. "It's a special job, you see. The factory only turned out three of them."

He was studying Mr. Dewing intently; Mr. Dewing's eyes betrayed him. They rested on the sedan with an

"Well, Good Night." Her Hand Was on the Door, and Suddenly Ellis Felt as Though She Were Being Snatched Away From Him, as Though He Couldn't Bear to Let Her Go

expression in which sales resistance flickered feebly for an instant and died. Ellis was quick to perceive it.

Marjorie was impatient.

"Come on," she said to Ellis. "We'll never get in eighteen holes if we don't hurry. It's getting late."

"Sixty-five hundred," Mr. Dewing remarked softly, but he recovered himself. "Don't let me keep you," he said briskly. Ellis hesitated in the doorway. Clearly Mr. Dewing was sold; he'd better make certain though.

"Like to take a ride in it?" Ellis suggested carelessly.

"Not now," said Mr. Dewing. "Drop round at the office tomorrow and we'll talk it over."

The next morning Ellis was deferentially ushered into Mr. Dewing's presence, from which he emerged half an hour later with an order for a special Wesson sedan and a three-thousand-dollar check, the balance cash on delivery.

Ellis' interest in Marjorie Dewing promptly waned—not too promptly, however. Some day he might sell Mr. Dewing another car; it didn't do to burn all your bridges behind you. He called on Marjorie occasionally, at successively longer intervals, before dropping her completely. Ellis suspected that she had begun to regard him rather fondly, but she'd get over it, he assured himself. If she didn't—well, that was her hard luck; he hadn't given her any encouragement. This was business.

Such was Ellis Higbie's sales philosophy, and his colleagues regarded him with heartfelt admiration and respect. A Wesson Eight salesman pulling down twelve thousand a year was something.

The light above the elevator entrance flashed red and the bronze doors slid back noiselessly. Ellis stepped inside and was softly dropped thirty-eight floors. He watched the white numbers slipping by, but he was thinking of something else. Sally Briggs. He hadn't seen her for a long time. He'd have to look her up; he certainly would. Ellis took out the leather memorandum again; he inscribed a series of dashes after Jonas Briggs' name and printed in large capitals, "See Sally." The elevator door opened and he stepped into the lobby.

"Hello. Who is it?" Sally's voice came to him over the wire. She had a rather nice voice, Ellis thought.

"The name is Higbie," he answered flippantly.

"Old Ellis Higbie? I heard he was dead."

"Not dead. Just dying on the vine. How've you been?"

"Fine."

"Let's get together and talk it over," Ellis suggested. "Doing anything tonight?"

"Sorry; I'm going to the Crocketts' tonight. Aren't you?"

"Yes," he said impulsively. He hadn't intended going to the Crocketts' dance and he remembered that he had sent his regrets a few days ago; it would be all right though. With a mob like that, it wouldn't make any difference.

"I'll be seeing you," she said. "Don't forget to dance with me."

"I won't," Ellis assured her. "How about Tuesday?"

"Tuesday's fine."

"I'll be around about eight." He felt very pleased with himself; it was so easy. You could get to any prospect if you worked it right.

It was past midnight when Ellis arrived at the Crocketts'. The ballroom was on the third floor, and he stood in the stag line trying to single out Sally Briggs. He didn't feel like dancing; it was hot and the air was heavy with perfume and cigarette smoke. The curtains in the windows stirred lazily and flopped back.

He saw Sally dancing with Joe Maxon and realized with a start that she was amazingly pretty. He had never devoted much attention to Sally Briggs beyond occasionally dancing with her. She traveled with a younger crowd, five or six years Ellis' juniors—debutantes and college boys. But Sally interested him now; this wasn't going to be bad at all. The daughters of a number of his clients had proved very trying—young women who did not appeal to him in the least; in the interests of salesmanship he had been forced to grin and bear them. The prospect of having Sally Briggs as an unwitting accomplice in the forthcoming campaign against her father struck Ellis as very pleasant.

He stood watching her for a moment—a cute kid, he reflected. He'd never appreciated Sally Briggs before. Her little white frock clung tightly to her body, revealing its supple outlines; there was a glint of gold in her brown bobbed hair, and she turned on Joe Maxon a pair of wide blue eyes whose loveliness held Ellis fascinated. Young Mr. Maxon, however, was not in an appreciative mood. He maneuvered Sally clumsily about the floor, proceeding at a bearlike shuffle; his eyes were half closed, his collar wilted like a sodden towel, and he swayed slightly on his feet from time to time. Sally's eyes swept the stag line and came to rest on Ellis; she smiled faintly as he came across the floor and laid a hand on Joe's arm.

"Pardon me," said Ellis. Mr. Maxon muttered thickly and relinquished Sally. He moved away unsteadily and disappeared in the rear of the stag line.

"That's Ellis' System. And Smooth! Why, He Wouldn't Even Try to Hold Your Hand; That's How Clever the Boy Is"

"Thanks," Sally said. She looked up at Ellis gratefully. "Dancing with that juniper bush wears you down. I hope he'll go and take a nap. He needs it. How've you been?" she continued brightly. "I haven't seen you for perfect ages. Do you still want to take me out Tuesday? I'm thrilled to death."

She tossed her head prettily and smiled at him; suddenly she became serious.

"Ellis," she said, regarding him solemnly, "do something for me, will you?"

"Certainly."

"Take me home. I haven't had any sleep for a million nights and the boy friend would probably park us in the ditch."

"Right now?" Ellis asked.

"If you don't mind. It's a gummy party anyway."

"Let's go," he said and took her arm. What a break! Perhaps Mr. Briggs would be waiting up for her and he'd have a chance to meet him. Ellis was quick to appreciate his opportunity. He was playing in luck this evening.

In Ellis' roadster, Sally sank comfortably into the seat, and as the big car pulled away from the curb she indulged in a magnificently unrestrained yawn.

"There," she remarked cheerfully. "I've been wanting to do that all evening. Wait till I see that Maxon oil can again."

(Continued on Page 81)

THERE WERE GIANTS

Then Gales Again, Battering Him Back and Forth Until it Seemed That Only Miracle Succeeding Miracle Enabled the Schooner to Live When All the Waters of the Earth Were Lifted Against Her

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE water ran bluely across the world and there was a small wind, sweet upon the hair. The schooner lifted and sank with a heavy weariness and there were ominous washings of water in her holds. Her topmasts were jagged stumps. Her galley had gone. Whole lengths of rail leaned drunkenly or had disappeared. The salt was thick upon her planking and her rigging was broken and desolate. Yet she was still under some small control, rags of canvas drawing before the wind. And her bowsprit notched with many yaws upon the green-clad hill ahead of her, embayed with surf that sparkled in the brightness of the benevolent young day.

Captain Anson stared at this phenomenon of greenness lifting from the blue, his red-rimmed eyes puckered and his mouth perplexed beneath his matted stubble of beard. Awkwardly then, because of his broken right arm, strapped against his side, he opened the water-stained chart and the mate held it flat upon the main-cabin skylight.

"We've got our latitude, anyway," said the mate. "And we can guess at our longitude."

"We'll have to," said Captain Anson dryly. The chronometers had stopped and today was the first time they had seen the sun since leaving Samarai. The captain ran a forefinger across the chart and whistled soundlessly. He had not thought the gales had driven him so far. South and east of the Louisiades and into a landless sea. Yet not quite so barren as that. That small speck, like a pin prick, must be the green-clad hill lifting ahead. Three hundred miles to the southward of the Louisiades, almost that distance north of the Chesterfields.

"Smith Island," said the captain.

The mate stared round and shook his head. "Never heard of it."

"Nor have I," said the captain wearily. "Get the Pilot Book."

The mate rolled up the chart and tucked it under his arm. He was not so badly injured nor so tired as Captain Anson, but still there was no spring to his walk and his weather-beaten face was lined. He passed round the edge of the skylight, stumbling a little as the deck lunged. Then he paused with a hand on the scuttle.

"And the brandy," called the captain.

"Very good, sir."

He dropped down the companion to the sodden main cabin while Captain Anson walked to the rail and leaned against it, his sound hand gripping the salt-caked teak to steady himself. A week of roaring gales had driven him east in a smother of warm white water. Then days of calms had left him wallowing on a bottle-green sea beneath a smoky sky. Then gales again, battering him back and forth until it seemed that only miracle succeeding miracle enabled the schooner to live when all the waters of the earth were lifted against her. Four men were gone, as well as the cook, the supercargo and the special pilot they had brought along. One huge sea had done all that, flooding the poop and smashing through the skylights to the cabin below. When it had drained back to the ocean they were all gone—all save Captain Anson, jammed against the broken rail in a tangle of rope and gear, with the lower bones of his right arm piercing through the flesh. The mate had been below when it happened, and the rest of the men midships. It was all that saved them. Captain Anson shook his head. The supercargo had been his son and he felt very sick and tired.

"The book's pretty wet, sir," said the mate, returning. He picked the pages over with care. "This seems to be it. Agrees with our latitude, anyway."

"Yes?" said the captain. "What does it say?"

The mate cleared his throat and read in a husky voice:

Lat. 15° 2′ South. Long. 157° 30′ East. Isolated volcanic island midway between the Louisiade Archipelago and the Chesterfields group. Some three and one-half miles from north to south and some three miles from east to west. Extensive reefs and shoals surround the coasts, but a fair pass for large vessels is said to exist to the southwest, leading into a small bay where depths of from eight to ten fathoms may be found. H. M. S. Wasp called for water in 1873 and took soundings along the reefs. A trader named Smith was found to be in residence at that time. He seemed on good terms with the natives.

"Is that all?"

"Well, there's the usual stuff about caution in unsurveyed waters."

"I see. We'll have to try it, anyway. You can con her from the rigging and we'll keep a man sounding. If it looks too dangerous we'll heave to and see if any natives come out."

"There might be a trader there yet, sir."

"Not likely. If it was last visited in 1873, I should think there'd be nothing to attract new men."

"I suppose that's so," agreed the mate. He closed the Pilot Book and thrust it in one pocket. Then from the other he brought out a half-filled bottle of brandy. Captain Anson tilted the bottle and drank at length, though he was not habitually a drinking man. The mate drank and stowed the bottle in his pocket again. Captain Anson walked to the wheel. The mate secured his glasses and went up into the foremast rigging. And so the schooner drew close toward the land.

It was soon after noon when they located the pass and began a long beat to windward to secure a favorable position for running down upon it. And it was not over an hour later when the mate shouted from his perch and then came down to the deck.

"There's a boat coming out, sir," he said breathlessly.

"Canoe?" inquired the captain, taking the glasses.

"No, a boat—white man's boat," insisted the mate. "See her there, off the port bow, against that pinnacle where the birds are flying."

"Ah," said Captain Anson, and there was incredible relief in his voice. He could see the sun glinting on the wet oars as they lifted and dipped. A white man's boat without question. And he would have been overwhelmingly grateful to have seen even a canoe filled with friendly natives. He jerked an order aside and the schooner hove to and waited, rolling with the swell, all her spars and cordage acreak. Captain Anson went below and summoned the mate, who shaved him and helped him to wash and climb into some water-stained but comparatively clean white ducks. He was a fastidious man, and it was not fit that a master should meet guests with other than dignity. He drank more brandy and went on deck to stand near the rail as the boat came alongside; his shoulders straight, his jaws tight as he gripped himself.

"Kind of you," he said, leaning over. "Can you pilot me in?"

There were five men in the boat, and four of them were dressed in white loin cloths. Their skins were bronze, their hair a dull red. And to Captain Anson's astonishment, their eyes were blue.

"I can!" snapped the fifth man, standing up in the stern sheets. He was in ducks and he wore a white-topped officer's cap. His skin was the color of old mahogany, unbelievably wrinkled and seamed. A pointed, bristly white beard covered his jaws and his light blue eyes were deeply set beneath snowy brows. He came over the schooner's rail with the agility of a child, though his bones crackled with his every movement, and as he was edging along his boat, disturbing his men, he abused them in a deep voice that sometimes broke strangely and became a shrill cackle. Captain Anson stared.

"Glad t' see ye, captain." The stranger thrust out his hand. "Had a bad time, eh?" He chuckled and looked up and down the decks, while it struck Captain Anson, with something of a shock, that although this stranger was withered and bent, he stood well over six feet in height. In his youth he must have been magnificent. There was a hint of massive shoulders now caved over a once deep chest. A hint of big bones. More than a hint of truculence and strength.

"Yes, we've had a bad time," said Anson stiffly. "Under jury rig, as you see, and the straining's opened her seams. If you could berth me somewhere so I can patch up a bit, I'd be obliged." He coughed and added, "We hardly expected to find a trader here."

"They used t' have my name in the Pilot," snapped the other. "I'm Captain Smith."

Captain Anson said nothing as he led the way aft. His mind was dazed from lack of sleep and a light fever that had been upon him since he had broken his arm and lost his son. So it was not until he introduced his mate that the significance of the name overcame him.

"Landers," he said, "this is Captain Smith—Smith." He stopped then and frowned. The mate shook hands awkwardly and looked puzzled.

"Used to have your name in the Pilot?" muttered Captain Anson. Then aloud: "Are you the same Smith the Wasp found in '73?"

"She did call," boomed the other. He laughed immoderately, slapping his thigh, and his voice became a cackle again. "Yes, she called soon after I settled here. That was in '70."

"You've been here forty years?" said the mate in an awed voice.

"Anythin' wrong with that?" demanded Captain Smith, his mood changing. "I found the place!" He was petulant as a child.

"No, no! Of course not," said Captain Anson hastily. "But we'd better be getting in. Would you take a drink first, captain?"

The other rubbed his hands and chuckled. "Rum, I'll say. Haven't had any rum since my brig got lost, seven year back. She used t' bring me supplies once a year. Calculate she foundered somewhere 'tween here an' Brisbane. Haven't sighted a ship since."

The mate stood gaping until Captain Anson motioned him aside.

"If your boat's crew would like a tot?" he suggested.

"Eh, yes. They're my grandsons. Bring 'em up. We'll work ship for ye. By damn, ye've lost all that larboard rail!"

Captain Anson was mentally staggered. Those four red-headed, blue-eyed natives were his grandsons. Well, the south was the south. But how long had it been since they used larboard for the port side of a ship? Before his time. But no matter. It was important now to berth the schooner before she sank beneath them or the wind changed about. He called the mate to ask the boat's crew up, and then ushered Captain Smith below to the main cabin, hopelessly sodden and ruined by that giant sea which had killed half the crew.

"Eh, never seen a ship fer seven year," rumbled the old man as Captain Anson brought liquor from the lazaret. "I ought to 'ave left instructions with my agents to send one if th' brig didn't show up. But I never allowed she'd be lost."

He slopped rum into a glass and gulped it with relish.

"Eh, that's like old times! . . . Now, ye'll want me t' get this craft fitted again. I'll have a hundred men at her by mornin', an' when ye sail I'll ask ye t' be so kind as to give me a passage."

Captain Anson stared at him and bit his lip.

"I'm overdue at Locust Island now," he said doubtfully. "Under government charter. Word came through the crops had failed and the livestock was all dead. There's probably disease as well. We're carrying medicine and supplies. Relief ship."

"Locust Island? That's in the Louisiades, eh? Know them waters like a book."

"Ah," said Captain Anson. "Could you pilot there? Most of my charts are ruined and my chronometers have stopped. We carried a special pilot out of Samarai, but he was lost."

Captain Smith drank more rum, smacked his lips and considered.

"That's the trouble with all ye brass-bound navigators. Got to have charts and chronometers. I took a full-rigged ship from Iquique to Perth in '69, with nary a quadrant nor chronometer. All I had was an old clock with one 'and missin'."

Captain Anson went a little red, but ignored the aspersion. "I'd be glad to take you along if you'd pilot me to Locust," he suggested. "If all goes well we'll be heading for Port Moresby from there."

"Nothin' better," declared Captain Smith. He drank more rum and his host watched him with a faint astonishment. The bottle was half empty already. "I'll get me to Brisbane from Mor'sby and buy me a new ship. Got t' keep supplies up. We need more seeds and goats an' baccy an' rum." He chuckled and finished his glass. "We'd better be gettin' ye in," he added. "Th' wind's due t' change at sundown."

(Continued on Page 162)

There Were Five Men in the Boat, and Four of Them Were Dressed in White Loin Cloths. Their Skins Were Bronze, Their Hair a Dull Red. And to Captain Anson's Astonishment, Their Eyes Were Blue

BLACK WEDNESDAY

By WALTON GREEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"I'm Sorry, Mr. Salters," Said Frances Quietly and Looking Straight at Her Man, "But Mr. Belden is Mistaken"

FOR the purposes of this history it will be well to bear in mind two things: First, that woman—as all women and most husbands know—is an antisocial creature to the depths of her being; and second, that you can't make rules about Boston women.

Boston women can do the most outrageous things and talk the most outrageous talk and wear the most outrageous approximations of clothing the world has ever seen; they can wear wool undies in the tropics and fig leaves in Labrador, and breeze through life serenely insensible to incongruity; they can patronize dressmakers whose apprenticeship was obviously served in the sail lofts of Marblehead and whose conception of a dinner gown is a couple of yards of potato sacking stitched up with a baling needle. They can do these things and get away with them—that is, they can if they are the right sort of Boston women—which is to say, if they were born on, or bred from, or married to the correct side of Beacon Street, which is the embankment side and very cold and properly dreary when the wind blows across the Basin. There is considerable female beauty in Boston, but it is a beauty unadorned and unameliorated by artifice—a squarish, rugged beauty of utility that expresses itself in walking trips and boots made of leather and a leaning toward smallish men.

Skinner understood these things. But then, Skinner was queer anyway; and no one understood Skinner—least of all, the rank and file and ragtag and bobtail of clerks and runners and partners and traders that made up the small and ultrarespectable gambling world of Salters & Co. Every stock-exchange house needs a few bears to temper its bullish majority. But Skinner wasn't that kind of bear. He was—but, after all, he has little to do with the story, which is mainly concerned with the life and the living and the loving of Frances McKay, spinster, one time of Boston, but latterly customers' man for Salters & Co., of Broad Street.

Skinner slouched in an armchair beside Miss McKay's desk and sucked sadly at his big pipe. Miss McKay was telephoning. Miss McKay spent a large part of her business life telephoning. She had three instruments on her desk, and a worn spot on the left shoulder of each office dress, which came from hunching up the shoulder and pressing the receiver against her ear. This left her hands free to draw arabesques and wall-paper patterns and hieroglyphic what nots on the pads as she wrote down orders. Occasionally she varied these cuneiforms with the representation of a moon-faced pup with impertinent ears, no visible body and a porcine tail. The moon-faced pup was her personal colophon—a device recognized and accepted by the office at large as other people's signatures are accepted.

"The trouble with you, Skinner"—she was speaking into the transmitter with a fine disregard of the person at the other end of the wire—"the trouble with —— Yes. . . . Hello, operator. . . . Well, put him on. . . . The trouble with you is you don't know when to take a licking. . . . Yes. . . . Hello, Mr. Lamson; top of a rotten morning to you. . . . No, they opened off a bit, but what can you expect after yesterday? . . . What's that? . . . Yes, I like the rails. Missouri Kansas? Quiet lately. . . . What's that? . . . Hello, hello, operator. . . . The trouble with you, Skinner —— Look here, operator—operator. . . . Oh, there you are, Mr. Lamson. . . . Yes, we were cut off. . . . Yes, last sale 53¼. . . . All right, Mr. Lamson, five hundred at the market. Thank you, Mr. Lamson; g'by."

She scribbled a black-lettered BUY slip, yanked open the small ground-glass window in the wall by her desk and thrust it through.

"Hey, Gus, buy five hundred Katy common at the market. G. L. Lamson—buy. . . . The trouble with you, Skinner, is you're betting against a market that the whole country's behind. And it's only just beginning. It's ——"

"Too high," growled Skinner, without removing his pipe.

"You've been saying that for a year."

"I've been right for a year."

"Right in the red, you mean. But suit yourself, Skinner; it's your funeral. What do you think of 'em today?"

"Too high. You might sell me five hundred Katy; that fellow Lamson's bound to be wrong."

Miss McKay smiled ironically and scribbled the order.

"You're a nut, Skinner, but you may be right at that. Only you'll never live to know it."

"Maybe not." Skinner reached a long and uncouth arm across the desk, took a box of matches, lighted his pipe and put the matches in his pocket. "Maybe not, Frankie; but speaking of living, here's a question I've been meaning to ask you for some time: How long are you going on with this life?"

"What?" Miss McKay was startled.

"You heard me." Skinner was gently imperturbable. "When are you going to snap out of this stuff and get back to your own kind and your own things? I know all about you. I know ——"

"If you know all about me"—there was a pink spot in each of Miss McKay's cheeks—"you ought to know better than to be impertinent."

Skinner pondered this with a detached air.

"Not necessarily," he declared finally. "You see, Frankie, I rather like you, and ——"

"That's nice of you," she observed sweetly.

"—— I rather like you, and I hate to see you stubbing your toe against life and going on year after year trying to be tougher and slangier and more and more hard-boiled—defense mechanism, I know, but it doesn't sit well on you. How old are you, Frankie?"

"I—why, what business ——"

"None whatsoever. How old are you?"

"I—why—I ——"

"Twenty-seven, going on twenty-eight," decided Skinner sagely. "That's about the time they begin to get touchy. Well, it's lucky I'm not ten years older and you ten years younger," he finished gloomily, "or I'd ——"

"Nonsense," interrupted Miss McKay, her good humor quite restored. "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth."

"You couldn't," observed Skinner laconically. "There'd be no one to marry us. But it'd come to the same thing."

Miss McKay glared, but continued, "Your collars are three sizes too big and your trousers look as though ——"

"I don't—I have a pair of silk pajamas."

"And you smoke that beastly great pipe all the time, and you're forty-five if you're a day."

"Forty-four," corrected Skinner stiffly. "Who's impertinent now?"

Miss McKay laughed and gave up: "Oh, well; what's the use? For heaven's sake, let's stop wise-cracking. I've got a lot to do this morning. This market—oh, dear, there goes my buzzer. Mr. Salters wants me."

She arose quickly and started for the door. Her manner had quite lost its insouciance. She was serious and hurried.

Skinner frowned. "Why do you always jump for that little crook?" he demanded aggrievedly.

Miss McKay glared back at him over her shoulder, but made no answer.

Skinner watched the door close behind the girl.

"And that's one reason she doesn't snap out of it," he growled to himself, and looked vaguely about for matches. Not discovering any, he heaved himself out of the chair and slouched toward the board room.

In the office of the senior partner, Miss McKay sat and listened intently to the remarks of the slight, keen-faced man who sat very straight in his chair behind the big walnut desk.

Pliny Salters had a sharp, going-ahead profile; his nose like the cutwater of a destroyer, his forehead sloping back

intelligently, like Lafayette's, his chin dropping away in profile, but powerful-jawed and purposeful below the ears. His tan-colored hair, long and fine-textured, and brushed straight back and just escaping slickness, accentuated and prolonged the rushing slope of his forehead. His entire face suggested aggressive forward motion, like the speed emblems on automobile radiators. His manner was calmly assured and coldly aggressive for the right. His business talk was sprinkled with such expressions as "square deal" and "do the right thing," and in his younger days he had not been guiltless of a frequently avowed purpose of "living so that he could look every man in the face and tell him to go to hell."

For the rest, he had a pink-and-white complexion and cold blue eyes which made him look boyish—which he was not. Also he had a figure that took well to clothes; and he still managed his waistcoats—despite his nearly forty years—so that his abdomen lay quite flat; on occasion even suggesting a slight concavity—which is very devastating with women.

That there were a few of Pliny Salters' older friends—men who had known him through college—who continued to keep their accounts in other offices is neither here nor there. He belonged to the clubs that his great-grandfather had founded, he had an ultrarespectable wife who was unfaithful to him, and he was a highly successful broker. There wasn't an ounce of commercial snobbery in his whole well-bred little body; he made it plain that a man was to be judged by the check book he kept, whether he hailed from Tulsa or Tuxedo.

Salters had a positive genius for discovering nobility of character beneath the rough exteriors of the newly rich. Oleaginous millionaires from the great broad spaces, where men are men and oil wells gush, were his specialty. He had a happy faculty of finding the best in such men and directing their footsteps to the order clerk's window. He could not, like the English, reward nobility of bank account with knighthoods and minor peerages, but he could, and did, confer the accolade of the Dunderhead Club upon some of these sturdy backbones of our social order; and he could, and did, assist their no less sturdy wives in the securing of toeholds at Southampton.

Pliny Salters, in short, was an able broker. He discouraged small accounts, insisted on high margins, paid his staff adequately, pretended to consult his junior partners, never sold out a rich man, and toadied only for business reasons. He dominated everyone about him by sheer force of urbanity and the will power of righteousness. His staff admired him inordinately. He laughed easily and often, and had the sense of humor of a very dead cat—which is the way of most successful men.

Taking all these things into consideration, and reflecting further that the world wouldn't go on unless women fell in love with men for what they are not, and then endured them for what they are, it is perhaps inevitable that Frances McKay should have fallen for Salters quite quietly and hopelessly. Quietly, because probably only Skinner had noticed it; hopelessly, because Salters was very much given to minding his P's and Q's—in his own office.

This was a situation to which Salters was not unaccustomed. It was a situation which he counted among his intangible assets, along with goodwill and a reputation for conservatism. Experience had taught him that a girl wouldn't work her fool head off until she had become in greater or less degree gaga about the boss.

There is nothing unique about this. In point of fact, the delicate adjustment of women to the modern business world is in part predicated on their becoming slightly gaga about the boss. Women work for men first and the job afterward. It's a poor fish of an executive—whether he's running an ice-cream parlor or a large corporation; whether he's twenty-five and beautiful to behold, or ventricose and fifty—who can't contrive to draw out that last increment of female devotion which doesn't show on the pay roll. Women will lie and steal and slave for the boss, and count it a joy to wear their lives away. It doesn't even matter much what boss. Bosses come and bosses go, but secretaries stay on forever. That may be one reason why most bosses are married and many business women are not.

Mr. Salters sat very straight in his chair behind the big walnut desk. He looked keen and fresh and well groomed.

"About this Skinner account of yours, Miss McKay"—he was the only one in the office who called her Miss McKay; to the others she was variously Miss Mac, or Frankie, or plain Mac—"about this Skinner. He's piling up a tremendous short account. I'd hate to lose him—I mean, I don't want any customer of ours to butt his head against a stone wall in a market like this."

"I know, Mr. Salters. But no one can do anything with him. He's—he's queer. He's been bearish ever since he came into the office."

Salters picked up the big square margin card and frowned.

"He's short two thousand Steel, fifteen hundred Bethlehem, one thousand Republic, and a whole lot of smaller stuff. I don't like it. But his margins are O. K. Simply a question of how long he can stand it. What do you know about his resources?"

Miss McKay looked serious.

"I think he has plenty of money. He's one of the Dedham Skinners, you know. But I hate to see him do it, just the same. I got him out of Bessie and Rebecca—er—Bethlehem and Republic"—she tried hard not to be slangy with Mr. Salters—"but he went short again on the next upswing. No holding him, I'm afraid. He's—he's very queer."

"Quite so," snapped Salters. "But you must remember that it is the policy of this firm to advise and protect its clients—even its queer clients, Miss McKay—especially its queer big clients—er ——"

Miss McKay pondered this and found no flaw.

"I wish you could have a talk with him, Mr. Salters."

"Not necessary—not necessary at all," said Salters hastily. He had a wholesome respect for Skinner's mordacity. "No, wouldn't do at all. I don't want him to think—er—you understand—well, it's his lookout, so long as his margins are maintained. Now, about the Clumber estate. You brought that in, I understand?"

Miss McKay flushed slightly.

"Yes, it's a sort of family connection. They've had the account in Boston until recently."

"That was a fine piece of work on your part, Miss McKay," he said magnanimously. "Around Christmastime I expect you'll find substantial recognition of the firm's appreciation. Er—well, I guess that's about all for now, Miss McKay."

Miss McKay hesitated and began to draw arabesques on a scratch pad. Salters regarded her with the air of alert impatience which became him so well. Finally she spoke, uncomfortably:

"You don't suppose there's anything in it—Skinner, I mean? His bearishness and all?"

"All what?" Mr. Salters smiled tolerantly.

"Well," she hesitated, "the Clumber estate, for instance. They were buying all through the summer, but since the first week in September they've been quietly unloading all their common stocks. You know that, of course."

"Certainly. Keeping liquid so they can take advantage of temporary recessions."

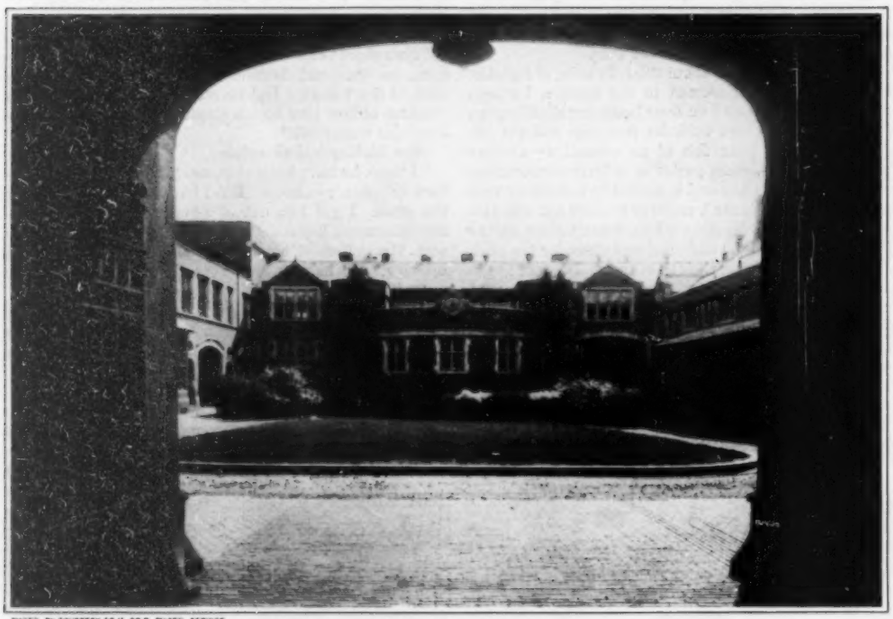
"Not entirely that," she objected. "I've put through most of Mr. Erskine's orders. They're going into Treasury certificates and tax-exempts—all short-time stuff—and they've left most of it here for safe-keeping. I was helping Mr. Jessup check our safe-keeping boxes the other day. They've got

(Continued on Page 169)

He Spoke Out of the Corner of His Mouth: "All Perked Up, Frankie? Big Boss Fill You Full of Sales Talk?"

MORE OR LESS LUCKY DOGS

By Boyden Sparkes



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF U. OF P. PHOTO. SERVICE

Gateway and Courtyard, School of Veterinary Medicine, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia

THE other dogs in the pen were content to snooze or romp or fight. Only the fox terrier behaved as one possessed of understanding of the dreadful intention that shadowed this canine prison. Even when he stood on his hind legs, on four sides the thick, maroon walls rose twice as high as his alert head. By jumping, he could bring his nose to the level of a heavy wire grille that added hopeless heights to the walls. What manner of intelligence conveyed to him the knowledge that this place was a shelter for some dogs about to die, I do not know; but I feel sure he did know.

After one swift survey of the sawdust floor, the walls and the occupants, he concentrated his attention on that door in the rear wall through which he had been dropped by a strong hand clutching the scruff of his neck. Two ragged mongrels treated him with familiarity which ordinarily he would have resented swiftly, but he never took his eyes from the one place in the prison that could be opened, nor did he cease to jump. Other dogs that tried to engage him in play as much as told him he was wasting his time. Then a long-haired black-and-white bully, twice his size, shouldered him and dared him, with truculent spaniel eyes, to jump again, and he jumped.

The fight they had was ferocious and noisy. Yesterday's and day-before-yesterday's dogs in adjoining pens contributed to the uproar. The little white terrier was too adroit and too smart for his tough opponent. His retreat never took him into a corner or even close to a wall; always his bared, glistening teeth were snapping and his head lunging in the manner of a fencer. Then, from the alleyway outside that door, a human voice roared with the authority of an angry top sergeant. All the dogs became silent and the spaniel, I thought, was glad to quit. Immediately the fox terrier resumed his jumping at the door.

A Dash for Liberty

IT WAS about four o'clock in the afternoon and the dog catchers were beginning to arrive with their day's harvest of dogs and cats taken up in the city's streets. Outside the building in Avenue A their small automobile trucks, with cage bodies laden with prisoners, were backed to the curb for unloading. The expeditiousness with which this was accomplished betokened years of practice. It was technic distilled from experience with a million dogs that had been carried or led into the corridors behind the double line of pens where now the gates were clicking and crashing in a sinister, broken cadence.

Two bewildered bitches were dropped among others of their sex in the pen next to that one which held the fox terrier. His cocked ears caught the sounds of movements he could not see. The noises were like those that had occurred when he had been imprisoned. He stopped jumping, but remained alert. Then, above his head, the barrier opened while a man in a dark uniform hoisted to the top of the half door a heavy German shepherd still afflicted with the clumsiness of puppyhood. At the very second the dog catcher's hands were busy shoving his live burden through the opening, the fox terrier jumped. His forepaws caught the ledge under the man's elbow and he scrambled out, evading by a margin of time too scant to be measured the grabbing hands that had dropped the big dog.

For a dog on all fours the alleys and corridors of that big chamber of pens must be labyrinthine; therefore, we perpendicular animals who could see the pattern of the place were astonished at the speed with which he found his way into the central corridor. This is the space reserved for visitors to the animal shelter of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. To the dogs these visitors are a constant source of hope. Their pleading, wistful eyes scan every countenance on the chance of seeing the one face that too often fails to appear. Often, with eloquent whines and wagging tails, they address themselves to utter strangers who gaze at them. Not every animal there must die; some can be reprieved if their owners come, or if they manage to win the regard of a stranger disposed to adopt a dog. It was among the forest of legs of these visitors that the white fox terrier scrambled in his effort to escape.

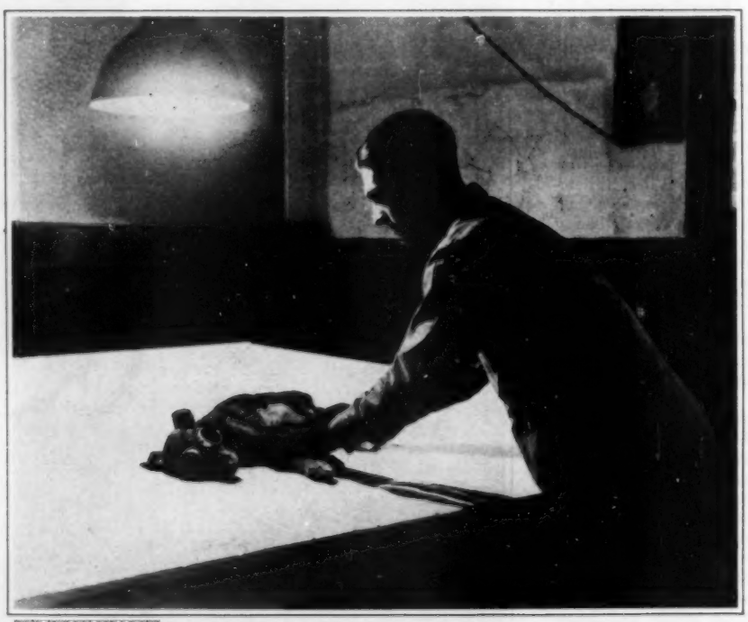
In the fashion of a reckless figure skater, he wove an embroidery of circles, eights, loops and dashes. No reaching hand could touch him, but, trembling, he took shelter against the knees of the first person who squatted to speak to him. Uniformed arms gathered him up and dropped him once more into the cage from which he had made his dash for liberty. But the unloading of fresh prisoners continued and the next time his pen was opened he scrambled out again. On that occasion his flight was one of tragic desperation. Once more he gained the visitors' corridor, pursued by the chagrined dog catcher he had foxed. A swooping hand grasped his forelegs and swung him up under an arm stout enough to hold a bigger dog, but not this one. As the door opened into the entrance corridor, connecting with the street, he bit with all his might, scrambled free and flashed through the door, into the closed lobby.

The Legion of Unwanted Animals

A WOUNDED hand dripping scarlet stains on a white mosaic floor gained no sympathy for the young and inexperienced dog catcher. He had, in dropping a dog on which he had taken a fast hold, committed the gravest sin of his craft. The voice of an elder of the profession—Dillon—speaking in the tone of John McGraw sending a recruit to the showers, banished him to the iodine cabinet. Cannily Dillon opened the door of a small office; the fox terrier dashed in, the door closed, and presently Dillon was soothing him with hands tender in spite of scars from the teeth of unnumbered dogs. After a little while the palpitant creature was stowed away in a cage by himself. Solitary confinement in his case was not punishment; it was distinction and kindness in one.

Half an hour before I began to observe this drama of a dog's life, a man had delivered him at the shelter. He said he wished to sell him, as he could no longer keep him. Learning there was no market for this bit of nine-year-old merchandise, he left without the dog. The fox terrier then became one of about 330,000 unwanted, lost or vagrant animals that each year are given the benefit, in New York City, of an elaborate machinery created by people who deeply care for animals and the bonds that link them with humanity. This particular dog did not die. Days later, when he had recovered from his hysteria, he acquired a new master. Happily for such as he, there are thousands of people in every city eager to enter into a free partnership with a dog. Some of them are people reluctant to begin the relation with a commercial transaction; most are people who cannot afford the price of a good dog.

Every year about 70,000 dogs, out of a dog population of about 300,000, are brought to the society's shelters in



PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Fido Takes Advantage of the Latest Wrinkles in Therapeutics. An Application of the Violet Ray

New York City. Some are ransomed with a license fee by negligent but contrite owners. The best of the others go to new homes. The rest eventually enter a painless lethal chamber.

The great majority of the 260,000 cats picked up by the society's seventeen raid wagons are necessarily destroyed. It is impossible to find homes for more than a few of them, and so they are saved from worse fates than the kindly one which is efficiently administered. It is surprising that more than 1000 stray animals must be gathered up from New York's streets every week day, but this fact is approximately and proportionately true of every city in the land.

The humane manner in which the work is done today is part of a great mass of evidence that a city dog's life is not what it was in grandfather's day. It is a whole lot better. The animal shelters that have taken the place of the old dog pounds in most cities offer convincing evidence of some of that improvement in a dog's life. There are many persons living in New York who remember with shudders the unfeeling manner in which the city formerly dealt with dogs.

Until about thirty-five years ago, there were two dog pounds on Manhattan. There was a cruel significance in their location—on the bank of the East River, one at Sixteenth Street and the other at One Hundred and Second Street. The law required the impounding of all unlicensed dogs, but licensed dogs were equally desirable quarry to dog catchers, who were paid fifty cents a head for every animal delivered at the pounds. These were operated by men who contracted to do the work solely for the money to be made out of it. An inexpensive part of their equipment was a huge crate suspended from a pole that could be swung from a dock over the water.

What Became of the Horse Doctors

WHEN the pound became crowded with whimpering, barking, hungry animals, scores of them would be tossed into the crate. When the crate was packed full, it was submerged in the river.

At length there was such an outcry against the system that the authorities of the city, fearful of a political reaction, took steps to end it. The most indignant of the critics of the brutality of the work was invited to take charge of it. This man was Henry Bergh, who had founded the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals because he could not bear the sufferings of Broadway street-car horses.

This is not the only debt which dogs of today owe to horses, but it is a considerable obligation, nevertheless. Henry Bergh's society, in the opinion of Mayor William R. Grace, was, by reason of its splendid work for horses, well equipped to administer the work of collecting stray animals, and to take entire responsibility for the licensing of dogs. He proposed that the funds thus gathered should be used to defray the cost of caring for stray animals. This arrangement was entered into and persists to this day.

Meanwhile the work among cats and dogs has grown, and is still growing in importance, while that among horses has greatly diminished. The horse population of New York is believed to have reached its peak around 1902, at which time there were eight times as many in proportion to the human population as there are today, when fewer than 50,000 horses are kept in the city. This reduction in the number of horses created in the city an oversupply of men engaged in the practice of veterinary medicine.

PHOTO, BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

A New Veterinary Ambulance of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

As stable after stable was demolished to make way for garages, as tens of thousands of horses were sold out of the city and replaced by automobiles, the veterinaries were left without patients. What happened then was natural, but, nevertheless, astonishing, and if your dog is as intelligent as you think he is, you might, appropriately, read this aloud to him: The horse doctors became dog and cat doctors. The veterinaries themselves speak of the change as a shift from large-animal to small-animal practice. As recently as 1916 there were veterinaries in the large cities who would not bother to look at a sick dog or cat, but there are practically none in the cities today who take that attitude.

"I had about 7000 horse patients just before the war," said one of them recently. "I had four assistants, and we took care of the animals in several large stables on a contract basis. If you had brought a dog to me in those days, you would have got about the same response from me as you might expect in similar circumstances from the Mayo Brothers. Me attend a dog? I should say not! Today it is quite different. My practice is about equally divided between small animals and horses. I can remember when you could count on the fingers of one hand all the vets in New York who treated cats and dogs; now, the situation is completely reversed. So I am comforted by the knowledge that my cat-and-dog practice is increasing, even though I did begin to build it up somewhat later than others of my profession who stayed in the cities."

Behind nearly every cat-and-dog-hospital sign in the United States there is a similar story, except for some operated by young veterinaries. Curiously enough, the older veterinaries are discovering that a practice ruled almost entirely by economic considerations was less lucrative than one which is almost entirely controlled by sentiment. Certainly many pet horses were kept alive after accidents or illness at the cost of much money and effort, but what cart horse that could be replaced with an expenditure of $125 was likely to be nursed through an ailment that would cost $130 to cure? Few indeed. Yet, I saw a feeble old dog having an abscess treated the other day whose owner during the winter had spent $500 for operations and X-ray treatments, with the hope of giving him, perhaps, another year or two of life.

"This dog is about thirteen years old," explained the doctor who was treating him. "He won a field-trial championship in England when he was younger. Now he lives in a Park Avenue apartment. I have been treating him regularly for months. You couldn't sell him for a dime, but you couldn't buy him for a million."

The old dog stiffened his legs as the white-smocked veterinary splashed his instruments into the cerise-purple depths of a pan of potassium permanganate.

"That's all for today," said the doctor, addressing the dog with a gentle tug at his silken ears.

A ragged tail flopped twice on the white porcelain top of the operating table. A nurse—positively!—lifted the elderly patient to the floor. That nurse is a man. A few years ago he was a coal miner in Wales, devoting his leisure to whippets. Now, under the instruction of the veterinary for whom he works, he has learned how to take the temperatures of ailing cats and dogs. He can administer an anæsthetic, irrigate a cankered ear and, what is often more vital, he knows some tricks about feeding dogs that have declined food. It is quite useless to tell such a patient that life depends on eating, but this canine nurse sometimes brings another dog—a hungry one—to the sick dog's side. Ancient instincts are occasionally strong enough then to compel the invalid to gulp down the beef juice to keep the interloper from getting it.

Trained Nurses for Animals

MOST of the big-city veterinaries know at least one or two women who are prepared to answer calls to private homes to nurse dog or cat patients. Not all of these are hospital-trained, but a majority of them have at least acquired the skill of the practical nurses for human invalids, whose strong arms and stronger stomachs are in demand in homes that cannot afford the fifty-dollars-a-week wage of the graduate nurse. England is a bit farther advanced in this regard than America. Canine nurses there serve under veterinaries an apprenticeship that corresponds in its purpose to the training period with which registered nurses are prepared for their work with humankind.

(Continued on Page 169)

PHOTO, BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Dr. R. Booth of the S. P. C. A. Gives First-Aid Treatment to an Injured Dog

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A Group of Homeless Cats Fortunate Enough to Have Found a Friendly Refuge

THE BRASS HAT

By W. TOWNEND

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

"'You, Sir, Thry an' Get Your Men Together. What Kind of Formation Do You Think They're Keepin'? Your March Discipline is a Disgrace to the Division'"

AND this," said Major Abbott, "is my little daughter Jinny."

The brigadier—a stiff, lean, dried-up man with rather prominent eyes—extended a large hand.

"Hah!" he said. "So this is Jinny. How are you? Well! Good. And how old are you?"

"Thirteen," said Jinny.

"Tall for her age," said the brigadier. "Tall and thin. H'm. . . . And you've no boy, Abbott, to—hah!—carry on the family tradition. Well, well!"

Dressed for the occasion in a cream crêpe-de-chine party frock, cream silk stockings and black patent shoes, her black bobbed hair combed and brushed into an unwonted smoothness, her cheeks scarlet and her dark-gray eyes rebellious, Jinny glowered at the carpet and wished that the brigadier would, in soldier language, go boil his head.

"And I hope, Jinny," said the brigadier—"I hope that you appreciate what a—hah!—fine father you have, and mother too."

As soon as she could, Jinny fled from the horror that had befallen her and sought refuge in the garden at the back of the house, where she found Private Denehy, her father's soldier groom, seated on the low brick wall.

Jinny was glad to see him. She said: "Private Denehy, I had a bad time."

"Ye'll be havin' a worse if ye don't go back indoors," said Private Denehy. "Did ye git laive to come away?"

"Is it likely?" said Jinny. She related to Private Denehy how she had been introduced to the brigadier, and how she had had to sit and listen to his talk, and how when no one was looking she had slipped out of the door and could breathe freely at last. "I never met a general yet that I liked," she said.

"Why's that?" said Private Denehy.

"Because," Jinny said, "they got no intelligence. This one hasn't, anyway. He was a fool."

"That's no language for a young lady to be usin'," said Private Denehy.

"Isn't it?" said Jinny. "Well, it's the truth. The brigadier looks like a fish and he moos like a cow."

Private Denehy chuckled and Jinny settled herself on the wall by his side.

"Private Denehy," she said, "tell me. Why are staff officers different from other officers? Do they choose 'em because they've not got intelligence enough to be anything else, or what?"

"Jinny," said Private Denehy, "there's good staff orf'cers an' there's bad." He paused and puffed at his pipe. "I remember wance when I was young, an' we fightin' the Germans, I met a brass hat that was the most outrageous specimen of humanity ever you seen, but he larnt an' became a credit to his counthry an' an example to his betthers. Brass hats, I may tell ye, is the term we had for the staff—gen'rals an' such like."

"Private Denehy," said Jinny, "why don't you tell me something I don't know?"

"Jinny," said Private Denehy, "ye're in a sore an' bitther mood. Listen now while I tell ye a sthory of a young orf'cer—moderately young, annyway—who fought in the war an' larnt wisdom."

"This," Jinny said, "is another story about father. I know by the way you're looking at me."

"It is an' it isn't," said Private Denehy. "I said, 'moderately young.' The major didn't need to larn wisdom, Jinny; it come nacheral to him, same as it comes to you."

"Private Denehy," said Jinny, "tell me your story and try not to be sarcastic. In a minute Bridget will come screaming into the garden to say the general is going and his head won't rest easy on his pillow tonight till he's said good-by to me."

Private Denehy laughed and began his story.

"Ye must bear in mind, Jinny," he said, "that always in time of war the staff looks down on the fightin' throops an' the fightin' throops look down on the staff. This will help ye to undherstand what I'm tellin' ye.

"In January, 1917, on the Somme front, it was so cowld ye were more afraid of frostbite than ye were of the German shells. We come out the line wan day like dead men walkin', arl that was left of us, for it's the thruth, Jinny, there was little to choose between us livin' an' the fellas dead up the line. We was perished with cowld an' hunger. We wanted to sleep. We wanted a hot dhrink an' some food. We couldn't sthand upright on account of the weight we bore on our backs. We were owld men, the lot of us, whatever our ages. An' we come sthragglin' down that long, weary road to Albert, in threes an' fours, limpin' an' dhraggin' our poor owld feet away from the frozen shell holes an' snow fields, helpin' one another along somehow, an' the orf'cers not worryin' us so long as we kept movin' an' didn't lay down to sleep an' die without wakin'.

"The line was about three, four miles back of us when we seen wan of the divisional staff orf'cers sthridin' toward us, walkin' for the sake of his health, mebbe, dhressed like Solomon in arl his glory, an' feelin' the cowld no more than an owld rat, seein' he wore neither British warm nor trench coat, an' the red band on his cap an' his red tabs an' red armlet an' his row of medal ribbons would have made ye smile if ye hadn't wanted to sit down an' shed tears.

"Well, Jinny, this hero I'm tarkin' about was a major, an' young for his rank, an' he sthud by the side of the road an' watched us dhrift past in contemptuous an' bitther silence, until the young orf'cer what commanded the company for the time bein', arl his seniors bein' casualties, come abreast of him, an' then he ses:

"'You, sir, thry an' get your men together. What kind of formation do you think they're keepin'? Your march discipline is a disgrace to the division.'

"An' what did he mane by that? Hadn't he anny sense at arl? I thought he was crazy: Couldn't he see we were dead almost?

"The young orf'cer—an' he carryin' four men's rifles—looks at him kind of fierce an' hard, an' before he could spake a man dhropped on his face in the snow an' lay like a log. The young orf'cer put down his rifles an' lifted him up. The fella—Harkness his name was—had passed out in a kind of faint—too beat, you might put it, to stay on his feet. An' then he ses, the young orf'cer ses:

"'This is wan of the men that's afther howldin' the line arl this while. Wake up, you,' he ses. 'Wake up an' sthan' to attention when a staff orf'cer is spakin'.' An' Harkness comes to himself an' lets out a screech, an' then goes sthaggerin' on down the road like he was in dhrink, lavin' his rifle where it lay in the snow, an' his steel helmet. 'He's been like that off an' on for the past two weeks,' ses the young orf'cer, 'but they won't send him down the line. He's a fightin' man, an' fightin' men are scarce. We'll keep him till he goes off his head entirely, or gits shot or shoots wan of us.'

"'You're forgettin' yourself,' ses the staff orf'cer. 'Do you know who you're tarkin' to?' An' the young orf'cer ses:

"'I'm not forgettin' myself. I'm a fightin' soldhier, an' I'm tarkin' to a staff orf'cer, the G. S. O. 2.' With which he salutes an' goes thrampin' on, with his four rifles slung wance more over his shouldhers."

Jinny interrupted, "And you mean to tell me, Private Denehy, that any officer—even if he was on the staff—would talk like that to troops just out of the trenches?"

"I do, Jinny," said Private Denehy. "An' why do I? Because he did. He said them things I'm afther tellin' you of. But I don't belaive he meant anny harm."

"What did he mean, then?" said Jinny.

"Well, Jinny, mebbe he was bein' regimental jist. Mebbe he was so proud of the division he couldn't bear the thought of men of other divisions seein' us sthragglin' along the highroad the way we were. But whatever the motive he had in his mind, it done no good. I'm tellin' ye no lie, Jinny, when I say there was more than wan of us that was itchin' to put a bullet into him that minute."

"I don't doubt it in the very least, Private Denehy. I felt that way with the brigadier just now."

"Well, Jinny, it was that what stharted the throuble between the G. S. O. 2 an' the young orf'cer."

"You're talking of father, of course, but get on with it," Jinny said.

"I will," said Private Denehy. "As you may well imagine, the staff orf'cer an' the young orf'cer that had the company was enemies from then on. Lord knows how many times they met, but when they did meet, the pair of them, there was throuble, with arl the advantage on the side of the staff, as was nacheral. For I foun' this out in the war, Jinny—the staff was valuable, the fightin' soldhier was cheap as dhirt."

"I've heard so," said Jinny. "And so the staff officer and father didn't care for each other."

"A mild way of puttin' it, Jinny, but you git the dhrift of the narrative so far. I'll tell ye in brief arl that I know, though that's little enough, annyway.

"They met four times that I can swear to. Wance when the division was out at rest, the young orf'cer that had the company was thrainin' us for the day when we would bursht through the German trench system an' git to the open fightin' we were afther hearin' so much of. Well, we done this attackin' business over an' over ag'in, an' then we were towld to fall out an' rest. It was a hot day an' the sun scorchin' us, an' we lay stretched in the shade of the trees an' slept an' were happy, till arl of a sudden, Jinny, somewan ses 'What's the manin' of this?' an' we sat up, an' there, Jinny, was the staff orf'cer—the G. S. O. 2—on horseback, lookin' at the young orf'cer as fierce as the Prussian Guard—him an' arl his red tabs an' medal ribbons an' boot polish—an' his groom, ridin' another horse in the background, waitin' on him.

"Private Denehy," She Said, "Tell Me. Why are Staff Officers Different From Other Officers?"

"'What's the manin' of this?' ses he. 'Why are these men not dhrillin'?'

"The young orf'cer gives him as smart a salute as ye'd want to see, an' ses, ses he: 'They're restin', sir.'

"'Restin',' ses the staff orf'cer. 'Since when do throops rest this way, layin' arl over the counthryside like haythin tinkers in Connemara?'

"He didn't really say that, I know," said Jinny, "but it sounds all right. Get on with the story."

"Well, the young orf'cer ses he's afther workin' the men till they're ready to dhrop, practicing this attack.

"'What good will it do to tire them worse than they're tired already?' he ses. 'They had a bad enough time in the line,' he ses, 'without havin' it just as bad when they're out at rest.'

"'Oh!' ses the staff orf'cer. 'Indeed.'

"'Yes,' he ses, 'it's little enough consideration the poor fellas git, seein' they're only infanthry, but I'd like to see them go back to the trenches, rested up an' able to march like soldhiers on their own feet.' The staff orf'cer was gittin' red in the face, for he didn't forget what passed between them that winter's day on the road to Albert, an' he dhrew the young orf'cer aside so he wouldn't be overheard,

(Continued on Page 74)

"An' Arl Night an' Arl Day Big Stuff Kept Comin' Over, an' There Was No Solid Ground, Only Bottomless Mud, the Mud an' the Shell Holes, an' No Wan Knew What Were We Supposed to be Doin', or What Our Objectives Were"

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THIS is a story for the rich. There is very little in it for the poor, not even one of those moral victories which are so often given them in place of ready money. But if there is little in it for the poor, there is less than nothing for the people who can make a whole philosophy out of the fact that money isn't everything; and who are always saying that there are other things in life beside money with such defiant emphasis that it almost seems as if they suspect or fear a catch somewhere.

David Giles had heard it said very often. He lived with two older sisters who liked most truisms and took a great deal of comfort in that one. They were good-looking, past-thirty women who had not made much of a success out of being girls and had carried over a slight resulting dudgeon into maturity. They had small, inherited incomes which could be relied upon to keep them clothed, fed and limited in expenditure. But they were not as limited as they might have been if David had not kept on living with them after their mother died. Otherwise, they might have had to sell the house.

"You're Partly Music," He Said—"You're Wonderful"

Of course Maud and Berta did not look at it in exactly that way. They said that it was much safer for David to have a home, and without analyzing what local dangers might be lying in ambush for a young man of twenty-eight, David agreed that no doubt it was the thing to have, although at one time he had considered establishing a residence at his club and never again sleeping in that too square bedroom which overlooked a neighbor's back yard. He had never really liked that room. He had never cared for the burnt-wood tie rack, with the dog's head glowering on it, which Berta had given him when he was ten and which was always going to hang on one side of his bureau. It might be, as Maud said, a typical man's room, but David was always glad to get out of it.

He was an architect. Before she died, his mother had kept his desire for that profession so firmly and definitely on the road to accomplishment that he could not imagine any other way of earning his living. He hardly paid any attention to the discussion Maud started once or twice about the slow progress men are bound to make in any professional career. Beyond agreeing that it would undoubtedly be especially slow for him, David seemed uninterested. His sisters said that he had no money sense at all, which may have been why he gave them most of his earnings to administer. They were adequate earnings but not at all spectacular. He had no way of commanding great or sudden rewards. For the spectacular things David planned and sketched were palacelike houses and high, reverent churches and amazing theaters, and he did not even try to show these to his clients, most of whom wanted something around ten thousand dollars or with as much office space as possible. Nor did he show them to Maud or Berta, who might have hated to think that he was wasting his time on useless endeavor. Not that they did not respect his profession. Architecture was, as they often said, a branch of the arts, and there were other things in the world beside money.

That was how Berta summed up her final advice to David in connection with the Whitsuntide dance. It was one of those huge annual dances which, under pretense of rounding up the social life of the city, serve definitely to resolve it into its component parts. The dance itself, though not public, was maintained by subscription and not cruelly expensive. But there were always many dinner parties preceding it and it was the grouping of these which established the hierarchy, and the conduct at them which made the most interesting posthumous comment when the party was over. The Giles girls, in those years when they might have been expected to enjoy such parties in person, had gone through a rather nerve-racking time, and now had come into a more equable period of social life, when they could be observers, without strain or disappointment. They knew what was going on without having to go on with it.

David was their proxy now. They could dip into society through him, comfortably, with a good deal of pride and even with a sense of being in demand. For David was welcome in a great many places. He was handsome in a noticeable way, and he really knew when dance music was good and when it wasn't. He played golf and tennis and bridge with just enough skill not to make a fuss about himself, he was never seen drunk, and he had a mannerly way with older people. He was not considered exciting, but that may have been because he was not apt to be among excitable people. His sisters liked to consult over his invitations, and gradually they had hand-picked the group with which he came to be identified. They even had an almost unconscious way of committing him sometimes. "David will be glad to come, I think," or "I'm sure if you ask David early enough," were the preliminary phrases which often included him in many a party, though not the gayest ones in the city.

For the Giles girls were not the intimates of either the gay or the rich. They knew that. They often brought the matter up themselves. As Berta would say, with some scorn, it was to her really a question of emphasis. To her it was more important who people were than what they had. Maud's touch was lighter. The pretensions of luxury never failed to amuse her. She said it always seemed comic to her that people should imagine money could do for them the things that only birth and breeding could do. So the girls made and kept their friends among the proud, the frugal and the intellectual, and never allowed themselves to forget that they were as good as anyone else.

David still had to be occasionally reminded of that. His sisters harbored an uncomfortable memory of the time he had brought home an unkempt young Austrian for dinner, a young man who had no sense of silver, who ate with his knife swaying while he was using his fork, and who, in a moment of excited discussion about architecture, drew a plan for a tower on the tablecloth with a soft black pencil. He never came again. Berta had gone into a rather detailed explanation to David at the time, stressing the facts that though the Gileses were not in the least snobs they did have a certain position to maintain, and David seemed to make no new acquaintances after that. Or, if he did, he did not bring them home. Two or three times a week he dined in the city and came home late. He was not entirely communicative about the disposal of his time when he did so, mentioning a hockey game or a prize fight or extra work at the office, if he was questioned. But these were adjustable occasions and David was usually quite willing to arrange them so that he could go to the parties of the Mallorys or

the Blairs or the Ferrises or other thoroughly established people who offered restrained entertainment and were apt to look askance at wealth and display, with great comfort to themselves and certainly no harm to the rich.

For the Whitsuntide dance Berta had practically promised David to the Mallorys. Mrs. Mallory had spoken to her about Edith's party long beforehand. Edith was the only child of the Mallorys, and experience had shown that the best way to get her through a gay evening was to put a few dancing partners on their honor by having them to dinner. Any Mallory dinner party could be easily and completely anticipated by a guest who had been there before, because they ran true to form. The company would presumably include the Wheelers, the Prescotts, Bill Whiting, Laura Gage and possibly the Duffield twins, who were brother and sister. There would probably be cream of almond soup, boned lamb, a frozen dessert with cherries in it and almost certainly a centerpiece of roses. There would be eleven roses in the middle of the table, because Mrs. Mallory always saved one to put in the bud vase in the guest room. If there were cocktails, they would be bland and sweet with grocery grenadine. Bill Whiting would get more of them than anyone else, and Jessie Prescott would believe that she was under the influence of alcohol as soon as her lips touched the rim of her glass. The company would be respected and discreet.

It was natural enough that Mrs. Mallory should mention the party to Berta, for the two families knew each other very well. Mrs. Mallory sometimes said she felt like an older sister to Maud and Berta, and the Giles girls felt like older sisters to Edith. Only David's relation to Edith still remained undefined.

Berta brought up the matter at home one night.

"The Mallorys are going to entertain before the Whitsuntide dance, David. They want you for dinner. I almost forgot to tell you. Edith's having her tonsils out, so she can't call you up, but she'll be around in a week or so."

It was more of a statement than an invitation and David seemed to take it so. He was carving a steak at the minute and wishing that the girls would get thicker ones. But Maud believed that there was too much waste on porterhouse cuts and she hated to pay for the bone. David drew the knife through such tenderloin as he could find and passed the first half to his sister on the left.

"What's Edith got against her tonsils?" he asked.

"I don't think she's been feeling very well," said Maud. "Her mother told me that Edith hasn't really been herself for the last year."

"Who's she been? Greta Garbo?" asked David with a wasted touch of humor.

Berta said that Edith had never been a strong girl.

"No," agreed Maud, "but still she's perfectly healthy. And there's so much to Edith. She's the type of girl you don't often find any more. She has a great deal of character."

"I think she's pretty too. In her own way," her sister took up the song. "Don't you, David?"

"Edith's all right," said David; "her bones all seem to go the right way."

He knew what they meant. They would like to have him marry Edith sooner or later. It would change the face of things very little. They all knew one another so well. Perhaps he would bring her to live in the old house and they would do over the closed-off north wing. It was feasible and he was not really contentious about it in his own mind. Once in a while he thought that marrying Edith was a very good notion. For he had empty hours which he never told anyone about, and once in a while impatient rushes of imagination bothered him. Of course he didn't believe in the skeptical, modern sort of thing that Fritz Damler did. David's feeling about women was simple. He considered it part of his business as a man to treat them well. There had been magic in his relation to his mother. He had adored her, and for her sake he respected his sisters, who didn't take after her. Perhaps some day he would marry Edith and when they were alone he would find magic in being with her. Berta was right about her prettiness. But David wished that Edith knew when houses were beautiful. And he wished that she knew what dancing was about. She never seemed really to hear the music. She just took steps.

"We really ought to send her some flowers," said Berta, "while she's in the hospital. Why don't you, David?"

"All right. Where is she? I'll send her some roses."

"She's at St. Mark's. But I don't think I'd send too many. I often think a few flowers are so much more appreciated. And they just wilt in the hospital air. Especially roses. A flowering plant is really much the nicest thing. Then you can take it home with you."

"You pick out something," said David, "and charge it to me."

He thought no more of either tonsils or the dance for the next day or two. It was the call from Mrs. Wing that reminded him. She telephoned him at the office.

"I'm having a dinner before the Whitsuntide orgy, David," she said, "and I want you to come. Is it all right with you?"

"I'm sorry," began David hesitatingly.

"But you mustn't make me sorry," answered Mrs. Wing, "so don't say you can't. I want you very much. We're going to go to the club to eat, but we'll begin the evening at my house."

"I'm awfully afraid I'm tied up," said David.

"But can't you get loose?"

He was tempted. The parties Mrs. Wing gave had flavor. They were extravagant parties and she gave too many of them for her husband's income, as everyone knew. Periodically Tom Wing was posted for nonpayment of dues at the very club where his wife was planning to entertain. Then there would come solvent periods. Maud and Berta didn't like Mrs. Wing at all. But David rather did. He liked the cold shoulder Mrs. Wing turned to her age, refusing to acknowledge that she was approaching forty. She made no terms with dullness or stupidity but waged an open fight on both of them. David knew that there was no real magic in her, but she could do amazing tricks.

"Is it all right if I let you know tomorrow?"

"Yes, if you let me know that you'll come," she insisted. "Turn someone else down for a change. You can keep some of your other friends for your old age. Come to please me, David."

"Thanks a lot," he said. "You're awfully kind. I'll give you a ring in the morning."

He knew what that dinner would be like. He'd been to one of the Wing dinners and heard about many others. It would be brilliant, staccato, and there would be a slight sense of strain, insecurity and overextension about it. Of course the Wings really didn't have money enough to go on as they did. Mrs. Wing admitted it. She was always saying that she hadn't paid a bill in months and that they were horribly poor and would end in the streets. She often dragged in the question of money as if to insult it openly. But she went right on spending. And Tom Wing was a very nice fellow. He'd thrown a good deal of business to David, too, in one way and another, and David felt that he really owed it to Tom as well as to his wife to accept an invitation from them occasionally. Of course, the girls wouldn't like it, but he hadn't, as he remembered, promised Berta that he would go to the Mallorys'. And the Mallory party, with Edith possibly a little pale from lack of tonsils, seemed not to be very alluring at the moment. He'd talk it over with the girls.

He put the two invitations away for reference and decision later

(Continued on Page 86)

"In Blue Chiffon I'm Rather Nice," She Said. "I Wonder What Would I be in Calico"

Criminals, Prosecution, et Al.

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

PUT it this way: Respect for law may be invoked by all the oratory in the world. But will it stand unless the law and its machinery, because it is abreast of the times, is entitled to respect?

The people of America have an instinct to preserve their respect for law. But it is doubtful whether they are sufficiently awake to the lame and sorry workings of the law, so that they may realize that with their political power they have failed to produce law machinery which is sufficiently respectable.

Let us be practical. Of course it makes a good deal of difference as to respect for law, if our police systems, by stupidity or alliance with criminality and politics, allow a large part of our vicious, audacious gangsters, racketeers and violent challengers of our whole orderly society to win a war. But this has no bearing whatsoever upon the fact that it does a great deal more damage to respect for law if our criminal courts and our prosecuting system are also corrupt or ridiculous, or are allied with rings and crooked politics, so that they fail to punish a decent proportion of the criminals we want to reach—that is, those who are better than morons or psychopathic specimens, those who are smarter than our criminal-prosecuting machinery, those who organize to make crime pay, and who sometimes are, in fact, so efficiently organized that national crime has become a business with a vast investment, especially since the birth of bootlegging.

The men we want to reach are men like Rothstein in New York, who was shot after losing a bagatelle of more than $200,000 in a poker game.

Weak Spots in the Courts

THE practical observer of criminal organization in the United States knows quite well that what the public needs is not only statistics and studies and surveys to prove facts known to everyone in a general way; what the public needs is to know just how the enemy works. The fault with statistics is well exemplified by a passage in the excellent Hoover speech to the Associated Press, exhorting the nation to obey the law and respect the law. That passage gave the impression that only about 8 per cent of our national crime was bootlegging crime. There were the statistics! But the largest crime of bootlegging is not bootlegging; the real crime of bootlegging is the conduct of a school and a culture of organized gangster power.

This illustrates the danger of looking at our system of criminal justice exclusively through statistical surveys, without looking through practical eyeglasses too.

Prison reform, psychopathic experimentation, gland exploration and careful crime surveys have the greatest value, particularly when applied to the poor fellow who stumbles into wrongdoing—that is, the main population of our prisons; the dangerous wanderer either before or after he is confined. But that fellow and his kind have little to do with the criminal system which is being built to outrun our system of criminal procedure and outstrip in wits and efficiency the prosecution in our courts, or, at its worst, to fix criminal political talons into one or more of the vitals of our law enforcement, and so create an alliance between crime and justice.

Our task would be easy if we could put our thumbs on one spot and say, "There it is."

You cannot do it. We know that we have too much law, badly adapted to our new civilization, much of it passed badly by hasty legislatures; we know we have absurd language, verbosity, and that our courts have come to be regarded often as arenas for the games of legal trickery and chicane. We know the delays on the civil and criminal sides, the ponderous, slow and impractical organization of trials and appeals; and we are aware of the presence of rules of procedure and even of evidence which, instead of standing Justice on her feet, trip her up while she is blindfolded.

We know the restricted power of our judges, the loose organization of most of our judiciary systems, the failings of witnesses, the extent of ignorance and the lack of starchy character in our cumbersome juries.

"Where are the leaks?" said one professional criminal-defense lawyer. "Why, they're all over!"

Just now, however, let us look at the leaks which the general public seldom sees.

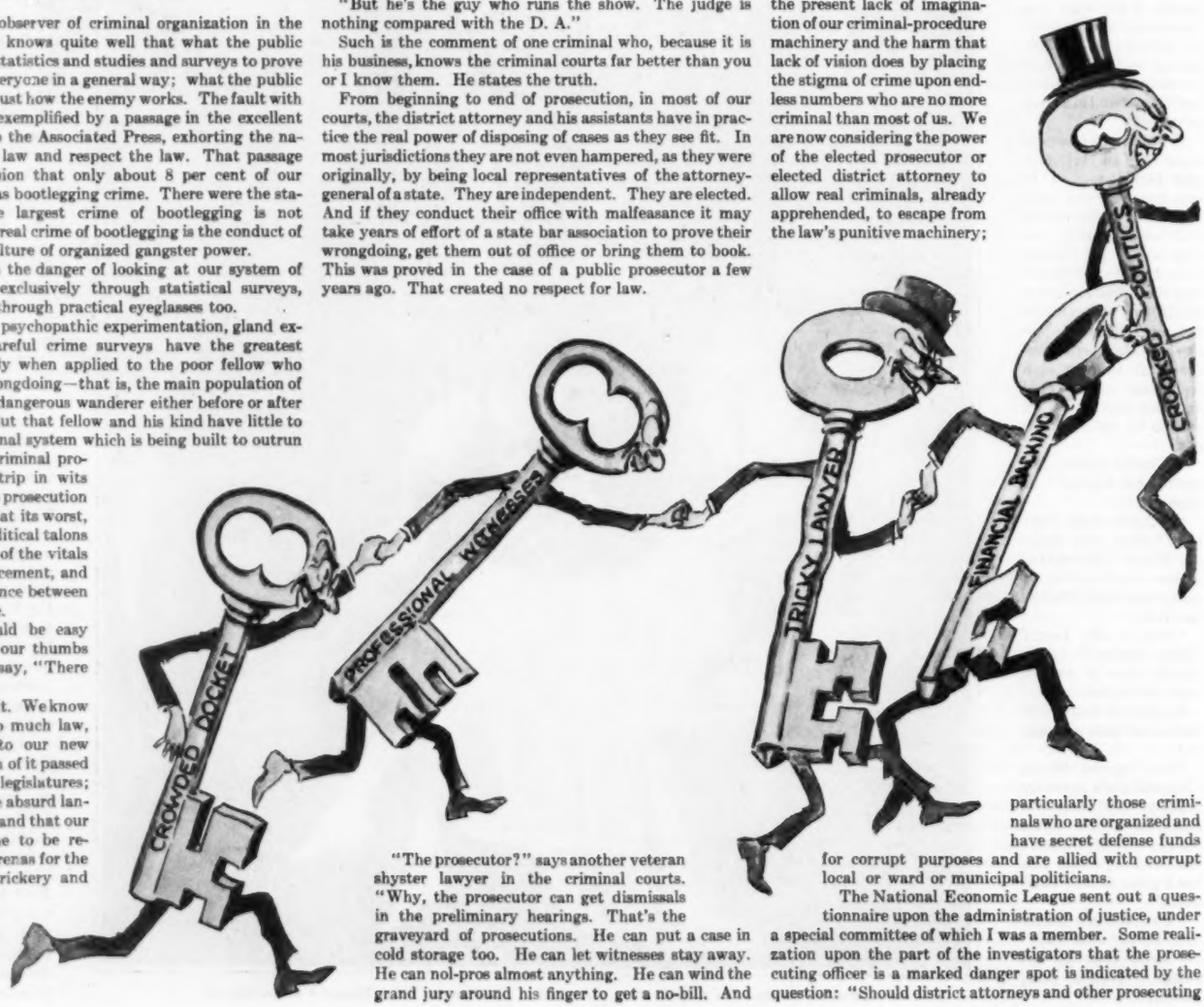
For instance, to what extent is the local prosecutor, whether he be called state's attorney, district attorney, or by other titles, unwittingly, or sometimes wittingly, the weak spot in the system? There is no intention here to discredit men of good character who serve well in public office. The office is usually elective. So there need be no surprise that some "self-governing" localities under the direction of a political machine choose at times a candidate who has a good oratorical roar and who reports to that hidden and vague force of alliance between politicians and privilege-seeking semicriminals, who in turn take care of the real criminals.

Elected judges may sometimes have their shortcomings of all kinds, but bar associations and the limelight on the office of judge act as a partial protection to the public, which is not clearly present in the selection of the prosecutor at the polls.

"But he's the guy who runs the show. The judge is nothing compared with the D. A."

Such is the comment of one criminal who, because it is his business, knows the criminal courts far better than you or I know them. He states the truth.

From beginning to end of prosecution, in most of our courts, the district attorney and his assistants have in practice the real power of disposing of cases as they see fit. In most jurisdictions they are not even hampered, as they were originally, by being local representatives of the attorney-general of a state. They are independent. They are elected. And if they conduct their office with malfeasance it may take years of effort of a state bar association to prove their wrongdoing, get them out of office or bring them to book. This was proved in the case of a public prosecutor a few years ago. That created no respect for law.



"The prosecutor?" says another veteran shyster lawyer in the criminal courts. "Why, the prosecutor can get dismissals in the preliminary hearings. That's the graveyard of prosecutions. He can put a case in cold storage too. He can let witnesses stay away. He can nol-pros almost anything. He can wind the grand jury around his finger to get a no-bill. And unless there is some sensational case, he doesn't even have to care what the public thinks about the trial, because the public hears nothing about it. The judge is a nobody compared with him. And finally he can let a crook plead guilty to some trivial offense, so that all he gets is a fine or a slap on the wrist."

No reflection is made upon honest and able prosecutors when one asserts that the weakest point for attack by the alliance between crime and politics is upon the offices of public prosecutors. Probably at this point the machinery of justice is even weaker than the machinery for apprehension of criminals—that is, the police. The failure of the police to curb crime generally or to obtain results in specific instances is much more obvious to the public, and much more of a fiasco, once the public is aware that the crime has been committed or that the criminal business is going on, than the intricate, untraceable and concealed manipulation by which a stupid or dishonest prosecutor, the tool of a corrupt political machine, may allow his prosecution to wither slowly and fade away into a twilight of delays, dodges and dead cases, where the memories or addresses of witnesses are lost and no man pursueth after the cold past.

The Crook-Politician Alliance

WE ARE referring just now to the prosecution of felonies, and not to a mass of misdemeanors which our modern civilization stupidly classes as crimes rather than as offenses or torts against the state or the individual, and for which damages should be collected rather than punishment imposed. Misdemeanors will be referred to again in a later article, when we may consider the present lack of imagination of our criminal-procedure machinery and the harm that lack of vision does by placing the stigma of crime upon endless numbers who are no more criminal than most of us. We are now considering the power of the elected prosecutor or elected district attorney to allow real criminals, already apprehended, to escape from the law's punitive machinery; particularly those criminals who are organized and have secret defense funds for corrupt purposes and are allied with corrupt local or ward or municipal politicians.

The National Economic League sent out a questionnaire upon the administration of justice, under a special committee of which I was a member. Some realization upon the part of the investigators that the prosecuting officer is a marked danger spot is indicated by the question: "Should district attorneys and other prosecuting

officers in your state, except attorneys-general, be appointed or elected?"

The replies and the reasons given for them by practicing lawyers of respectable standing indicated quite clearly that not only is the public in ignorance of the danger of alliance between the underpaid prosecutor and organized crime, but much of the legal profession as well! This is not astounding; a large part of the members of the bar hold their skirts far away from criminal practice and often are positively stupid on the subject. The lawyers who know the tricks of the trade in criminal practice are usually either famous emotional actors or for the most part the scavenger parasites on individual unfortunates, organized gangsters or political pay-off systems. A large majority of replies, however, were in favor of abolishing the election of prosecuting attorneys and advised substituting appointment by governors or by the judiciary.

Swapping the Loot for the Reward

GOOD reason! There is no one who seriously questions that the dismissal of cases in the preliminary hearings—especially where "the boys" ask for it—the bartering and bargaining to obtain from felons a plea of guilty to different and inconsequential charges, the no-billing of cases by grand juries, the escape of material witnesses, the delays in trial and the cold storage of indictments, the calm with which perjury goes unpunished and bail is jumped without forfeiture or collection—all of which are largely in the hands of prosecuting officers—indicate either a ludicrous inefficiency or susceptibility to political pressure.

There is little in our prosecutor system, even disregarding the question of quality of its representatives, to create respect for law. Few are the average citizens who realize this, except in cases where they see that by mysterious ways the prosecution of some key man in a corrupt political system goes off into the Great Nowhere, or a racketeer murder feud disappears under the prosecutor's smoke screen, or a defendant with much wealth somehow slides into the forgotten past instead of into confinement, or is allowed to be considered insane for a few critical moments of his life by the testimony of eminent psychiatrists.

This does not always mean direct corruption of the prosecutor. As ever, there is a close relationship between the "evil way and the easiest way." It serves the purpose of the wise and practical agents of the crime rings, whether they be tricky lawyers, professional witnesses, minor court officials, bail bondsmen, and the rest, almost as much to have crowded court calendars, delays and overworked and underpaid judges and district attorneys, as to have an almost open alliance with the court machinery.

What organized crime is wanting most of all in either case is a basis for a bargain. What crime wants—excepting the poor, awkward stumblers who are not assisted past the prison doorway by sophisticated methods of beating justice—is a deal with the prosecutor in cases of felonies to plead guilty to petty offenses, or to have bail reduced or remitted, or to be allowed to bulldoze complaining witnesses, or to have the prosecutor no-bill cases by domination of the grand jury, or wink at the compounding of felonies or at lying witnesses.

The New York Board of Trade is preparing a report on the compounding of felonies which gives examples of this crime. It says that in ten years in New York City there have been only thirty-nine arrests for compounding crimes, and of these only two resulted in convictions. Examples of compounding felonies are given. Some few years ago a woman was robbed of her jewelry. An insurance-company detective recovered, within a week, for his company, which had insured the loss, most of the trinkets. The thief had called the detective by telephone and arranged a meeting. The detective paid over the large reward offered by the company for the recovery of the jewels. The detective was arrested, but on the second trial the judge directed his acquittal.

Other examples are found in the insurance of securities and other valuables, when the insuring company, after the loss, advertises the payment of the insurance almost alongside the advertisement offering a reward for the return of the securities, but no reward for the apprehension and conviction of the criminals.

The Board of Trade memorandum gives a first-class example of an utter absurdity of law contention which is enough to make a criminal, and certainly is one bright example of quarrels over bad sense which deserves slight respect from anyone. It is this: According to law, the compounding of a felony must be completed. Suppose that a bank cashier flees with $50,000. The bank offers to accept $25,000 and not prosecute. The cashier is allowed to go free. When does the compounding of the felony by the bank become complete? After one year of no prosecution? After two? Three? During this time the compounding of the felony by the bank is in process of completion. Suppose the bank suddenly breaks its agreement and prosecutes. Ho, hum! By adding willful breach of agreement not to prosecute to the compounding of a felony, the bank is now free of the latter charge. But this was the serious contention in one case.

The compounding of felonies begins the long list of aids to criminals which the prosecutor may overlook. In some of our cities it has happened that the police have said, in effect, to people who have been robbed: "We will get back the goods if there is no demand for the criminal."

If the prosecutor winks at this, we have degenerated into the situation that is common in parts of China, where, rather than get into the hands of a corrupt magistrate, the man who, let us say, has been robbed of a necklace of forty stones, gets it back by offering to let the thief keep fifteen of the jewels.

The moment law and criminality begin to deal together by crookedness or by convenience, the call for respect for law is an empty call. Just such fundamental truth is seldom recognized by the prosy kind of crime and law-enforcement surveys.

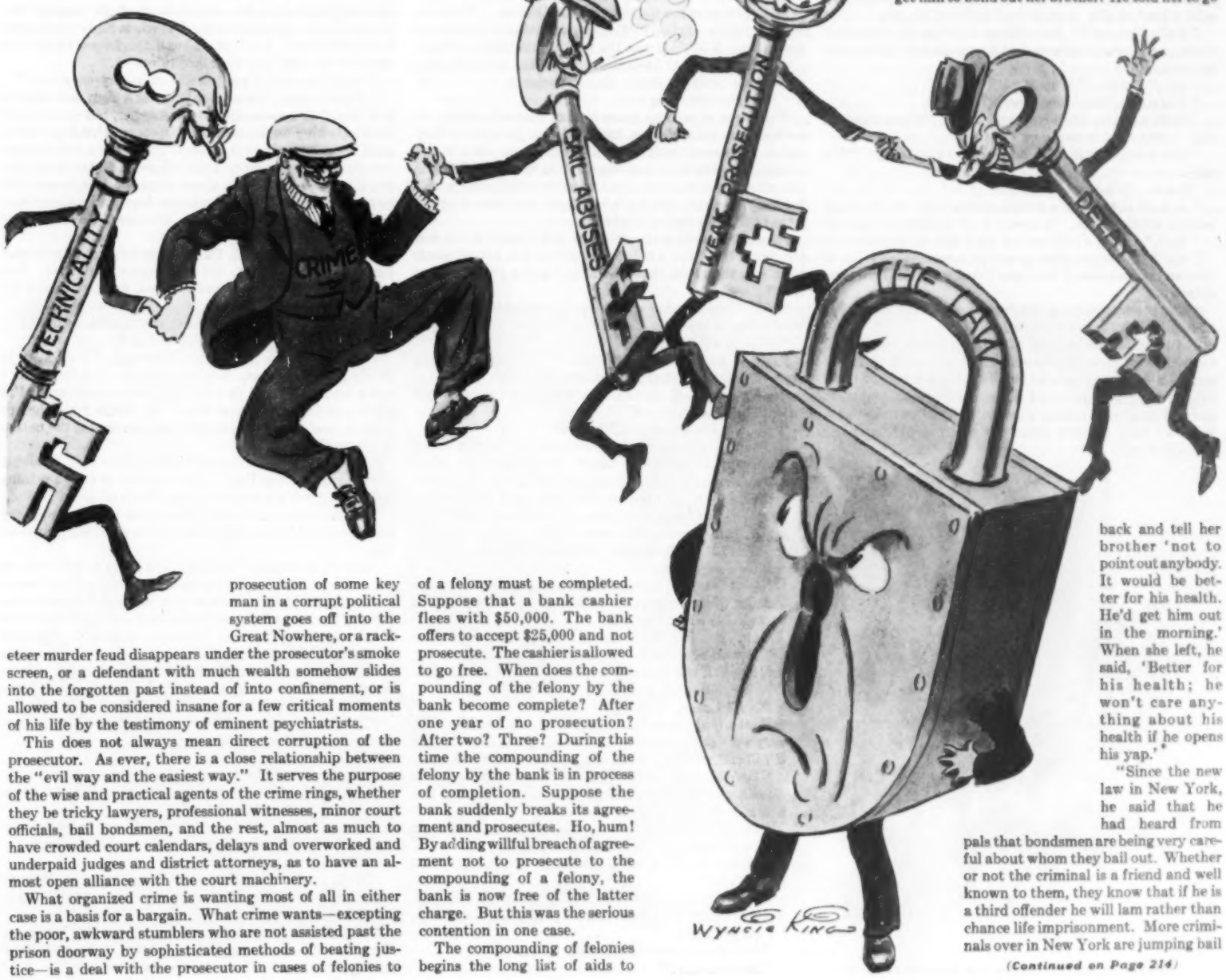
Safeguarding the Health

HOW much do these learned gentlemen know of the influence of the bail situation upon crime? I cannot improve upon the notes taken by one of my investigators who interviewed a professional bondsman. Here is the practical picture. After having tried the bar association and the respectable bonding companies in a search for real information, this was the story:

"Disappointed in both these places, I finally got down in the X Ward to see one H, a well-known bondsman. I've been with him from nine till now—midnight—and am reporting what he says. I went to him through a friend of his, to whom he promised that everything he said would be straight goods if we kept our mouths shut. He sits all night in one place, ready to do favors for whoever comes his way. He is, you see, a politician. The telephone constantly rang with messages from his runner at the courts. A young girl came in to get him to bond out her brother. He told her to go back and tell her brother 'not to point out anybody. It would be better for his health. He'd get him out in the morning.' When she left, he said, 'Better for his health; he won't care anything about his health if he opens his yap.'

"Since the new law in New York, he said that he had heard from pals that bondsmen are being very careful about whom they bail out. Whether or not the criminal is a friend and well known to them, they know that if he is a third offender he will lam rather than chance life imprisonment. More criminals over in New York are jumping bail

(Continued on Page 214)



THOSE OLD PALS OF HERS

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY MATT CLARK

THAT winter I was press-agenting a hotel in Miami Beach. All I had to do was interview the big shots that were registered in my establishment, knock out a few paragraphs to the effect that they felt that, fundamentally, business conditions were sound and prosperity just around the corner, and muscle these profoundly important economic documents into unwary newspapers.

Around the middle of January, Marvin arrived. I do not believe that I can trifle with the truth to the extent of saying that this event marked an epoch in my life, or even in that particular week; for young Mr. Cotton was just another guy that I went to school with in Brooklyn, at Manual Training High. Since then I'd heard he was breaking a bit better than even in the real-estate racket in Bensonhurst, but I'd never checked up on it, mainly because I didn't care.

But all kinds of creatures turn up in Southern Florida, so when Marvin showed on the porch of the little green cottage, on Washington Avenue, that I had taken for the season with Pete Taylor, who was handling publicity for a jai-alai fronton, I wasn't exactly bowled over. It must have been ten years since I'd seen him last, but he didn't seem to have changed a bit—still the same big gawky guy with a kind of silly, embarrassed smile on his pan.

"Willie Thomas?" He squinted through the vines that made our porch so dark we had to use electric lights even in the daytime.

"Yep," I said. "Who is it?"

"Marvin Cotton—remember?"

"Well, as I live and breathe!" I said. "Come right in, kid. Come right in and park."

"Got a lady with me," he whispered hoarsely. "My wife."

"Good. Bring her in too."

"Is it all right?" He peered suspiciously into the dark corners of the porch. "I mean, is everything all right?"

"Well," I said, a trifle on my hind legs at the inference, "if she'll just make allowances for a teeny-weeny bit of dust on the garboons, I think she'll find everything safe and shipshape."

He went out to a car at the curb and returned with what at first I took to be a sparrow.

It turned out to be Mrs. Marvin, or Sylvia, as she had been christened—a thin blonde, thinner even than it was smart to be last year, and as blond as they come. She had a bright, eager little face and sharp, birdlike eyes, and when she sashayed in, throwing a smile straight from the teeth, it didn't take but one glance to see that here was one of those babies whose line is Vivacious Charm.

We Was Looking Around for Our Mr. Bowker

After a While He Spoke. "You Know a Fellow Around Here Named Elbert?" He Asked

"Call her Sylvia," Marvin said. "No formality for an old school chum, you know."

"Oh, you must—Will!" she smiled violently, with charm. "'Cause I'm going to call you Will! Oh, I've heard so much about you—I almost feel I know you—Will!" She gave me the old eye, with charm. "Won't oo call li'l' Sylvia—Sylvia? 'Cause we're going to be friends! Aren't we—Will!" It was the works I got, with charm.

The big oaf she'd hooked stood looking proudly on, a wide sappy smile bisecting his countenance.

"Ain't she cute?" he said.

The three of us had quite a chat that afternoon. It worked out that Marvin had sold out his Bensonhurst racket for a neat profit and was down on vacation before returning to the fray, and that Sylvia was an old Miami girl whose mamma and papa had moved to Brooklyn with her only after the old boy's bank roll had been shot out from under him during the boom.

"Sure," Marvin said, with that deft humor which was peculiarly his, "Syl just brought me back to her old home town so's she could show the folks what a goof she married."

"Silly!" she cooed charmingly. "I wanted to show them what a lamby pie I married!"

"What a what?" I said.

"Lamby pie," Marvin explained. "She calls me lamby pie sometimes. Sort of a pet name, you might say."

"And a very good one too," I admitted. "I never would have thought of it myself."

"Syl's very quick-witted," he said.

They were down for a month and had taken a small apartment on Fifteenth Street. They were just going to swim and eat and sleep and get sunburned. Syl knew oodles of people, of course, but she wasn't going to let them know she was back, for a while anyway, until they felt more in the mood for entertaining. At the moment, it seemed, they had each other and that was all they wanted—except me.

At this juncture Syl got Marvin's ear, and after a few buzzing whispers to which I was scarcely privy, Marvin exploded in a horse laugh.

"Ain't this just like a woman?" he said as soon as he got control of himself. "What she's wondering, seeing this house, if you're married or not—I mean, do you live here by yourself or not?"

"No," I said, "I don't."

That wiped the smiles off their faces. At first I thought they were going to get up and leave. Then Marvin, the old liberal, smiled weakly, and I relieved their distress.

"I live here with another fellow," I said, and the smiles came back, "another publicity man, named Taylor; but he's in New York now for a few days."

"Pete Taylor?" It was Syl who asked, and her little eyes were suddenly cold and unsmiling.

"That's him," I said, genuinely surprised. "You know Pete?"

"We went to school together," she said shortly, and I remembered that Pete was originally a Miami boy. "I know him."

There was a moment's silence. Then:

"Another one?"

Marvin's grin was broader than ever as he winked at me, but when he looked at the little woman there was no response; her eyes were on the floor, hard until he spoke, and then coy. "That's a kind of little joke we got," he explained apologetically. "You know, Syl was a kind of belle around Miami. There was a lot of fellows after her. She told me about some of 'em. She knew all these boys around town, in high school, you know, and after. I just asked her if this fellow Taylor was another one that was after her to marry."

"I don't know," I stalled. "Pete's very cagy ——"

"What I mean," he said, taking out a cigar and lighting it slowly, "is, I mean, they was after her, but she married me!" He blew out his match. "Of course I've done pretty good"—he looked at the cigar—"I've made a little money comparatively speaking. I ain't done bad, you could say, but I just kid her a little about these football heroes that were after her, and those handsome dogs, and society boys, and fellows like that. Myself, of course, I'm just a fat fellow ——"

That was the pay-off, for he wasn't fat at all; he was big, husky and all that, but it was muscle, not fat. And he knew it. He grinned and stopped, and Sylvia got her cue on the fly.

"Fat!" she exclaimed. "You have an athletic build. It looks like fat, but it's the athletic build."

"Well," he gave in without a struggle, "I do keep in pretty good condition. You can tell in a bathing suit. I don't look bad at all in a bathing suit—considering I'm getting to be an old man now." He studied his cheroot happily, and once more the little woman caught the notion in her teeth.

"Isn't he the tease though?" she said to me. "Talking about being old like that! Half the time he isn't anything but just a great big grown-up boy, that's all he is."

The lummox tried to look like a great big grown-up boy and succeeded in looking, to me, like a great big grown-up sap.

"But what I mean," he said, "it's going to be tough on me, I mean, stacking up against those old college beaus, those collar-ad boys; because you know how women are, the way they get when they're married and think of the old flames, as you might say. You have to look your best or she'll be wishing she'd married one of them, and maybe she was crazy to have married whom she did. You got to have courage, Willie, to take your wife back to her old home town and risk being compared with the other fellows."

"Isn't he aggravating?" Sylvia said. "As if I could care for anybody but my sugar lump."

"Sugar lump!" I said.

"Means about the same as lamby pie," Marvin explained. "It's another pet name. Don't you like for wives to call their husbands by pet names?"

"Me!" I said. "If I was married I wouldn't have any peace at all if my wife wasn't calling me pet names."

He looked relieved.

"However, to get back to the subject," he said, laying a roguish eye on his wife, "maybe you're going to tell us you never had any boy friends!"

"Well," she murmured archly, dropping her eyes, "maybe—I'm not saying. One, p'r'aps," she added demurely, "or two."

"One or two!" Marvin guffawed. "The way I understand it, it must have been a thousand." He blew out smoke again. "Yes, sir, I had to beat a big field, Willie, but maybe"—he paused—"I was just lucky."

"Just lucky!" she exclaimed.

When they'd gone I came to one conclusion, and that was that I wasn't going to neglect my work to rehabilitate this long-neglected friendship with Marvin. It wasn't him so much; Marvin was all right, a little backward mentally, perhaps, but not so bad. It happens, though, that coyness in a woman poisons my whole system, and I'm steel itself before vivacious charm. I wouldn't have had that baby of Marvin's if she had an entire issue of gilt-edged bonds hanging around her neck.

As it happened, I needn't have bothered myself about that.

For nearly a week it looked as though they'd just popped into my life and popped right out again, and that was all, and then one evening just after dinner, when I was relaxing behind the blinds on the front porch, there was a fumbling at the screen door and Marvin came in.

"Hello, Willie," he said. "Busy?"

"No," I said. "Come in and sit down. The little woman with you?"

"She's got a headache," he said, dropping into a chair. "She had a hard day. I had a hard day too," he added.

He certainly wasn't looking happy then; it was a kind of funny look on his face, as though he was puzzled and tired and low-spirited all at once. After a while he spoke.

"You know a fellow around here named Elbert?" he asked.

"Elbert what?"

"I don't know his last name. I didn't get it. He had dinner with us tonight."

"I don't know him from that description," I said. "Where'd you pick him up?"

"He's an old flame of Sylvia's," he said, taking another swallow, "and I certainly had a hard day."

"What happened?"

You know—he said—we was talking about Sylvia's old boy friends the other evening, about she had to have some here, naturally, being brought up here and all that. Well, what we were doing, we was just kidding back and forth, that's all, because I ain't jealous of Sylvia. I ain't jealous of her at all. I was just kidding.

Well, what I mean, the other day I come in from the beach ahead of her, and when she come in she stalled around a while.

Then she said: "What would you think if I said I just met one of my old sweethearts on the beach just now?"

"I wouldn't say nothing," I said, "because the beach is free to whoever wants to go on it."

"Remember me telling you about my friend Elbert?" she said.

"The one that used to take you sail fishing?"

"Yes," she said. "He was on the beach."

"Well," I said, kidding, "and did all the old romance come back?" I said it kidding, but all of a sudden, this thing coming up like this for the first time, I was actually scared. I got a real twitch inside, but I smiled. "Did the old glamour come back, like they say?" I said.

"Silly!" she said. "But, sugar plum," she said, "would you mind the teensiest-weensiest-eensiest bit if we had him for dinner some night, just for old time's sake?"

"Not at all," I said. "What's more, tell him I said to come, because he ain't to feel that I'm in any way uppity because I beat him out with you. Tell him I add my invitation."

And I meant it, because when I got to thinking it over I couldn't see no reason to be scared. After all, Syl didn't marry no dud herself, not to do any bragging about it. This Elbert, he had his chance, and no matter how good he was, the way I figured it, he just wasn't good enough—and what's more, the better he was, the better it made me look. So I meant it.

She told him to come this evening, and what I mean, I got up for the part. You see the way I'm dressed, with this camel's-hair sport coat and these white flannels, and this tie here—first time I ever wore it—matches my socks and the shirt too. I just said to myself, "All right, if he is a nifty dresser he ain't going to have anything on me to make Syl ashamed of me." And I got some classy cigarettes, too, and some wine, so's if he was one of these finicky fellows, all right, so was I. What I mean, if it was possible I was going to show this local John Gilbert that when Syl ditched him for me she wasn't completely nuts, what I mean.

Well, the bell rang about six o'clock, while Syl was dressing, and I opened the door, and the first thing I thought was I thought a delivery boy had arrived and I was just going to say, get out and come to the back door, when he put out his hand and said:

"Marvin? I'm Elbert."

I taken his hand without saying anything, and then Sylvia, all prettied up to a million, rushed up and taken the play away from me, which was mighty lucky, because, looking at this dinky little midget, I couldn't quite get my thoughts straight.

He was one of these little dried-up fellows that's got stringy hair and watery eyes, kind of sallow in the face, and even on my worst days I don't believe I ever dressed as bad as he was.

"This is Elbert!" Syl laughed. "And this is Marvin! And Sy'vy wants oo two to be the bestest fwiends in the dreat bid ole worl'!"

"Uh-huh," Elbert said.

"All right," I give in as soon as I got my thoughts straight, "but I nearly not let you in." I just thought I'd joke a little and put him at his ease. "I nearly not let you in," I said, "because I thought you was the delivery man from the delicatessen."

"Huh?" he said.

Well, we led Elbert in, and I looked at him in the light to see if I ain't made a mistake, but no, he was terrible-looking even in light. More terrible, I'd say. I kind of looked down at myself, at my camel's-hair sport coat and white flannels, and I felt sort of funny, like I'd dressed up for a wedding and had come on a frankfurter party. It was a good thing that Syl was doing a lot of talking, because I hadn't anything to say that you could say in mixed company, and it got clearer and clearer that Elbert wasn't going to turn out to be any mine of wit and humor and parlor comedy.

I want you to understand, Willie, I ain't any snob, and just because he wasn't dressed up swell, why, that ain't what I mean. To tell you the truth, I don't know exactly what I mean; only here I was, all set to vie with this fellow, as you might say, and look what I got to vie against! Somehow, someway, it wasn't right.

He stayed there for two hours, and for a while he wouldn't even leave go of his hat, like he was afraid I was going to grab it and run out in the alley and chuck it in the sewer. When dinner was ready, we didn't give him a chair next to his to put that skimmer on, so he leave me hang it up, but I saw he still wasn't quite easy about it.

"You don't have to tip me when you get it," I said. "It ain't going to cost you a thing in this house."

"Huh?" he said.

I feel free to tell you now that dinner this evening was a hell of a repast. If it wasn't for Syl, I don't know what would happened. She did all the talking, or all of it that I didn't do, which was nearly all of it. I put in a brace of words now and then when it looked like she was beginning to get groggy, but this Elbert, all he did was eat like four horses—that dried-up little guy!—and whenever something was put right up to him, square in the face so he couldn't duck, he just said:

"Uh-huh."

After dinner he sat for about ten minutes looking at his hat on the rack, like he was waiting for an opportunity to spring on it, and then, interpreting the way he looked, as a host ought, I said:

"Would you like your hat?"

(Continued on Page 135)

I Hadn't Hardly Got on the Sand Before I Stepped Right Into Young Mr. and Mrs. Cotton, Who Were Stretched Out Under a Thick Blanket of Gloom

MUSIC AT RAGUSA

By Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Talk Sense!" I Hissed at Darter. "Talk Sense! Both of You are Older. Talk Sense"

EMILY married when she was very young—in 1917—February of that year, when she was only seventeen herself. It was a romantic marriage, and a great many people thought it a shame, for she was marrying a man twelve years older than herself, and an artist. A musician, a violinist, a fiddler. And in those days, only a little while ago by actual time, but ages ago in point of view, people didn't marry artists as often as they do now. There was a feeling that artists, especially musicians, were a trifle bohemian, a trifle unclassed. Wealth was the criterion then, with old families still counting a little.

And this feeling that artists were bohemian, a trifle unclassed, applied particularly to American artists. America wasn't used to her artists, as yet. Americans had so much more chance than other races to become something sensible and manly, it was silly for them to go off somewhere and play musical instruments, or paint pictures, or write books. Artists had no background. They spent mysterious years in such places as Paris or Vienna or Berlin, and then they came back, and half the time you didn't know where they had been born or who their parents were. The very fact that, having no definite social status, they could go anywhere and were asked everywhere merely emphasized the other fact that if they hadn't been artists they would have been asked nowhere.

But Emily was a dear and had a mind of her own. I had excellent opportunities to discover that Emily was a dear and had a mind of her own, because I was a sort of unofficial uncle, a great friend of Emily's family, although at that time I wasn't so old myself—about two years older than Emily's fiancé. Emily's family had come from the same city in the North as my family. Her father had been my father's best friend. As I was in Washington at the moment, I was called in when Emily decided to marry her musician.

Mrs. Worden received me alone in the lovely house the Wordens had bought: an old Washington house on a corner, elm trees about it. A rectangular brick house, with a delicate white-columned portico facing a square filled with misty, leafless trees. It was an early December afternoon, warm and faintly blue.

Mrs. Worden gave me tea, and we talked about various minor matters, and then she came to the point. I remember the conversation distinctly.

"I suppose," she said, "you've heard about Emily."

"How do you mean?"

"About Emily and Eric Darter?"

"They're engaged? I suspected as much."

"Oh, did you? Well, they're not officially engaged, but she insists that we announce it."

"You're going to, of course?"

"I suppose so, but ——" Under piled-up white hair, Mrs. Worden's fresh-colored, pleasant face took on grim lines. "I wish," she reflected petulantly, "parents had the authority they once had."

"They haven't," I assured her, "and they won't have for a long while again. Even when they had, it only resulted in senseless tragedy or elopements, didn't it? Don't you think it's better to have the worst sort of marriage and get it over, rather than a sense, all your life, of having been balked?"

"Perhaps. . . . What do you think of Darter?"

"I like him."

"But we don't know anything about him."

"Why should you? He's attractive and presentable."

"Emily's an only child."

"Yes, I know."

"One has such dreams for an only child! There are the nicest sort of young men beginning to look at her. . . . You think Darter's really a first-class artist?"

"That's hard to tell. He's still very young, and I'm no musician. But musicians think so. That is, he's young for an American. Americans develop slowly. There's a lot still holding them back; a lot still threatening them. They can't just be artists and fools the way Europeans are. They have to be what their countrymen think are men first. Perhaps it's a good thing in the end. . . . Why? . . . If Darter were a great artist, would it make any difference?"

Emily Was Standing by a Table

"Of course. He's only first violin now in a symphony."

"Yes, but it's the best symphony in the country, and he has his own tour every year, and he's written one or two lovely things." I leaned forward. "Do you know"—I was experiencing an intuition—"I believe Emily will make a great musician of him. I half believe that's Emily's intention. She knows a lot about music and she's very ambitious."

"Emily? Why, she's just a baby."

"Seventeen."

"She doesn't know about anything."

"Perhaps not clearly, but Emily's a force, even if she doesn't know just yet where she's going."

Mrs. Worden sighed. "You're not much of a help. You think, then, that Darter's as weak as all that—that a woman can make or break him?"

I laughed. "I think he's a man, and then, I think he's also an artist. Artists haven't any character in the accepted sense of the word, or perhaps, if viewed correctly, they have the only character worth having—merely an immense eagerness for life. What they are personally, and, to a large extent, their work, depend on luck and the people they're thrown with—especially the women. They're partly feminine, you know. They couldn't be artists if they weren't. Like women, their private lives are likely to mean much too much to them."

"You're less and less of a help."

Dusk crept through the long, white-paneled room. A servant entered and turned on the lamps. After a while Mr. Secretary Worden came back from his office—a small, finely modeled, gray man, so rich, and for so many generations, that great wealth sat upon him with the inflexible simplicity of an iron crown—one of those iron crowns kings used when kings meant something. He was a little frightening—Mr. Worden. Emily at times, in her youthful way, showed the same inflexible, ruthless, civilized simplicity.

"We've been talking about Emily," said Mrs. Worden.

"Yes?"

"I suppose there's nothing to be done."

"I could stop it if I wanted. I could cut her off without a cent."

Mrs. Worden gasped. "Oh, no, not that."

"That wouldn't stop it," I interjected. "We might as well make up our minds that they're terribly in love. Real love. It almost makes your hair stand up. Have you watched Emily when Darter plays that thing of Chopin's he plays so much—that Étude in E Major?"

"Not especially."

"There's not much left of Emily except loving him and his music."

"You're romantic."

"After you're thirty you often deliberately have to be in order to remember what you were at seventeen."

There was a long silence. Mr. Secretary Worden got up, went to a table, lit a cigarette and came back to his chair. He threw the match into the fireplace.

"Curse music," he said thoughtfully.

Emily and Darter were married two months later. It was again a warm day, faintly blue, with the leafless trees in the square making arabesques against the sky. Between their trunks the statues of dead, gallant worthies, foreign and American, which graced the square, some on horseback, some standing rigidly on foot, oratorical hands uplifted, peered at the wedding guests. There were a lot of uniforms about. Some of the wearers of foreign uniforms limped a trifle, others had an arm missing; all were ablaze with decorations and service ribbons. The war had been going on almost three years.

I was particularly interested in Darter; how he would behave under these trying circumstances. I knew his shyness and impatience. He had been opposed to a formal wedding, but the Wordens had insisted upon all the expected pomp and ceremony, and Darter had gracefully acquiesced. I had observed that Darter's impatience, when dealing with the Wordens, was hardly noticeable. He was consistently gentle and quiet, as if he were well aware of the risk Emily was taking, and wished to reassure her and her family. I haven't mentioned as yet that he was a tall, slim, dark-haired fellow, a little stooping, but quick and of elegant gesture; his face thin and sensitive; his eyes especially beautiful. Dark, eager eyes, willing instantly to smile. On this wedding day of his these eyes wanted especially to smile. I could see that Darter wanted very much to make the Wordens like him, and all the friends of the Wordens. He wanted them to like him for the sake of Emily. He wanted people to feel that Emily was making no mistake. His eagerness was not for himself. He hadn't the slightest conceit and, for an artist, was singularly unvain. He forgot himself entirely in what he was doing. That, more than anything else, was what had always made

me think he had elements of greatness. At the moment, having succumbed to a formal wedding, he was being the perfect bridegroom. But he was very much alone. I could discover no single relative of his in the church or at the reception later, and only a few friends—mostly musicians and painters who had come on from New York and who stood about somewhat contemptuously, but who, none the less, were as eager to be liked as Darter, although for different reasons.

Artists can't get on with government or uniforms. Often they get on splendidly with business men, but seldom with officials or uniforms. Officials and uniforms frighten them. Curious, too, for of course no people have a greater sense of form than artists have.

These friends of Darter's wanted absolute strangers to come up and tell them how much they liked them and adored their work. As for themselves, they would make no effort.

Throughout the ceremony and the greetings afterward, Emily walked with the beautiful precision of the thoroughly frightened young girl. She was as perfect and remote as a porcelain image. No one would have suspected that she was frightened, unless he knew something of Emily and something of young girls. For a while I was fooled. Emily was too nonchalantly cool. Even in these days of divorce, people only get married once for the first time. And I believe that Darter for a while was fooled, too, for he looked several times at his bride-to-be with a puzzled expression, and finally retired into gravity, staring straight ahead of him, as if another fold had been added to his already thick cloak of isolation.

But both Darter and myself suddenly realized that we had been wrong. As he put the ring on Emily's finger, he looked at her again from under lowered eyelashes, smiling shyly and hesitatingly, and Emily smiled back. Darter lifted his head. His cloak of isolation opened a trifle on his shoulders. Emily had returned from a long distance and surrounded him once more with herself.

At that instant the marriage seemed to me flawless. As flawless as Chopin's Étude in E Major, and equally wistful, because, despite all its symptoms of success, every now and then two people love each other so much in an uncertain world.

But I don't think anybody else knew what Darter and I knew. Emily was implicit. She wasn't revealing. She was among the first of those young women who were learning to have their own way without argument. She did not belong to the war generation; the war, as far as the United States was concerned, hadn't happened yet. Emily belonged to the prewar generation. Her flower girls were the little girls who in four or five years were to astonish the world. Emily was a precursor. But she had certain mannerisms that were later to become familiar. As I have implied, you either took her or left her as she was. She never explained herself, never wasted a sentence, didn't pretend to like people or things she didn't. She was aware of the gigantic futility of words, except with people who instinctively like you and understand you. I think it required a man over thirty at least to understand Emily at all, and I doubt if many older women could understand her even faintly. The majority of the latter thought Emily selfish, pushing and cold. I knew her to be not one jot different from any other girl who had ever lived—that is, any warm, tender, dreaming sort of girl.

And she was so pretty. As she went up the aisle you were reminded of mimosa and ragged robin—her yellow hair, her blue, springlike eyes. Then the two—she and Darter—were off on their honeymoon.

Some day someone is going to write a history of artists in the late war. It will be a history of curious folly both on the part of artists and of governments. Of all the nations, Germany alone seemed to realize that war and peace are alike, at least in respect to the truth that both in war and peace a man does his best along the lines to which he has been trained and which are not too antagonistic to him. Flutists weren't designed for the tank service. But oddly enough, unless restrained, that is just where flutists are likely to go, merely to prove to themselves what rough, brave fellows they are. A friend of mine who ended up as a colonel and one of the heads of the psychological end of the army, by mere chance was discovered in an artillery stable where, as a private, he was grooming horses. I know of a distinguished ornithologist who was a major in the remount. Every now and then, in a mellow mood, he would admit that he knew more about birds than horses.

In April we declared war, and by June, Darter was at an officers' camp, and by autumn he was a machine-gun lieutenant.

Mr. Secretary Worden was gloomy and irritated.

"I could have got him anything he wanted," he remarked. "Something perfectly honorable and yet comparatively safe."

Emily's eyes were like cornflowers in a hot, still sun.

"I'm glad," she said, "he did exactly what he did."

I said to myself, "That's all very well, but some day the war will be over, and meanwhile I hope he doesn't ruin his delicate violinist's fingers. He might as well have gone into professional baseball. There are other combatant branches. He'd better be shot outright than ruin his hands."

But of course I kept my mouth shut.

Then I was fairly busy myself for a while, and in a part of the country remote from Washington. Having enlisted with eagerness, I was sent with one other man to study the castor-oil bean for its use in engines. I heard nothing of Darter, and when I did again, it was three years after the war was over and by means of a newspaper. There was a notice, as deliberately discreet as possible, that a final divorce had been granted Emily Crosby Darter, born Worden, from her husband Eric Darter. Emily Darter, it was recalled to the reader's attention, was the daughter of Charles Wortley Worden, ex-Secretary of So-and-So under Such-and-Such an administration. A profound and well-bred divorce.

I was angry. Somebody, I was sure, had made an ass of himself, or herself—either Emily or Darter, or both. Theirs had not been a war marriage, unless I know nothing of human nature. Besides, they had been married two months before war had been declared. I felt exactly as if an old friend had died—two old friends. Six months later, in Santa Barbara, I ran into McLarney, who knew the Wordens as well as I did, and who, unlike myself, had seen them recently.

"I don't think Emily had a thing to do with it," he said.

"You mean?"

"Darter never came back."

"Another woman?"

"I don't know. He never came back. He was always half French anyway. Mrs. Worden told me he wrote Emily a letter saying that their marriage had been a mistake. That, in one way, he wasn't good enough for her, and that, in another, he couldn't do his best work in such a marriage—too much wealth, or some such nonsense. I think Emily's well out of it. I always thought he was more or less of a tramp."

Until that moment I had liked McLarney; after that I had reservations.

"Did you? Well, I think he's a darned nice fellow. Do you know anything of what happened to him in the war?"

"Yes, I've talked to some fellows who served with him. Spotted, as you would expect. I heard he got a medal, and

(Continued on Page 98)

"Let Them Sit Down," Whispered Emily, "and Get Me Eric. . . . Get Me Eric!"

Housekeeping at the White House

By J. FREDERICK ESSARY

UNTIL the Roosevelt period, the White House was both a residence and an office. Presidents transacted all their business there. Chambers on the second floor were set aside for that purpose—one for a cabinet room, two for reception rooms, one for the President's office, and another for his secretary. That arrangement severely restricted the space for living quarters. Only seven rooms were available for that purpose. They were enough, perhaps, for small families, but not nearly enough for one so numerous as Colonel Roosevelt brought in upon the death of Mr. McKinley.

President Roosevelt persuaded Congress to erect the present Executive Offices on the west terrace and connected with the mansion by an arcade. They were modest offices in the beginning—too modest. And about the time he retired they were enlarged to provide adequate reception rooms as well as more space for the clerical force. But even with their enlargement they were too small for the staff of Hoover secretaries. Less than a year ago they were further expanded. The basement, previously used as a storeroom, was converted into workrooms. That job had barely been finished when, on Christmas Eve, a fire devastated the whole wing. Now it is being rebuilt and further enlarged.

With the removal of the offices from the mansion, the living apartments were increased in number. The family could spread out. There are now twelve bedrooms, dressing rooms and sitting rooms, together with the President's private library, on the second floor. The drawing-rooms on the first floor have remained as they were. And with the change more privacy is accorded the presidential household. No visitors reach the second floor except by invitation. None are admitted to any part of the first floor, save the East Room, except by invitation. The East Room is open to all on week days from ten o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon.

Calls on the Executive Income

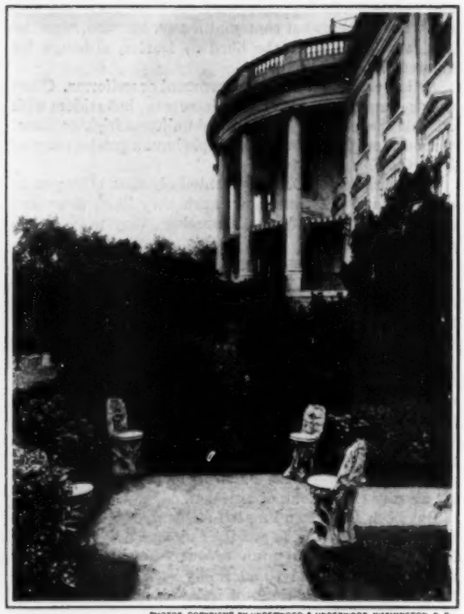
EVEN so, the White House proper remains not only a domestic establishment where the presidential family lives much as does any other American family, but it is there that many of the affairs of state are conducted. All foreign ambassadors and ministers arriving to present their credentials or to present their letters of recall are received at the mansion. Formal ceremonies in which the President personally participates are staged there. The formal receptions are held there. All state dinners at which the President is host are given there, as are all teas, luncheons, garden parties and musicales at which the President's wife may be the hostess.

Such ceremonious affairs naturally deprive the White House of much of its purely private character, particularly with a Taft, or a Harding, or a Hoover in the presidency. Nevertheless, it remains essentially a place of family residence. And as such its maintenance and supervision present much the same intimate problems as would any other. Servants are to be engaged, trained and managed. Marketing must be done daily, if not with a basket on the arm then some other way. Bills must be checked and paid. General overhead such as fuel, light, repairs and refurnishing must be considered. The family wash must be attended to.

Happily there is neither rent nor taxes to be taken into account. And only a part of the help must be fed. The President is spared that much.

A generous Government helps finance the Executive household, just as a generous Government should. In fact, to look at the expense account which Congress authorizes the Treasury to assume, one might suppose that the President's salary of $75,000 a year need not be drawn upon at all except for purely personal expenditures. But it is not so soft as that for the master of the White House. When all the demands upon the Executive income are considered, as will be shown a little later on, it is a wonder that the President saves a cent. And it is recorded that only two latter-day Presidents—Woodrow Wilson and Calvin Coolidge—went out of office in better financial circumstances than when they went in.

A total of $422,320 was set aside in the 1931 Budget for the expenses of the Executive Office—meaning the presidency and all that goes with it, with the sole exception of White House policing.



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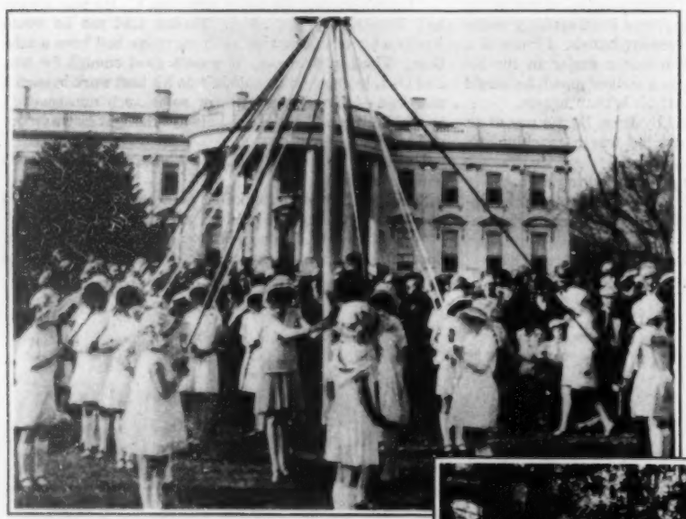
A Corner of the White House Gardens



A Maypole Dance at the Annual Egg Rolling on the White House Lawn

An Attractive Spot Beneath the Century-Old Magnolias in the South Grounds of the Executive Mansion

On top of that, Congress was asked to carry in the First Deficiency Bill a sum of $190,000 extra. Of this amount, $100,000 was needed for the reconstruction of the Executive Offices, partially destroyed by fire.

In the preceding fiscal year the establishment as a whole made out with a total of $447,220. But there was no fire then. Also, a part of that time the thrifty Mr. Coolidge was on the lid.

Of the outlay anticipated for the coming year, it should be remarked that $126,120 is needed for the strictly business end of the works. This will pay the salaries of thirty-seven secretaries, clerks, messengers and laborers who man the Executive Offices. It is not a large staff, all things considered, or an expensive one.

Where the Money Goes

EACH presidential secretary receives $10,000 a year. The Executive Officer gets $7000, and the others down to $1200. The staff of the head of a large corporation probably costs a great deal more.

After allowing a sum of $43,500 for "contingent expenses," including automobiles; $2700 for printing; and $25,000 "for traveling and official entertainment"—a sum "to be expended in his discretion"—the Budget makes liberal allowance for the maintenance of the Executive Mansion and grounds. For that purpose, a total of $135,000 is set aside. But it may not be disbursed at the President's discretion, as in the case of the traveling and entertainment fund. Every dollar is allocated.

Actually, however, the whole of this sum is for household expenses. It is to pay the salaries and wages of a staff of seventy-seven people, exclusive of the military and naval aides, police and Secret Service operatives. It is to pay the people required to keep the house in order—to do the cooking, serving, cleaning, washing, ironing, gardening, minor repairing, sewing, chauffeuring and ushering for the official family. And it is to pay for certain overhead expenses such as gas, electricity, fuel, flowers, furniture and furnishings.

A staff of seventy-seven employes to serve the needs of one small family—often reduced to two people—may seem to be an unwarrantable extravagance. But it is to be remembered that the White House cannot be compared with a private dwelling of similar size. The Executive Mansion is not maintained merely as a comfortable place for the President and his family to eat and sleep—a sort of glorified government boarding house. A suite in a hotel or a

six-room apartment, perhaps, would serve that purpose as well. But the mansion is maintained as a suitable place both to live in and to entertain literally thousands of guests each year. It is maintained on a scale becoming the dignity of the high office and to permit the Chief Executive to extend official hospitality without financial worry.

And the White House staff is so organized that many of the petty bothers incident to a domestic establishment are lifted from the shoulders of the President and his wife. A highly efficient chief usher, "Ike" Hoover, who has served under every administration since that of Benjamin Harrison, is the major-domo of the mansion. Under him and the house manager are all the household employes and servants, the gardeners and the mechanics. They arrange the hours of the staff, look after the physical condition of the house and order the groceries.

The Automobile Fleet Grows

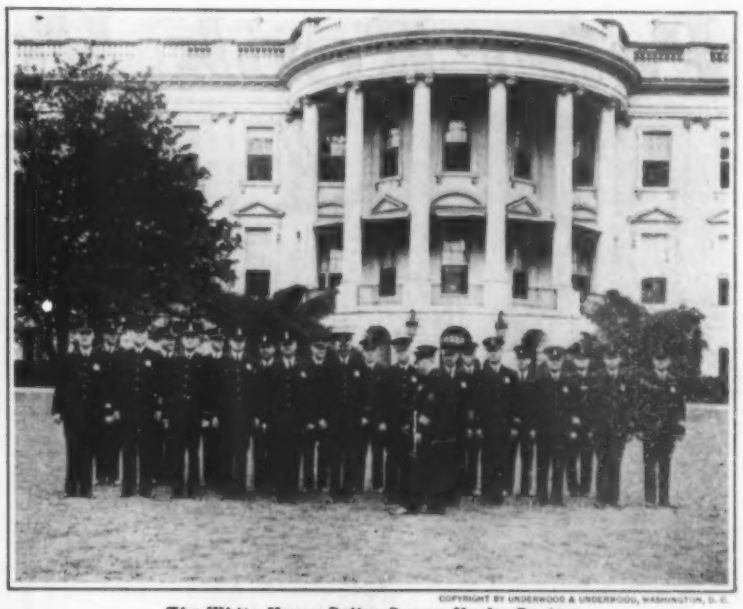
THE White House kitchen is as important a part of this official household as it is of any other. Not only should the presidential family be well-victualed, but the guests of the family have a right to expect the best. The kitchen is presided over by a chief cook to whom the Government pays the rather comfortable salary of $1920 a year. There is an assistant cook who receives $1320 a year, and another who receives $1080. A pantry man is paid $1200 a year; a kitchen man, $1050; and a kitchen helper or dishwasher is paid $780 a year. In other words, the Government sets aside $7350 a year that the President's meals may be well cooked, the dishes well washed and the silver well polished.

Then again, there is a White House butler, who receives $1440 a year, and a house man, paid at the rate of $1080. They are reënforced by a footman, a housecleaner, two uniformed doormen and many skilled laborers. The butler the most part are coat checkers and waiters.

Only one chauffeur is specifically authorized for the White House in the Budget. Actually there are twelve. From a total of two motor cars in the Taft days, the White House fleet now has grown to thirteen. Three cars are provided for the exclusive use of the President and his family; three for the three secretaries, one for guest purposes, one for the White House physician, one for the Secret Service, and four for general-utility purposes.

The cars for the family and for the three secretaries bear the White House shield on the door; none others do.

Although the President is authorized to buy automobiles for his official use out of his contingent fund, he buys none at all. Instead he leases them from the manufacturers at the rate of $600 a year for each car. And under the leasing agreement the manufacturers pay for the entire upkeep of the cars, but not for the chauffeurs or for gasoline and oil. Most of the chauffeurs are drafted from other departments of the Government.



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The White House Police Drawn Up for Review

During earlier administrations all White House automobiles were leased from one company at a time. Mr. Hoover, however, has changed that. Cars of three or four standard makes are now in the White House fleet. The manufacturers, by a gentlemen's agreement, are barred from publicly advertising the fact that the President uses their cars. This inhibition, however, does not silence the manufacturers' salesmen. It would be a matter for marvel if it did.

White House cars are conditioned daily. Tires are carefully inspected. The motors are examined. All the works are gone over by skilled mechanics to make sure that no accident may occur due to any mechanical defect.

Presidents Taft, Wilson and Harding were incorrigible motorists. They were found driving almost daily. It did not seem to matter much where they went. The metropolitan police were forced to keep motorcycle escorts available at all hours during the régimes of those three Executives. Such an escort is a part of the general scheme of protecting the President.

A Friendly Warning to Mr. Harding

ON ONE occasion Mr. Harding was driving through Rock Creek Park. His car slowed down at a ford, and a passing motorist, not recognizing the President, but observing the police escort somewhat to the rear, stage-whispered to the Executive:

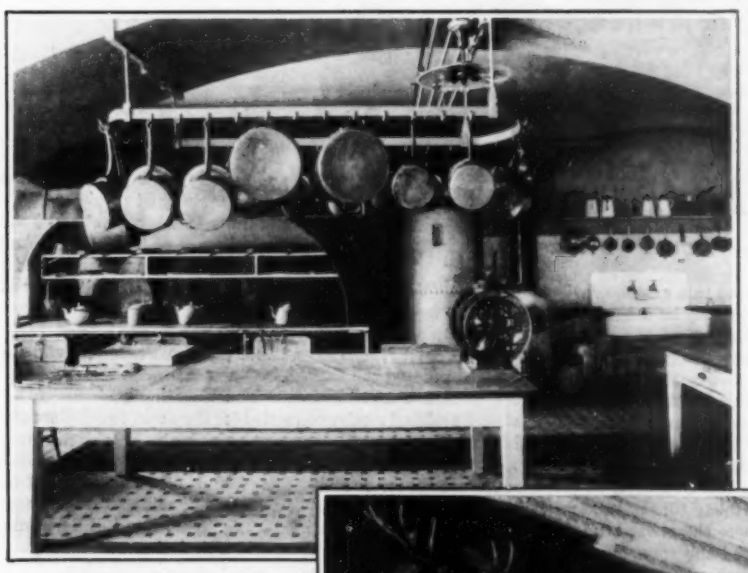
"Better look out, partner; the cops are trailing you!"

There are bills other than those for White House help which the Government pays. There is a coal bill of $300 a month, summer as well as winter, which is covered in the appropriation. There is a gas bill of $100 a month. A sum of $215 a year is provided for electricity. Wearing apparel and sewing supplies are put down at $1410 a year. The President's family is not clothed out of this item, of course. It is for servants' uniforms. The ice bill is about $20 a month. The Government takes care of that too.

White House furnishings are ever fading or wearing out or needing overhauling. China and glassware will be broken. Linen will need replacement. It is the same as in every other household. Once in a while Congress will appropriate $30,000 or $40,000 for a complete reconditioning of the state apartments. But every year a sum of $5000 is made available for new furniture and furnishings. To this is added $3820 for repairs and alterations, and $1960 for general equipment.

Flowers for the White House—cut flowers and potted plants—are furnished at government expense. They are supplied by the Executive Mansion greenhouses. This is an important item in such an establishment. Flowers for table decorations as well as for the living quarters would cost heavily if purchased at commercial rates. Each day great bouquets of them are delivered at the mansion by the greenhouse keepers.

(Continued on Page 153)



The White House Kitchen

may draw upon half a dozen of his helpers whenever they may be needed to wait on the table. Two laundresses are needed to take care of the household wash, which does not, however, include table linen, sheets or pillowcases. All that is sent to a commercial laundry.

Three gardeners, the chief of whom receives $2400 a year, work in season and out keeping the White House grounds meticulously groomed. This they are unable to do alone. A force of men under the Director of Public Buildings and Parks is often called in to help mow the grass, or rake the leaves, or spray the trees, or to tend the flowers and shrubbery. Two maids are provided by the Government, one valet, numerous mechanics and other laborers, together with seventeen temporary employes who are brought in for state functions. These temporary employes for

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State Dining Room at the White House, the Scene of Many Brilliant Social Functions

Peter Rook, Honest Bucketeer

"What's the Row Seem to be About?" Says the Investor. "You Were Getting Along Fine Till You Got My Ten Dollars"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THEY say honesty is policy, friends, but I say there's a thing of being too honest. Take the stock business; you can't make a winning in Wall Street if you're too honest. . . . I'm wrong? . . . Now, please, never mind what you know; let me tell this one.

Mr. Coppering came in the office this day—which was last October twenty-third, friends—and he comes up to me where I'm watching my investments on the ticker, and he says to me, "Rook, I got a very special for the investors today, and I want you to jump out and spread the glad news. I will pay two for one on all funds invested in this office today. And they can call their shots. For instance, if they go down on Steel or Gas for a ten-spot and the stock goes up a point, I'll pay off two dollars instead of one, and so *ad infinitum*." And he says to George, who is also working for him: "McMonigle, lam down to the undertaker's and bring up a bunch of camp chairs for the investors, because we are going to be right busy."

This was a live proposition, and I went downstairs to Tite Brothers, where lots of live investors hung out.

Tite Brothers are a big Stock Exchange firm with an established trade, and they don't run bargain sales. If you buy a hundred shares of Steel in Tite Brothers and it goes up a point, you will make a hundred dollars, less expenses, and no more ever; and you will have to put up two thousand dollars' margin before they will accept your investment. That is what is called "regular way," and you will come out just the same at the end; but, on the other hand, there is none of this bucketing and you are not betting against the house. Tite Brothers are only commissioners and they do not make book, and they get theirs whether you win or lose, and they don't care.

Mr. Coppering was one of these Wall Street brokers, too, and it said on his door Member, but he was not a member of the Stock Exchange. He was in business for himself. Maybe you do not know how this stock game works. Well, when you buy stock on margin you are betting your jack against some other customer who is selling, and the regular-way broker only holds the stakes; but when you invested with Mr. Coppering you weren't betting against anybody but him. His percentage was commissions and interest, which he charged the same as Tite Brothers, and he was also relying on the fact that people who got no more sense than to play the market on margin are generally not clever pickers. But you knew that Tite Brothers always paid off, whereas Mr. Coppering might lam if you gave him a beating; so, to induce you, he would let you invest with him on a two-point margin instead of twenty.

And that was some inducement to a customer who had nothing to invest but his rent money or a borrow on his salary or insurance, and couldn't afford the regular-way margins, and Mr. Coppering was doing quite some business. He wasn't making any money though. We had a bull market pretty much up to this October twenty-third, if you remember, and the customers were nearly always right, and about all they had in their hand when they lined up at the order window was Welcome. So I had a notion it might be doubles or quits when Mr. Coppering says to me this morning, "Rook, tell them today I'll pay two for one."

I went in Tite Brothers, where there was always a big play, and circulated, and tipped the sporting ones they could get action and odds for their money upstairs. I had the entrée, being a known and valued customer; Mr. Coppering was paying me a hundred a week and giving George twenty-five, and I would sometimes make up a pool in Mr. Coppering's office and take the grand—Tite Brothers wouldn't margin you on less than a grand—and go down and put it on the nose of a good thing in Tite Brothers, and maybe make cigarette money.

Well, we done quite some business that day, having made a good name for paying off. Offering odds of two to one when the regular-way brokers were quoting even money, we took in upwards of fifteen grand, and the investors went home laughing.

But I wasn't laughing. I wasn't any Jay Gould, but I'd been six weeks in the stock business with Mr. Coppering, and I knew something. You can't quote odds in that game—not unless you're in with the mob that puts them up and puts them down; and even then it isn't done.

So I said to Mr. Coppering in a nice way, as he was departing with his little black bag, "Would you mind slipping me? You owe George and I for a week's salary, and it is getting in arrears."

"Pooh, pooh, Rook," he says, continuing; "I can't go into that now."

Well, that was all right, and George and I were getting in bed that night in our room in One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street when I began to miss that week's salary very much. So, saying nothing to George, who is quite dumb, I pulled on my pants and jumped down to the midtown to encourage myself with a look at Mr. Coppering. And sure enough.

"Mr. Coppering has checked out," says the clerk. "Taking the midnight to Chicago."

"That so?" thinks I. Then what did I see Mr. Coppering reading up on touring for? And I went to the travel bureau in the hotel, and I said, "What boats are you shoving off tonight, friend? Some boat like the Syracuse, or Troy, or Binghamton—some place upstate."

"Tonight?" he says. "We got the Draconian and the Histeric and the Rome ——"

"New York!" I says. "That's it, thanks."

I grabbed a cab and rattled for the dock, two dollars and forty cents' worth, away over in South Brooklyn—but I was always a man to play a hunch. I lurched in with a bunch that were seeing their friends off double, and got up to the desk and says, "Mr. Coppering sailing, if you please? Well, he would be sailing incog. This is a tall dark man with close-set black eyes, and a perfect gentleman."

"Drunk or sober, sir?" said the clerk, thinking.

Then I saw Mr. Coppering, and he was trying to look invisible, and I went up and said, "*Bon voyage*, Mr. Coppering. The name is Rook, Mr. Coppering. Would you mind slipping me, or do you want me to take you apart?"

"I don't come apart, Mr. Rook," he said. And he shook me heartily by the hand and went up the gangplank, and I looked in my hand and there was five hundred dollars. Well, that was all right, and I went home and told George, thinking he was a true friend of mine, and it served me right, because he kept me awake with crying for his twenty-five dollars. I didn't have his twenty-five dollars.

The next morning I bought George a good breakfast and we went down to the office. I sent George upstairs to sweep out and to stay around and argue with the investors—such of them as would have a pay-off coming to them after the market opened—and I stopped in to Tite Brothers. I had this five hundred dollars and I was thinking of riding it on Bronco Transport, a stock that I figured had been under a pull the last few times out and was about ready to uncover.

Well, I said October twenty-third, didn't I? Then this was the twenty-fourth. Yes, it was the same October twenty-fourth that you mean; there was only one of them that day. But what an October twenty-fourth; what the market done to the investors that day was something cruel, and I wouldn't want to harrow you with talking about it.

Though I'll be honest, and ever was, and say I didn't think it was on the level. "Just one of those bear raids," thinks I. They are shaking the tree, and when the investors are all shaken out, all will be for the best again. Just a

healthy reaction. I had this five hundred dollars tight by the ears, and I was watching Bronco Transport doing a beautiful swan dive from a death-defying height of 201, and it was coming down so fast that I figured shrewdly it would bounce a long way back. It passed 125 without even whistling for the crossing, but when a stock is going fastest, that is when it stops quickest. And I went to the order window and planked down my half grand and said, "That goes for twenty-five shares of Bronco Transport at 100. I mean 90! Pardon me? . . . Well, call it 75!" Being I was quite a customer, they margined me this time.

At that, it looked like that stock couldn't go good till I was getting aboard. The clerk hollers down his telephone that there is new money in the game and try for it, and Bronco Transport took a frantic leap of forty points, and if I was aboard then I would have made a thousand dollars with laughable ease if it leaped the right way—only it didn't. Where it landed and reeled around was 65; and right there half my jack had joined the great majority. There was a market for action, and no fooling around with thrills. Goodness me, what a bust in the nose that was.

"Glad to have the account, Mr. Rook," says the clerk. "Let us have more margin if you got the stock. Wait'll I ask. . . . Yes, you got it, at 75!"

I went upstairs to Mr. Coppering's ex-office to see could I sell some of my Bronco to George. It would be a real investment for him at 75, since all the wise men I ever talked to said it was a buy at 201, but George had invested in two shirts the day before, and he was all extended and had no free funds.

We sat around on George's camp chairs and watched the ticker over our quotation board, and got up once in a while to put new tape in the machine or give it the ink. A few of our investors at two for one drifted in and looked with us and whistled and drifted out again. They asked no questions, and my inside information about where Mr. Coppering was didn't get a bid. It never opened; no market.

Of the whole two-hundred-odd investors who had played the market against us the day before, there wasn't a blessed one was in for a pay-off. There wasn't one of them collecting. It was a clean sweep—house take everything. Well, I had to laugh, thinking of Mr. Coppering lamming abroad with a bag of money that was all his.

And that wasn't the best. . . . Were you watching Bronco Transport that day?

Yes, I know it went down for the count five days later, but this was October twenty-fourth, and there were lots of people didn't know the big bull market was dead in the pit, and they hurried down to Wall Street with their jack and propped that dead bull up on his pins again. Bronco Transport busted up again to 184.

I was out before that. An hour after I got upstairs it was 71, and I didn't know what it might be on the floor, being that the tape was fifty minutes late; but I thought it might hit my price again, and I went to Mr. Coppering's desk and called up Tite Brothers and told them to sell me out at 75. Yes, I would have been satisfied to get my little five hundred back.

Wait till I tell you. The telephone rang almost right away, and it was Tite Brothers, and they said, "We sold that Bronco Transport for you, Mr. Rook, at 175."

"You mean 75," said I, though I wouldn't quarrel with him. "I told you to sell at 75."

"You meant 175, didn't you, Mr. Rook? When you put your order in to sell, it was 150 on the floor, so we naturally supposed ——"

"George!" I called feebly. "Quick, the pencil!"

What had I made? A hundred points. Twenty-five hundred bucks. Two and a half grand. Can you imagine?

Well, that was all right, and I went downstairs with George backing me up, him being a big fellow—he had the crust to claim he was in with me on this, and I didn't argue—one thing at a time—and I told Tite Brothers' pay-off man to count up to three thousand, but he said they weren't paying till settlement time next day.

Well, I knew they wouldn't check out, and they were good people — bankers and brokers—so I let them mind my money.

We went down to the office next morning, and there's the old ticker calling the entries as usual, and there are some investors with new jack and wanting some more of that two to one. Yes, they were back for more. There's two kinds of investors that won't quit, and they are them that win and them that lose, and the losers are the gamiest. They don't figure their jack is gone; they think it is still in there behind the wheel, and will come out again right away. I told them that business was suspended till Mr. Coppering came back from his vacation.

Then I got to thinking, and I said to George, "George, what's the matter with you and I opening up this game again? I don't know all about it, being that I was outside most of the time, but who knows any more around here?"

"I understand all about it, Peter," said George. "Mr. Coppering takes the money and puts it in his pocket."

"There's more to it than that," I says. "You go in back of that window and be the order clerk, and I'll be the customers' man. Now I got his ten bucks, and here I come with a slip to buy five Radio. Telephone the order."

"Oh, that's it," said George. And he picks up the telephone and says, "Hello! . . . Peter, there ain't anybody on this line."

"It's working in good order, George. Go ahead. 'Peter Rook calling; buy five Radio!'"

"But, Peter ——"

George is positively not bright. "It'll come to you," I says. Most of the investors were wise and willing, but some came in thinking we were regular-way brokers from Wall Street; which is why the phone. "Keep working it out in your mind." And I wrote out on paper: Under New Management of Peter Rook & Co., and pasted it on the door.

Well, that was all right, and I leave George studying out his one-way telephone, and pretty soon in hops an investor, and he wants ten dollars' worth of United States Steel. So I write out the order for five shares at 190 and shove it at George and say, "Do your stuff, auditor." George was the auditor too.

Say, you'd be surprised. George picks up the telephone and he calls, "Hello! This is Peter Rook's office. . . . What's that? Yes, please. Peter for Peterman, Rook as in Crook. . . . Buy five shares Steel at 190. Stop it out two down." Oh, I tell you.

I heard this and I looked at George, and he tips me a wink and giggles, "I understand it now, Peter." I couldn't hardly believe he could pick up a new trade as fast as that, and I reached in and took the telephone. But it was all right; the line was dead.

"George, my boy," I said, "you surpass yourself. I can't pay you more than ten a week till business begins to flourish, but I will promise you a bonus of a year's salary every New Year's."

"How about promising it to me now, Peter?" he bargains. "I know I will never get it, but it will be something to look forward to. You remember the time down in

(Continued on Page 90)

"I Venture to Suppose You are Right," He Says, Blowing Smoke Carefully. "Still and All, I Think I Will Rather Buy Two Hundred Shares of Staten Island Mining"

"The Name is Rook, Mr. Coppering. Would You Mind Slipping Me, or Do You Want Me to Take You Apart?"

MAKING OF A SPORTSWOMAN

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

MILLICENT wasn't an athletic girl. When Millicent skipped the rope in childhood days she always tripped as soon as the tempo reached "red pepper." Little boys ho-hoed to see her throw a baseball. In the gym class at high school she frequently got hit on the nose trying to catch a basket ball. Obliged to take physical education for university credits, she chose field hockey as the least of the evils. Team mates invariably made her keeper of the goal, reasoning that if she fell down she might stop a low shot and if she hit anybody with one of her wild swings it would be someone on the other side.

Freckle-faced, rawboned Dianas, called physical instructors, gave Millicent up as hopeless. They eyed her in puzzled fashion and said: "You have the build for it, Miss Brazenell; I can't understand why you're not able to learn," or "But you dance beautifully, Miss Brazenell. Your muscles seem to coördinate when you're dancing." All Millicent could reply was: "I know, but I don't see any sense to these games." The plain truth was that Millicent didn't want to be an athletic girl.

She disliked the exuberant exhibitionism of athletic girls. She had observed that athletic girls developed husky biceps which didn't look so well against chiffon evening frocks, and husky voices that didn't sound quite right on dance floors. The sweaty odors and frank displays of gymnasium dressing rooms offended her. But these were trivial objections compared to her bewilderment over the rationale of athletics. What was the sense of chasing some silly ball around a floor or field? Why all this striving to outdo other girls in nimbleness, dexterity or speed? If you didn't see any reason for it why tire and bore yourself pretending?

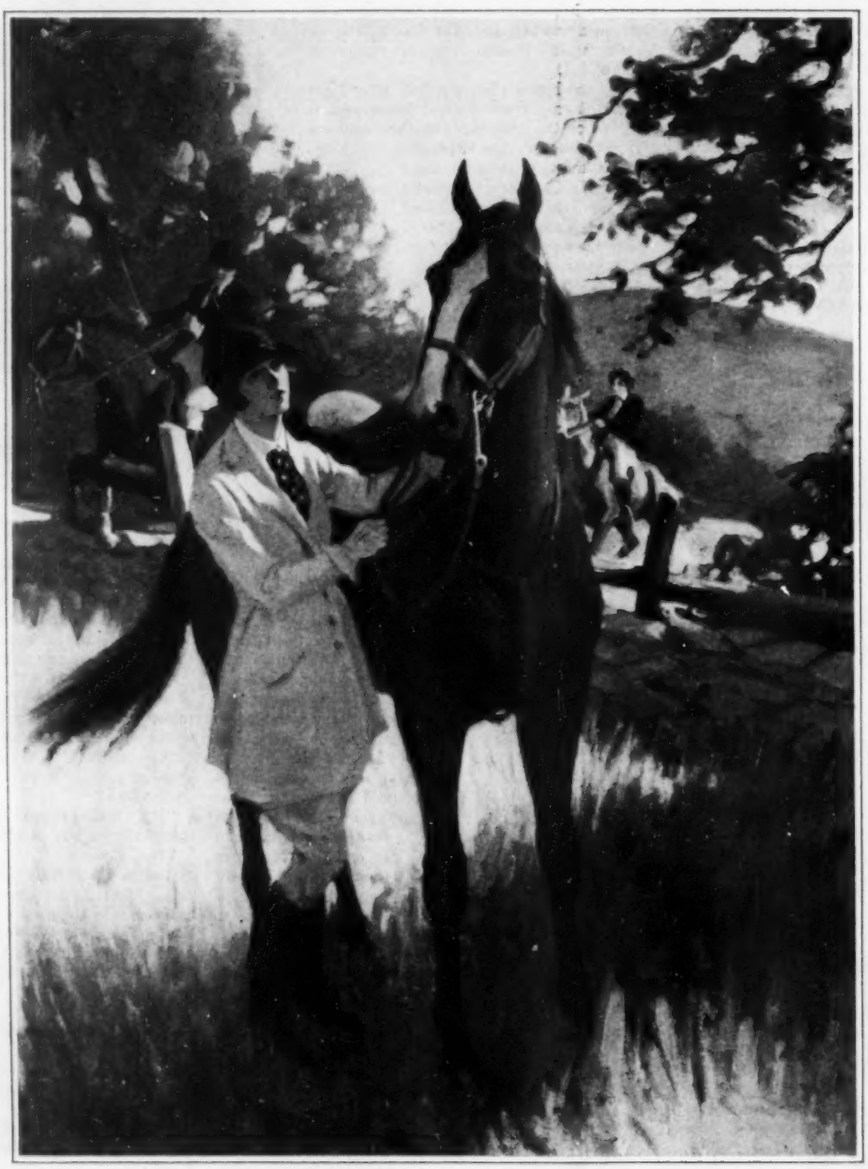
So Millicent got through school with her complexion unmarred by freckles and her curly yellow hair unfaded by sun or perspiration. She could dance much better than her roommate, Georgie Bennett, who was women's intercollegiate diving champion, and the boys along fraternity row much preferred her to Mary Craig, individual high scorer of the rifle team. Millicent had acquired only two athletic accomplishments. She could swim twenty crawl strokes without strangling and she could hit a golf ball almost every time. But as Georgie Bennett said: "Cheer up, Millie. Ping pong and croquet are coming back and skirts are longer. Besides, the men would rather sit in the moonlight with you than gambol on the green with the whole darned squad of letter girls."

Millicent fell in love the summer after graduation. His name was Sam Powell. All Millicent's friends thought it very funny. You see, this Sam Powell had been a star athlete at Amherst. He had a United States Lawn Tennis Association ranking; his handicap at golf was 2; he swam on an athletic club's sprint team and was credited with being one of the best amateur trap and wing shots in the Middle West. He was what is known as a "natural" at all forms of sport.

But Millicent didn't see anything funny about it. They met under a perfectly scrumptious moon at an entirely non-athletic lawn fête. She had come to the Wisconsin resort to be with her mother, who was recuperating from an operation. He had planned two weeks of bass and pickerel fishing in a lake adjoining the summer-resort lake. But when he was introduced to Millicent that evening he decided to postpone the fishing trip. Which is the acid test of a man's interest in a girl, isn't it?

They had a whirlwind romance. Athletics didn't figure in it at all. Did she love him because he could sock a golf ball to kingdom come or drop tricky doubles quail-shooting in the brush? Nonsense, of course. She loved him because he was big and boyish and husky and sort of brown all through with the brownness of autumnal things. She loved him because his eyes were a speckled blue and had the quality of looking far and seeing things clearly and humorously. She loved him because there was the faint odor of crumbly pipe tobacco about his tweed clothes and tiny winds seemed to be swirling in his crisp black hair. She loved him because he would laugh in a dazed little-boy way after silent moments and say: "Now, why do you suppose you ever came to fall in love with a big bum like me? It's too good to be true."

As for Millicent, the affair made no demands on her athletic powers. They did considerable canoeing, but any girl can sit still, that is, reasonably still, and watch the most wonderful man in the world wield a paddle. They climbed hills to look at sunsets, but Millicent didn't stumble any oftener than he. As a matter of fact, they both stumbled a good deal and lost the best paths because they were absorbed in more important things. Their swimming expeditions usually ended with him saying: "Golly, we've talked all afternoon. We'd better get our suits wet anyway," and with Millicent saying: "Oh, let's wait till tomorrow. I don't care much about swimming."



Millicent Slid Off and Soothed the Trembling Horse. "I Don't Blame You One Bit, Hobo," She Said. "There Isn't Any Sense to Jumping That Ditch and You Know It"

The eighth evening, he proposed and was all for getting married the next morning. She said they'd have to wait until mother got better; maybe in the fall. He said, after arguing a long time, "All right. September first, young lady. That's in the fall."

They talked a great deal of the new home. His parents were dead and he had been baching in the family's country house. Of course, if she didn't like the old place he would build her a brand-new one. But she said: "You'll do nothing of the sort. I'll love the old house."

He gave her a hug for that and said: "Gee, I'm glad you like country life, hon. I never dreamed I'd find such a little pal. You ride, don't you?"

Fear tugged at her heart. It was the first time athletics had intruded.

She said: "No. I've never been on a horse. I'm an awful dub when it comes to sports, Sam."

Sam laughed one of his deep hearty laughs. "I'll bet you've never shot a gun?"

"No. I-I'm afraid of guns. Oh, Sam, maybe you hadn't better marry me. Maybe I'm not the girl for you."

He grabbed her close and pinched her chin and laughed again.

"I'm glad you don't know how to ride and shoot, you little darling. I'll have all the fun of teaching you."

Millicent realized that these inadequacies so terrifying to her seemed petty details to Sam. She plunged into a full confession:

"I'm no good at golf or tennis, and I didn't want to swim because I swallow water and you'd laugh at me. I can't even fish. I snag my fingers on the hooks. Oh, Sam, are you sure it won't make any difference?"

Sam thought her a dear innocent little darling.

"I'll make you a star performer in no time, sweetheart," he said easily. "I'll love to teach you. That is, if you want to learn? It really doesn't make any difference ——"

She clung to him ardently. She knew it would make a difference. "Oh, I do want to learn," she cried. "I want to do everything you do. I'll try—I'll just try my darnedest!"

It still didn't seem of much importance to Sam. He was thinking of all the things Millicent knew how to do better than any other girl in the world. Such as looking like an angel in moonglow, and snuggling against a man's shoulder, and holding up her full red mouth for kisses.

"You dear little pal," he said, with a huskiness that sounded gentle and sweet to her, "you're the best little sport on earth. It's always going to be like this, isn't it, honey? Just you and I—a closed corporation?"

Little pal. That was how Sam thought of her. She wanted him always to think of her as his little pal. But horses . . . guns . . . golf . . . sports.

"But supposing I can't learn, Sam?"

"You'll pick up the knack of things in a month. I'll get Joyce to give you some pointers when I'm busy at the office."

"Joyce? Why—you didn't tell me you had a sister."

"She's not my sister, though she's sort of like a sister. She lives next door and we've bummed around together since we were kids. A good sport—you'll like her."

"Is she—very athletic?"

"Oh, quite," carelessly; "she ought to be. She's lived on horses all her life. I always tell her she teethed on a niblick."

Millicent had a presentiment that she wasn't going to like Joyce. So she lived next door? And was like a sister? And very athletic, eh? H'm.

But being a discreet little girl, and very much in love, she murmured: "I'm sure I'll like her, Sam. I'll like anybody you like."

She was so happy on the honeymoon that she forgot all about the athletic Joyce and guns and horses. But when

They Did Considerable Canoeing, But Any Girl Can Sit Still and Watch the Most Wonderful Man in the World Wield a Paddle

Sam took her to the new home in the suburb of a Middle Western city she began to realize what being the wife of a sportsman would mean. The Powell place terrified her. It was a lovely old brick house but set in such enormous grounds and so far back from the road that it seemed to Millicent's apartment-bred prejudices the last outpost in the wilderness. "Why—why—it's a farm," she said to Sam, as they were driving up. Sam missed the alarm in her voice. He said: "Don't you dare call this a farm. It's a country estate. Didn't you read the real-estate signs, hon?" Millicent just knew that frogs croaked in the evening and locusts and lightning bugs and hoot owls added their lonely, doleful sounds to lonely, doleful nights. But she put these thoughts from her in genuine joy over the beauties of the garden and the ancient dignity of the house. Sam showed her through, proudly. Mrs. Bloombury, the housekeeper, and Oscar, the general factotum, and two other servants who had the air of family retainers were introduced. She approved of them and of Sam's carte blanche to make whatever changes in furnishings she desired. Few changes would be needed. Sam's mother had had excellent taste. It was a place of homy carpets and venerable chairs, much white woodwork and maple paneling.

"Oh, Sam," she said, "it's just heavenly. I won't change a thing."

Sam's pleased response was interrupted by the arrival of three dogs who came scudding with a clatter of claws from the rear of the house. They leaped on Sam, barking and licking, and then turned their attention to Millicent. The Irish setter gave Millicent a moist kiss on the chin, the pointer pawed a friendly, if somewhat grubby, welcome on the front of Millicent's best coat, and the cocker spaniel took a few amiable bites at her left stocking. Millicent was rather overwhelmed but made friends with them at once. It only took her a week to learn that the setter was Tom, the spaniel Dick and the pointer Harry.

"Come on, hon," said Sam, "I'll show you the gun room." As they went down to the gun room, Sam was full of plans. "I'll start you on a twenty-two rifle, and when you get used to that I'll buy you a couple of twenty-gauge shotguns. You'll need a straight stock single for the traps and I'll get you a double for quail. I'm going to buy you a dog too."

Millicent strove bravely not to flinch as he showed her all his guns and trophies. She had never handled so much as an air rifle; she had an idea that guns were contraptions of the Evil One which somehow managed to creep up behind you and go off with a loud bang when you thought all the time they weren't loaded.

"We'll have some great times together this fall," Sam exulted. "You've got a fine temperament for shooting!"

She said she hoped she wouldn't prove a disappointment to Sam. He laughed and gave her a kiss, and gleefully continued: "Come on. You haven't seen the horses. I think I'll start you on Teddy. He's got a rather tough mouth though, and if you have any trouble with him I'll buy you another saddler. I've got to get a couple of hunters, anyway."

At the stables, she made the acquaintance of Teddy. She couldn't quite stifle her gasp when Teddy snorted and rolled his eyes and shied, laying back his ears. Sam chuckled, saying: "Teddy's just a bluffer. Come here ——" He grabbed Teddy's halter and drew the horse close, rumpling Teddy's mane and pulling his ears. Millicent timorously tapped Teddy on the nose with her forefingers, expecting any moment to be minus a hand.

Panic assailed her. She was minded to tell Sam that she could never learn to shoot a gun or ride a horse; that she was much more interested in the garden; that when it came to amusements Sam must go his way and she hers.

But at this juncture a girl hailed Sam from somewhere beyond the stable yard. Her halloo rang to the far hills. Sam waved his arm beckoningly. Millicent turned toward a low hedge fence to see the visitor. Suddenly there was a pounding of horse's hoofs on turf and a great sorrel animal shot into view, clearing the hedge by two feet. The rider had perfect form.

"It's Joyce Casson," Sam explained.

(Continued on Page 182)

Suddenly There Was a Pounding of Horse's Hoofs on Turf and a Great Sorrel Animal Shot Into View, Clearing the Hedge by Two Feet. The Rider Had Perfect Form

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 3, 1930

Unemployment

NO SUBJECT so lends itself to oratorical discussion and display as unemployment. It is something which we all deplore and admit to be a blot upon civilization. Obviously, if the affairs of mankind were managed perfectly no one would be out of work except those who could not work. Whenever there is an increase in the number of those without jobs, this hoary fact is dressed up anew and made much of. Unemployment has mounted since last summer; there can be no shadow of doubt about that. The slump in stocks had at least a temporarily chilling effect upon certain lines of business, and employment figures fell off. Upon these facts all are agreed. But how much has employment declined? Was it serious in December and January? Has it become better or worse since then? What has been done about it and what can be done about it? When such questions as these come up, there is disagreement of the most pronounced description.

The truth is that no one knows, or in the past has known, with any degree of accuracy the extent of unemployment. In periods of extraordinary activity it drops to a point where little attention is paid to it, and at other times it suddenly attracts much and excited notice. The whole subject usually becomes involved in politics. The party in power is blamed for lack of work and takes credit when jobs are plentiful, although the actual connection is rather slight. Then, too, men judge the amount of unemployment by local conditions or those peculiar to a particular industry, occupation or age group.

Moreover, there are at least several kinds of unemployment. There is that due to seasonal operations in such industries as building construction, that which follows the business cycle, and that which is known as technological unemployment, which is the displacement of workers by new machine processes. We know quite a little about the first and second types, but very little as yet about the third. Nor has anyone yet taken fully into account the displacement of workers already in America by immigrants from Europe and by the flood of peons from Mexico.

Fortunately, the decennial census enumeration, which began in April, will for the first time secure comprehensive information on the subject of the actual amount of unemployment. Thus we shall have a base line or level of knowledge which has been lacking before. When this information has been compiled and studied, real progress can begin. Unemployment can be banished from the country not by hysterical denunciations of it but by getting at the facts and acting upon them.

Mortgage Money

ONE of the unfortunate by-products of the stock-market boom of last year was the diversion of capital from the mortgage market. Investors who had formerly bought bonds and mortgages confined their purchases to stocks, thus throwing the financial mechanism out of balance to a degree which is even now more serious than is commonly understood. Large corporations had, for the most part, adapted themselves to the new investment fashion and learned how to do their financing by means of stock issues rather than by bank loans or the sale of bonds. This was true to a degree even in the building industry, where office buildings, large apartments and hotels were concerned. But residential construction—and this applies to many of the smaller apartments—cannot be financed by stocks or even by bonds. This type of construction still depends mainly upon the ability of builder or owner to secure mortgage money.

Following the crash in the stock market, there was fear lest a moderate business recession develop into an actual depression. Prompt action by President Hoover and the business leaders of the country proved reassuring. Concerted efforts to prevent unemployment were made. Business concerns on every hand were urged not only to continue their regular programs of replacements, new construction, and the like, but were generally persuaded to move much of this work ahead. The railroads and utilities were counted upon to lead the way.

But full employment can hardly be assured by the action of the railroads, utilities and other large corporations alone. At least normal residential construction is necessary to keep employment where it ought to be. But this construction depends in turn upon available supplies of credit. The Federal Reserve has done its part by reducing interest rates; credit is no longer sucked into Wall Street on exorbitant terms. But all this is useless unless the investor himself becomes mortgage-minded once more.

Today the investor is looking for safety, but he has drifted away from mortgages so long that it takes time for him to come back. Life-insurance companies and savings banks can be counted upon to buy mortgages when their own set-ups warrant. But that is not enough. Mortgages must appeal to individual investors if the building trades are to be kept going. There are few cities which do not have high-class mortgage companies, and even in smaller places banks or other dealers are always ready to sell carefully chosen mortgages. If not actually guaranteed, they are often hand-picked to a degree which furnishes ample security, and in addition the rate of interest is attractive. It would be of advantage to many investors, as well as to the locality in which they live, if they loaned their money in their own community rather than sent it to a stock market, where lure so often takes the place of surety.

They are Counting Us In

THE debates in the German parliament on the bill to ratify the German acceptance of the Young Plan brought out some highly interesting side lights. The Germans have accepted the plan, but with Teutonic thoroughness, they desired to learn all about it. And they wanted the contingencies set forth. One of the questions examined was the moratorium on reparation payments. The Young Plan provides, in the event of highly exceptional developments, that Germany may request a moratorium. This would be granted by the creditor countries, circumstances compelling, in order to avoid collapse of credit and currency in Germany. According to the German Minister of Finance, this contingency would provoke another—namely, the creditors of Germany who are the debtors of the United States would thereupon request a moratorium from the United States. It will be recalled that the payments of Germany to the United States are made direct. Apparently the assumption in Germany is that the debtors of the United States would make no attempt to pay in case of a default by Germany in her payments to them. Also, it is apparently assumed in Germany that in the event of default by Germany, reparation payment and war debts would together be reopened. How much of this is German politics and how much reflects German interpretation of the international situation is not clear at this time and at the distance. But it is rather suggestive to have it assumed that we are being counted in without having voted.

Motor Cars by the Pound

THE ingenuity of statisticians is almost boundless. Not content with reducing to orderly rows of numerals the routine facts of business, trade and population, they like nothing better than to march and countermarch and deploy their figures so as to form new comparative pictures and to give us current information in new patterns of thought. Some of these statistical novelties are highly useful. Others merely delight us with their ingenuity and leave us with a feeling that, clever as they are, they have somehow missed the significant facts, for the excellent reason that there are so many essential factors which cannot be expressed by figures.

Statisticians interested in the automotive industry have lately been amusing themselves by reducing the factory price of motor cars at different periods and in several price ranges to a per pound basis, and have been comparing the results with commodity prices, similarly treated, during the same years.

During the present season we can buy a standard sedan model of the lowest-priced motor car turned out in mass production for 20.8 cents a pound at the factory. This compares with a 1925 price of 29.4 cents and shows a reduction of about 30 per cent.

It is scarcely to be supposed that the decision of a prospective but hesitant automobile buyer will be much influenced one way or the other by the knowledge that a pound of new car will cost only one-twentieth of the price of a pound of raw silk which went into his wife's spring finery, or by learning that a pound of car on the road involves about the same outlay as is required for a pound of beef or pork on the dinner table. If, however, it tickles his fancy to think of the cost of his new automobile in terms of pork chops or stocking rayon or cups of coffee, the obliging statisticians will cheerfully afford him that harmless diversion.

The more costly cars have also achieved substantial reductions in their per pound prices. Those selling from $1000 to $2000 are quoted at 37.8 cents, which represents a mark-down of about 19 per cent. In the price range from $2000 to $5000 the reduction is from 80 cents to 67, a difference in favor of the buyer of about 17 per cent. These advantages are only very slightly offset by the circumstance that cars average somewhat heavier than they did five years ago.

Ingenious and clever as these statistics are, they leave untold the best part of the automotive industry's story. They take no account of the important fact that a pound of 1930 motor car is not at all the same thing as a pound of 1925 car. They quite ignore all the added experience, the heightened engineering skill, the improvement of material, the new convenience, efficiency, beauty and flexibility which most makers have built into their 1930 models. As a result, their figures fall as far short of the truth as they would if they compared the 1930 price of sirloins with the 1925 price of chuck steak. Quality counts as much as price, and no comparison which does not take it into account can hold water.

In design, manufacture and rising standards, as well as in financing and distribution, the American automotive industry is one of the outstanding wonders of the modern world of trade. It may not, and very likely will not, have the record-breaking year to which it seems entitled by sheer merit, but its upgrowth has been too fine and vigorous and beneficent to be long adversely affected by conditions which are superficial and temporary.

Overproduction Can be Cured

By W. M. JARDINE

THE present national policy for agriculture is to promote its stability. But in all sections of the country the press places this challenge before the Federal Government: "Your whole stabilization program depends upon a reduction of the agricultural plant. You can't compel farmers to reduce their acreage or to abandon their farms. What are you going to do about it?"

Condemnation of an important social and economic undertaking, less than a year old, is less than helpful. When the land banks were established there was a general demand for repeal of the law; I need not use hyperbole to convince the current critics that the land banks have been beneficial for the farmer in the field of credit. Jefferson stretched a point in his political philosophy to make the Louisiana Purchase, and contemporary opinion rewarded him by saying the price was outrageous. Difficulty in raising revenue to support the Federal Government shortly after the formation of the Union caused thousands to view with compunction the part they took in establishing the central government.

A little helpfulness now in matters of farm stability might be prudent, especially on the part of those who are hovering about Congress, feverishly tuning by publicity public opinion to a state of self-pity. In any case, perhaps the solution does not rest entirely in the confines of a single farm-relief measure. To my way of thinking, the current challenge can be met.

No preconceived plan guided this nation in establishing its agricultural plant. When our forefathers came to this country they found corn, tobacco and a few lesser crops. Sharply felt need for shelter and subsistence on the part of resolute pioneers was the dominating force in the corralling of our land resources. Almost overnight, the energy of the colonists turned to the Western country and an era of expansion began. Considerably more than 1,000,000,000 acres were added to the national domain at an average of a nickel an acre. While we were acquiring the land, and long after we proudly had found nearly 2,000,000,000 acres in our coffers, we grasped at every possible scheme to get rid of it—grants to soldiers, sales by land companies which had to have twelve relief laws to rescue them, the homestead method, grants to railroads. Appetites were not content with the few native crops and the small amount of trading done, so there began with Franklin a long train of crop importations. Crops, fibers and livestock were brought in without passports or visas, and allowed to grow where they would. Native trees that stood in the way of crop expansion were cut down, blown up, burned and largely wasted. Forests were torn out faster than the plow could follow.

Despite periods of serious overexpansion in agriculture during the past century, this country heard little complaint of a general overextended condition in farming until after the World War. Then arose the surplus battle cry. The acres cleared of forests and put under plow were found to bear heavily upon the shoulders of producers because the medley of good, average, marginal and submarginal soil was yielding more than the markets could absorb. For eight years, farmers, farm organizations and politicians wrestled with political cure-alls and economic data. The outcome was that Congress adopted a program founded upon the sound principle that you cannot market at a profit more goods than consumers need. Agriculture has reduced its acreage since the wartime stimulus of high prices. It has consistently increased its production efficiency, until today farmers produce more food and fiber on less acreage than they did on a larger acreage ten years ago. Under these circumstances the farmers are beginning to question the efficacy of efficiency. They are wondering if a five-day-a-week program for all farmers would not solve their troubles.

That would help, perhaps. But like all other such schemes for the reduction of our agricultural production, every farmer would say, "Let John do it. While he loafs, I'll make hay and more profits." It has been too often demonstrated that an effort for acreage reduction tends to increase production. The single influential guide has been price.

(Continued on Page 174)

WALKING THE DOGS

POST SCRIPTS

DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

She: "Kiss Me! Kiss Me! Kiss Me Again!" He: "Gosh, Mabel—I'm Terribly—Short—Winded"

The Four-Line Philosopher

To the Secretary of My Club

MY NAME in print is not my boast.
Publicity's against my views;
And so I wish you wouldn't post
That list of "Members Owing Dues."

To a Politician

How proud you wear your silken hat!
I'd walk at least a mile to view it.
It is so big and shiny that
I wonder how you can talk through it.

—*Joseph Anthony.*

This Week's Bridge Problem

NORTH
MRS. BROWN

WEST — MRS. BLACK
EAST — MRS. WHITE

SOUTH
MISS JONES

SOUTH has just dealt and bid two spades. In the ensuing two minutes South learns that West's small son has lost two sets of schoolbooks this year and that West doesn't believe that Junior's teacher takes any personal interest in him; also that West believes she will have to pass the bid.

Three minutes more are required for South to learn that North's daughter, Gracie, is going to be put in a private school next term, because Gracie brought the measles home from public school the day North and her husband had planned to leave town on a nice little trip; that North doesn't approve of public schools; and that North passes.

Two and one-half minutes later South knows that East's son, Jamie, has been in the third grade two years, because he is so much too bright for it; that he just isn't interested in such simple work; and that East simply can't bid a thing.

South now—seven and one-half minutes after dealing—has the bid for two spades. Her problem is to force a lead from West. West may lead from Junior's lost schoolbooks, or through Gracie's measles, or up to the many years Jamie is spending in that uninteresting third grade. South doesn't care what West leads, so long as she leads something. It is possible, however, that West will not lead at all, as West, North and East have left the public-school system and are discussing the terrible times they have trying to get their temperamental offspring to eat spinach and other vitamins.

Can you help South solve her problem? How is she going to get a lead from West? Would you suggest TNT or a fire alarm? Watch for our answer next year.

—KATHLEEN MOHR.

Quatrains With Qualifications

Aye!

HE'S one of these mere echoing minions
Who "yesses" everyone's opinions,
Having, himself, naught to express.
Do I enjoy his "yessing"? Yes.

Realism

Dull are the lives of plodding folk
Who bend beneath their heavy yoke.
The Realistic Writers flout them
And write still duller books about them.

—*Berton Braley.*

DRAWN BY MARGE

"Gee Whiz, Mac, These New Styles Make Me Feel Awfully Funny—I Feel Like a Lady!"

Marine View

A SEA GULL'S life would satisfy
Me very well indeed, for I
Should love to loop the loop and fly
Above the shining ocean.
But how to make arrangements to
Develop wings and see it through
I've not the faintest notion.

Of course in heavy thundershowers
His life is not a bed of flowers,
But still he has no office hours
To leave him feeling spiteful.
He never has to work till five
To pay his rent and keep alive;
His program is delightful.

And so I sit and contemplate
My very sedentary fate,
Aware that I shall have to wait
For August, 1930,
Before there's any time for me
To even smell the briny sea,
Much less become a birdie.

—*Margaret Fishback.*

The Party

MRS. SMITH dropped in one lump and stirred her tea thoughtfully. "You know," she said, "I sometimes think you're apt to get in a rut living in the suburbs. Of course, it's jolly for children, but when you see practically the same people every day—well, I sometimes wonder."

"I've had that same feeling," cried Mrs. Carson. "Really, we ought to see more of the folks who live around us here. It's stimulating."

Mrs. Pounds clapped her plump little hands. "I've a splendid idea! Let's have a party tonight! At my house. Just a good, old-fashioned neighborhood gathering. What do you say, girls?"

"Great," they chorused. "We'll play games. Who'll we ask?"

"Well," began Mrs. Pounds, "we'll ask the Moreys ——"

"You can't ask them," interrupted Mrs. Smith, "without asking the Fergusons, and if there is one couple in the world I cannot abide, it is the Fergusons. If they come, dear, you'll simply have to count me out."

"Let's have the Woods," said Mrs. Carson. "We'll get Rollo to do that blackface act of his. It's perfectly killing."

"The Woods won't come," said Mrs. Pounds. "We had a little party last New Year's and forgot them, and they've been sore ever since. I'm afraid they are small-minded. But there are the Stedmans—they'd come."

"Yes," said Mrs. Black, stirring a tiny tempest in her cup—"yes, and then they'd ask us back, and we'd get in with that cocktail set down on Chatsworth Road, and you know how Bill is when he's had two cocktails!"

"That's right," nodded Mrs. Smith, leaning forward. "I hear, on very good authority, that all sorts of funny business goes on in that crowd. Why, only yesterday the postman told me he tripped over an empty gin bottle in their drive! At nine A.M. Can you imagine?"

"Well," said Mrs. Pounds with emphasis, "that's enough for me. I didn't know things were like that on Chatsworth Road. Of course, I've only met them once or twice, and they seemed pleasant, refined people."

(Continued on Page 151)

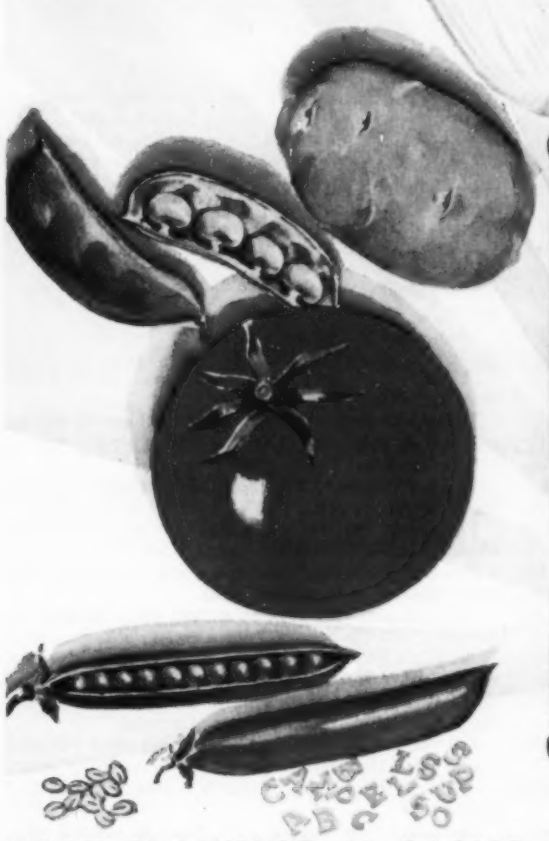
DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

"What She Has Always Needed is Someone to Go With Her and Tell Her What's Becoming"

Do you wish the soup to be a meal or just an appetizer?

Your choice... Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
	Vermicelli-Tomato



Soups so hearty and substantial that each is a meal in itself! Limpid, amber-clear, dainty soups which are ideal to stir the appetite for the longer, more formal meal! Do you realize that there are no less than 21 different Campbell's Soups! Meat soups. Strictly vegetable soups. Soups for the children's meals. All your favorites, and delicious soups you haven't served recently. For tomorrow's luncheon — Campbell's Vegetable Soup, with its 15 vegetables. 12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's in the pantry—
Campbell's on the plate—
Isn't that a dandy way
To keep you feeling great!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

HAPPY LANDINGS

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Some Party, I'll Say! Finished in a Strange Swimming Pool at Five o'Clock This Morning"

XXVI

ON THE second night after Traill's successful and spectacular crashing of a Spad between the shell holes and barbed-wire entanglements of the National Players No Man's Land, Eve was dancing at the Ambassador.

In those two days she had heard nothing from Traill nor of him, and when Len Thomas asked her to go on a party, she first hesitated unhappily; then, in a gust of self-contempt, said she'd be glad.

After all, she thought, she'd made sufficient fool of herself. If she stayed in the ashes every night in the week, there was nothing to show that Traill would be pleased—even aware.

She thought, "I can't eat crow forever." On the heels of that, she thought, with a secret flicker of hope: "In that crowd, if there's anything to hear about him, I'll get it."

So, in slim black-velvet bodice and cloudy black-tulle flounces, against which her white skin and the autumnal bronze of her hair showed startlingly, she went out to play; and about midnight, when, by reason of her inner disquietude, the party seemed to her to be dragging horribly, Timberlake happened along.

It was the night on which the stars in their courses were accustomed to dance at the Ambassador; so his presence there wasn't surprising. Eve had even included it in her list of possibilities. It didn't surprise her, either, that he seemed a bit ruddier than usual, his eyes more warmly glinting. The evening, she saw at once, had already repaid him.

"Hello, darling!" he cried upon seeing her. "Who're you with? . . . Lord, Eve, you're a beautiful woman tonight!"

Eve said she had come with Len Thomas, and that she was glad Timberlake was pleased with her. She didn't particularly want to dance with him, but with a lordly word to a blond young man waiting, Timberlake put his arm around her and drew her out upon the floor. He danced, as always, with the heaviness his somewhat stocky build implied, varied now by reckless footwork of which the bottled laughter of California was undoubtedly the inspiration.

"Well," he said, "how's my girl?"—holding Eve close.

"Splendid," said Eve; because it was the sort of answer one usually made to such questions.

The music they moved to was full of throbbing drums. A drum throbbed somewhere in Timberlake's veins. Eve felt its echo in the palm of his hand—hard and hot, holding hers.

He said, "If I'd known you wanted to dance tonight, I'd have called you up myself."

Eve said, "Thanks a lot. I really hadn't thought of it, until Len asked me this afternoon."

"Having a good time?" asked Timberlake.

"Not bad," said Eve.

She thought, "How 'm I ever going to ask him anything at all? He sees through everything, to the back of beyond."

The music had fiddles and piccolos as well as drums. It whimpered and whistled like wind in the rigging of a ship sailing a dark sea under cold stars.

Maybe Timberlake saw more even than Eve feared. He said, suddenly swinging her powerfully out of a tight place in the congestion of dancers: "Traill's crash rushes are good. I'm pleased."

"That's what we're all here for, isn't it?" asked Eve, drawing herself back, smiling up into Timberlake's face.

"Are you?" asked Timberlake, smiling back, his eyes blazing.

Eve thought, "This is no time to fool with him." But she couldn't stop herself.

She said, "You do what you please with us pretty much. If Traill had been killed ——"

"Traill," said Timberlake gravely, "threw a party last night, so I'm told, that made history—even for Hollywood."

"A party!" said Eve, breathless and unbelieving.

"By way of celebration," said Timberlake. He added: "So I'm told." Mockery bursting like a star shell.

Eve said, "I didn't know he was out of the hospital." The music had saxophones that gurgled and jeered; quacking like ducks in a scummy pond.

"Little adhesive was all he needed," said Timberlake blandly. "Cut over one eye and a couple of broken ribs. I've got worse than that myself—out of an automobile accident."

Eve thought: "Once you got a broken ankle, didn't you?"

Timberlake laughed abruptly and harshly, as if he heard her thought.

She said, "I'm glad he threw a party. He certainly rated it."

Timberlake said, "If you'd called the hospital and inquired, you'd have saved yourself all this ——"

"All this what?" asked Eve.

Timberlake said, "All this hokum"—with curt, astounding savagery. He said, "Come out in my car for a drink."

The music had died on a dissonant wail of futility. Clarinets telling their frustrate souls.

Eve said she thought she was going home soon, and didn't believe she cared for a drink.

"Then suppose you show up at the studio, day after tomorrow," said Timberlake, "about two o'clock. . . . Just as lief you'd let the stuff alone, girl. Like to see a woman refuse a drink once in a while . . . show some individuality. Woman," he bitterly observed, in parting, "is the most standardized product of America today."

Len Thomas, standing languidly by, suggested: "Maybe you're just a critic, Mike, who's seen too many first nights."

"Have to do something about it, sooner or later," said Timberlake.

Eve hadn't fully realized . . . until she saw him stagger, turning away.

(Continued on Page 38)

An inviting supper dish—Libby's Corned Beef with Vegetable Aspic

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods, ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Canned Meats, Fruits, Vegetables, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

PARTIAL LIST OF CANNED MEATS

CORNED BEEF VIENNA SAUSAGE CANNED HAM
CANNED CHICKEN CORNED BEEF HASH VEAL LOAF BONELESS CHICKEN BEEFSTEAK AND ONIONS
LUNCH TONGUE CHILI CON CARNE CHICKEN À LA KING CHOP SUEY
MEXICAN TAMALES BOUILLON CUBES MEAT-WICH SPREAD RED ALASKA SALMON MINCE MEAT

Something new in a recipe file: *"What shall we have to eat today?"—72 tested recipes, from appetizers to desserts. Printed on cards, filed in indexed folders, prettily bound in kitchen blue. Extra cards, too, so you can file recipes of your own. To get file case and recipes, send 50c in stamps (60c in Canada), with your name and address plainly printed, to Mary Hale Martin, Dept. C-41, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ont., Canada. Write us for FREE recipe leaflet, "Meats You'll Enjoy Meeting."*

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 36)

She said, "Don't you want to take me home, Len? It's been a grand party, but tomorrow's still another day."

Driving home, she thought, beneath the slight show of attention which Len Thomas' intermittent wise-cracking demanded: "Lillian will know. Probably Waterman was there. Lillian had a date with him tonight. I'll get it all out of her."

She said to Thomas, lingering significantly on the top step of the cottage, "I'm not going to let you come in, Len. You won't mind?"

Len Thomas said of course he minded, but what good did that do him?

When he had gone, Eve opened the door.

Lillian was sitting on the couch, alone, with her back against the wall, with a slightly grim look about her Gerda mouth, with vague smudges of mascara on her lower lids.

"Where's the boy friend?" asked Eve, surprised and pleased not to have to wait for Waterman to go.

"Just left," said Lillian. Cleared her throat and began to whistle The Wedding of the Painted Doll, off key. "How's tricks?" she inquired at the end of a shrill cadenza; Eve meanwhile disposing of bag and wrap with a certain sense of emotions impending.

Eve said everything was fine.

"Have a good time?" asked Lillian.

Eve said, "Not bad."

Lillian said, "Who-all was there?"

Eve named a number of people. "Timberlake," she said as casually as she was able.

Lillian said, "How're the crash rushes? Timberlake tell you?"

Which seemed an opening made by heaven.

Eve said the rushes were supposed to be wonderful. She added cautiously, "I hear Traill gave a party last night. Was Waterman on it?"

She thought Lillian's face contorted itself an instant, as if she were going to sneeze or cry.

"Sure he was on it," said Lillian. "Some party, I'll say! Began at Traill's place, and finished in a strange swimming pool at five o'clock this morning."

Eve said hotly, "If you had been through what Traill has, don't you think you'd want to go out on a party too?"

"What's Traill been through," said Lillian, "that hasn't been done before? Tom Fielding's crashed planes for N. P. without getting half the publicity ——"

Eve thought: "I'd better watch my step." She said quickly: "It's been done before, of course, but you know flyers are a high-tension lot."

Lillian said, "Oh, yeah?"—with scorn. "Well, Waterman was on the party, all right, and Shayne—remember?—the fella on the boat who used to know Traill in Paris."

"Did Waterman say what girls?" asked Eve, with elaborate disinterest.

"No girls at all," said Lillian. "Stag. Tom Fielding was there, and Sickle, the aviation director ——"

Eve knew a sense of relief.

"You'd think he'd 'a' had Jack Carman, anyhow, wouldn't you?" said Lillian. "That's gratitude for you! Jack gives him his start ——"

"Flying?" asked Eve politely.

"In pictures, darling, where a man can earn a decent living," said Lillian. "I hope," she said suddenly and bitterly, "I never see another aviator again!"

Abruptly she revealed the motivation of her anti-air-mindedness. "Waterman's got his orders. He goes to the Utah."

Eve said, "That's Atlantic Fleet, isn't it?"

"Home port, New York," said Lillian huskily.

Eve said, "Does he go soon?"

Lillian said, "Tomorrow."

"I'm sorry," said Eve, meaning it and having no more adequate word to say.

"Yeah, not so good!" said Lillian. "Well, love 'em and leave 'em! Join the Navy and there'll be one of you in every port. It's a great life if you don't weaken—too often."

"Lillian darling," said Eve, "you'll see him again, of course."

"Me and how many others?" said Lillian.

Eve said, "He'll write." Thin comfort to offer that ingenuously greedy mouth, those eyes so crudely wise. Lillian spoke between tremulous lips. From under lowered eyelids, suddenly tears slid down her face. "He shoves off early tomorrow," she said. "He only left here about fifteen minutes before you came in."

Eve said, "That's pretty hard on you both, isn't it?"

She couldn't very well recognize tears that, with her head thrown back against the wall, Lillian was denying.

"Oh, I guess it's a good break for me," said Lillian. "There's nothing to this farewell racket the boy friend hasn't got! All he needs is a balcony to climb down."

Eve thought: "I live here, day in, day out, with this girl, but I never know what goes on behind her Benda mask of a face, until something like this happens. That rotten little cub!" But she saw the absurdity of that at once. "He probably never intended —— He merely thought she was as good a playmate as she sounded. She's got such a cocky line! . . . It's the Middle West in her—under the Hollywood—that's shopping for a warm hearthstone and the patter of tiny feet. She's a theme song in jazz, poor kid!" She thought, going off at a sharp tangent: "I'll always alibi the man, won't I!"

Lillian, coming out of silence like a voice coming out of a wilderness, cleared her throat once more, once more began to whistle. Breaking off, she stated her position cavalierly: "Believe it or not, my next'll be a dark man. These blond fellas fade too easy."

XXVII

EVE sat in Timberlake's office and waited for him to come in. She dreaded such inaction because she dreaded time in which to think. Since Traill's comeback, four days had now elapsed without a word from him; not the slightest acknowledgment of the public show she had made of herself, thinking him dead. Random shafts of gossip, of course; from those, she reconstructed ——

Only that afternoon, Jo-Jo Blaine, dashing into the office in search of Timberlake, had stopped long enough to observe: "Well, Traill got a marvelous break, didn't he?"

"How do you mean?" asked Eve, trained by fate to caution.

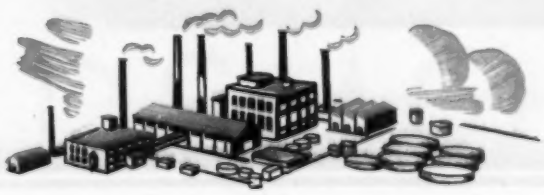
The script girl's black eyebrows went up almost to the wave of her crisp, slightly course black hair. She had a

(Continued on Page 126)

At the Correct Moment, Traill Stirred. She Stooped Above Him With a Breathless Murmur of Caress

Motor oil is made . . . not found!

You can't put the oil business in a nut-shell. Yet why is it that a lot of intelligent motorists draw up alongside of a filling station just as if it were an oil-well and buy oil for their engines as if it were crude oil fresh from the ground? Maybe it's because of so much talk about crudes. Of course you know there aren't any crudes you can use in your engine. You couldn't properly lubricate your engine with crude oil any more than you could shave with a piece of iron ore. And buying an oil just because it is *produced* from any particular crude is buying your oil **BLIND.** The three most important things to know about an oil are: 1. The maker's **KNOWLEDGE.** 2. The maker's **PROCESSES** and **EQUIPMENT** and 3. The maker's ability to **SELECT** crudes. But knowledge and equipment come first. No one ever **FOUND** any lubricating oil. Lubricating oil is not found, it is **MADE.** You can take good crudes for granted when your eyes are open—when you know that your oil is made in the most modern plants of their kind in the world, and that its manufacture is supervised by the most experienced lubrication scientists in the world. Your eyes are open when you buy **MOBILOIL.**

When you want to buy the best oil you can possibly get to lubricate your engine efficiently, drive in where you see this sign. Ask for the type of Mobiloil made especially for the engine of your car as recommended on the Mobiloil Chart. Mobiloil is **MADE**  by the Vacuum Oil Company.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON IT

Any Oldsmobile owner will tell you that dependability through the months and miles is one of the outstanding qualities of this fine car of low price.

Naturally, owners admire Oldsmobile's appearance. For Fisher bodies are quite as famous for their exceptional beauty and style as they are for fine craftsmanship and sturdy, enduring construction.

Naturally, they enjoy the supreme comfort Oldsmobile provides. For wide, deep seat cushions; long, flexible springs; four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, and properly balanced weight not only make Oldsmobile restful to ride in on rough, bumpy roads, but give it unusual stability and roadability on smooth, level highways. Naturally, owners enthuse over the brilliant speed, power, and acceleration Oldsmobile delivers. For these performance requisites add the zest and tang that make motoring a really pleasurable experience rather than an everyday affair.

But even such highly important factors do not outweigh the incomparable qualities of long life and dependability. For, in the final analysis, it is these splendid characteristics which determine value, economy, and permanent satisfaction.

Come take the wheel of an Oldsmobile. Enjoy its splendid all-round performance yourself. You'll find that it is a beautiful car—a comfortable car—a great car to drive. And it's a great car to own, because you can always depend on it, wherever and whenever you drive.

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LOOK TO THE BODY!

LA SALLE

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CHEVROLET

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PONTIAC

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THE emblem Body by Fisher, and the emblems of General Motors cars appearing here, are the recognized symbols of sound investment and owner satisfaction which argue powerfully against any body standard less fine and good than that of the Fisher Body car. They signify too great a difference in body quality, in durability, in comfort and in style, ever to be overlooked without the very gravest of misgivings. Public recognition of this difference results in an unparalleled preference for Fisher Body cars in every field of price and use. General Motors cars, and these cars *only* are equipped with Body by Fisher.

HARD MONEY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

"Good. But He is the Key. To the Plan He is Necessary. It Will be Very Bad if He Will Not Sell"

XVII

IN JUNE of 1823 Mary Phillipse gave Jan Van Horn a daughter, and from the beginning she affected him with a species of awe from which he never recovered. The little lady seemed incredible to him. It was difficult for him to compel himself to believe that in her had merged the blood of the patroons, of the Phillipses, of the Schuylers, of all those gracious and exalted figures who had been the demigods of his boyhood, and the sturdy peasant blood of the Van Horns. The newcomer was more than a child to him; she was an achievement and a symbol, and he was proud of her as he was proud of no other accomplishment of his career.

It was Mary who suggested the baby should be named Anneke after Jan's mother, with the additional name of Phillipse for her own family. This so delighted Jan that he dispatched an express to Albany with the news.

"My mother will be glad," Jan said to his wife. "She will be proud, but she will not tell that she is proud. Maybe now she will come to the city."

"Your mother never has been to the city, has she, Jan?"

"No, Mary. Never has she been ten miles from Albany. It was my father who traveled." He paused. "They were very different—my mother and father. But I learned from both of them."

"You are not sorry it is a girl, Jan?"

"I have two sons," he answered. "That is enough. There always should be a daughter." He looked down at his wife and smiled speculatively. "She will marry well," he said, and nodded his head. "I will tomorrow commence to set aside a marriage portion for her."

"So that men will want to marry her for money?" asked Mary quizzically. "Do you not think my daughter can find a husband without money? Her mother did."

"But only me," answered Jan, and he was honest in the humility of his reply.

"Sometimes," Mary exclaimed, "you exasperate me. See. You are only forty! You have done fine things, my husband. Already you are a greater man than any Van Rensselaer. You are as rich, and you have earned it yourself. You have done things to be proud of. Which of the patroons has done as much?"

"That is a different matter," Jan said stubbornly.

"Your mother would not agree with you."

"For close on two hundred years my mother and her mother and her mother's mother have lived under the patroons. She would agree. There is something in family and in a name. There is something in an honorable position that comes down from fine ancestors."

"I would rather be the fine ancestor," answered Mary, "than the descendant. It is better to be the one people are proud to have descended from than merely to be someone who is proud because he can trace his descent."

"I think," said Jan, "you must be a follower of Mr. Andrew Jackson of Tennessee. Also," he said acutely, "people value more what they have not than what they have. If I am the patroon it is possible I will not think it is great to be the patroon."

"The great families are little more than memories today," said Mary. "Every day they grow less. There has never been a country like this one, Jan. You have told me about it and I have seen for myself. It is a new thing and the old things cannot live in it."

"It is true," Jan agreed, "and I am sorry for it sometimes. Too much every man thinks he is as good as every other man. It is not true. All men are different. Some are fit to be up and others are fit only to be down. And always there will be more fit to be down than up. That is bad, Mary, and already we see it. We will see it that the many who are not fit to rule will rule the fewer who are able to manage the Government. Then everything will go down to the level of those persons, and bad men who can bamboozle the people will have much power."

"Possibly," said Mary, "but I think that will be only for a time, as one is a child for a time. This country is a child. As it grows it will learn. You yourself have told me that."

"I cannot wait a hundred years," said Jan, and then: "But I would like to see after a hundred years. It would be fine to see, and I do not think we can guess the greatness of it."

"I suppose in that day these steam engines you think so much about will be rushing all over the continent." Mary laughed musically. "I was talking with the doctor yesterday and he said people could not live on a vehicle traveling at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. He said they would be unable to breathe."

Jan snorted.

"And he said there would have to be tunnels through mountains, which made it impossible, because people would suffocate before they went two hundred feet. Why, Jan, he is a very learned doctor, and he told me that travelers would spurt blood from their noses and mouths and ears at anything like such speed."

"To go fast is necessary," was Jan's reply to this scientific pronouncement.

"He said also that a Viennese scientist said even the spectators might go mad from watching the terrific speed of a passing train."

"I think the scientists are mad," said Jan. "There is always a way to do what must be done. There will be no blood spurting and no suffocating and no madness. But I am not sure of such speed as fifteen miles an hour. Maybe. Maybe. But ten miles an hour! That is something. In thirty days one would ride from ocean to ocean, and if the engine ran at night, in half that time!"

"Maybe when little Anneke is grown she will ride on such a train," said Mary. Then, with sudden veering of subject: "I hope your mother will come to see my baby."

But Anneke Van Horn was not to see the baby, nor was she ever to see the city of New York, where her son was

(Continued on Page 45)

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(Continued from Page 43)

founding a great fortune. Perhaps there was not room in one family to house two such women as old Anneke and such a one as little Anneke was destined to become. At any rate, tidings from Albany crossed tidings from New York—news of death and news of birth. For Anneke Van Horn had died peacefully in the night, leaving behind her no word or written message, for Anneke never learned the art of writing. In the morning she was there no longer. In her sixty-four years she had performed the labors of six-score years, and flesh could endure no more.

Unconsciously Jan had leaned upon her strength; he had felt the force of her as a sustaining force, and for a day he tottered as the prop was withdrawn. In hours of stress he had consulted her untutored intelligence and found that her brisk, honest perceptions were to be relied upon as the granite of the mountains. Always Anneke had been his army in reserve. Now he must fight the battle alone—alone until his sons came on to take up their part in the battle.

One definite change was brought about in the lives of Jan and Mary by the passing of the old woman: It brought little Jan and little Claas into their household, into intimate contact with them daily. A boy of seventeen and a boy of fourteen. Three children where none had been before.

"It is time I have them under my hand," Jan said sorrowfully. "Jan shall go to the college and we will find a school for Claas. When they are not studying their lessons I will teach them my ways and the ways of the business." Then, as an afterthought: "And you, Mary, will maybe teach them to be gentlemen."

"I will do my best," she said, heavy with misgivings, for she could find no affection for young Jan—nothing but distrust and that instinctive aversion which the basically sound person must always find for the basically unsound. And Jan, as older brother, dominated little Claas. Little Claas so like his father, so slow in movements, so apple-cheeked and Dutch and solid! Mary would have welcomed Claas and loved him and mothered him to the best of her ability. But could she undo those years when he had been under the influence of his brother? To herself she said, as she lay sleepless, that the best she could hope would be to save Claas, for even old Anneke had been unable to mold Jan—handsome Jan.

What she feared most of all was her husband's awakening to the character, the weakness—what she apprehended to be the viciousness—of his first-born. From that awakening she would spare him if either prayers or efforts might avail. But in her heart she knew well they would be unavailing. What then, when through some bitter experience Jan Van Horn's eyes were opened to the truth and he saw the son he had sired as he was? That son who was destined in his hopes and in all his plans to succeed him as head of the house and to carry on the tradition of which he was the founder!

No amelioration of the bitter future could she see unless it lay in the saving of Claas—sturdy, stolid little Claas. She determined to center her efforts upon him, to charm him as she knew how to charm, to bring him under her warm influence and to wean him away from his brother. Not an easy task, nor a pleasant one to contemplate: To save one child by teaching him to despise another. But as a true wife to her husband, she felt her major duty to be the salvaging of little Claas—to save him and have him ready to her husband's hand when Jan should fail him. It was she who must tutor and mold Claas to fill the place his father destined for Jan.

On her husband's inevitable day of grief the blow would be softened if Claas could prove himself not lacking; if he could be assured that he possessed one son worthy of himself and fit for the work which was to be given into his hands.

It was September. Jan returned from the burial of his mother, accompanied by his sons, and Mary saw to it that they were installed in separate, disconnected rooms. Contact was what she feared, the ruining of the good fruit by the touch of the rotten.

"Let me teach Claas myself," she suggested. "For a year at least. Then find a school if you think it wise."

"But you?" questioned Jan. "Is it right you should burden yourself? I could not ask it."

"I'll love it," she answered with her bright smile, and she did love it, not that the drudgery of instructing a small boy in his three R's was a pleasure but because it was a pleasure, a joy, to know that she was doing a thing for Jan which might halt him on the threshold of a grief which might be almost despair. For Mary Phillipse loved her husband; she admired her husband—more, she respected her husband, which was a considerable thing even in those simpler days when husbands and wives were other than they are today.

"Jan shall go to the college," said her husband. "I want him to be educated with the best. In four years he will be a man. He is handsomer than his father," he said, voicing his pride as he rarely did.

"He is handsome," answered Mary.

"We will look about for a good wife—you and I," said Jan. "For some fine girl who will be to his household what you have been to mine." He smiled down at her with a mixture of fondness and admiration. "Many business matters which would have been hard have been made easy at your dinner table," he said.

"I am glad if I have helped you, Jan."

"More than you know," he said. "Business is not all in the countingroom. It is also in the home. A wife who can charm and who makes friends for herself and her husband is good. She does more than an able partner in the office."

"Then you are pleased with me, Jan?"

"Always," he said in his unemotional way. "Always I am pleased with you, Mary."

"But only because I help you make money?"

He hesitated, for it was not easy for him to express himself in imponderable matters, not based upon commodities or minted dollars or discounts and exchanges. She could see how he searched for words. Then he said—and it was not the flowered language of romance—"I would be pleased with you if you made me poorer instead of richer."

Mary's eyes rested upon him softly. "I think," she said, "I'll permit you to kiss me, once."

At that moment young Jan came into the room, taller than his father by half a head, fair, blue-eyed, handsome in a way more attractive to impressionable women than to men. In him was no feature, no member which resembled the Van Horns. He was a West, deriving through Phœbe the accumulated characteristics of the Wests, and perhaps

(Continued on Page 107)

"There is Work for You, Mary," Jan Said in His Voice of Habitual Calm. "A Bad Thing Has Happened. I Must Ask You to Do a Hard Thing"

THE SOUL KILLER

"If I Were to Die," Barzillai Repeated, Feeling the Earth Struck From Under Him. "I Am a God! I Cannot Die!" He Told Her Harshly

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

BARZILLAI SHAND lay at the cliff's edge, clothed in the usual twist of tapa cloth about his loins. His red hair and beard had been curled only yesterday by the king's own barber. His face was shaded from the sun by a sunshade of cabbage-palm leaves, held there by Vatai, the king's daughter, Barzillai's wife. Barzillai himself was a god. Yes, by the genius of Paddy Connor, and in one short year, he, a runaway sailor from a Salem ship, had raised himself to rank with the immortals. He had allied himself with kings and made dreaded that name of "soul killer," which the wrath of the missionary had first fixed on him.

Now, when, in the king's company, he drank kava, those standing near barked "*Woi, woi*," when he had finished, as they did for the king himself, and the cry was taken up and shouted far and wide. A god of the green isles of Fiji had deigned to drink of the king's own beverage. When Paddy Connor himself drank and put down the shell, the honor paid him was no more than a subdued murmur, "It is empty," on the part of the bystanders; and yet Paddy had been in the king's confidence for more than twenty years.

Barzillai was a god, but it was with mixed feelings that he saw now the ship Arabian Horse of Salem anchored just outside the shore reef. That was Captain Zack Wilkins' ship, which Bar Shand had run away from a year ago; and with a king's daughter bathing his temples, Barzillai asked himself if there was an atom left in him of that boy who had first worked in the ropewalk at Salem and later put to sea under the tyranny of Captain Wilkins?

He stared at the Horse with narrowed eyes. Just to seaward, the king's canoe was passing, close enough for Barzillai to see the wave announcer perched forward in the shadow of the great grass-woven sail. The king had killed ten men to make rollers for this great canoe when she was launching, and ten more to wash her decks in blood; and Barzillai was the king's god. His flesh crept at the thought, but Vatai held the sunshade closer, as if to screen the vision from his eyes, and her vivid, sunny smile charmed him.

Vatai was not herself Fijian. Her parents had brought her here as a child from the Friendly Islands, and the king, taking a fancy to her mother, had clubbed her father and had made Vatai's mother his principal wife. The lady was tall, light in color, a little fat, and very handsome. It was Paddy Connor's duty to light her a cigar and bring it to her bedside every morning with the news of the night; but in spite of her rank, she was a discontented woman. There was no telling when the king might club her down with his wooden pillow, as he had her predecessor; and then, if at any time he should die—and there was plenty of plotting going on against him all the time—then she, the principal wife, would be strangled instantly to accompany his soul and do his cooking in the other world.

But Vatai, her daughter, had married a god and was very happy. Barzillai Shand was her religion. She could yield herself to the arms of a god and her husband at one and the same time; therefore of what use could the God of the missionaries be to her any longer? She no longer attended the sermons at Doctor Lyall's chapel. Barzillai could not attend, naturally; for since he had become a god himself, it would not look well for him to worship other gods. Doctor Lyall had cried at him that he had killed the girl's soul, even before he married her; but this was all the hint Paddy Connor had needed to erect him into a god, a soul killer. A strange thought. Barzillai closed his fingers round Vatai's ankle. "If I were mortal and should die, would you have yourself strangled to accompany me into Bulu?" he inquired lazily.

"Yes. . . . Good was thy coming to me, my noble Lord Nephew," Vatai said, fairly on her knees.

"But since I am a god, and cannot die ——"

"Then, when I die, you will not kill my soul, O soul killer," Vatai whispered confidently.

Her palms were on the ground, her head bent, the cheek hid by hanging hair. He tilted up her chin. Vatai's eyes looked into her god's blue eyes without alarm; she sank her soul there, as she could sink her body in those blue depths beyond the barrier reef where yesterday the turtle fleet had drifted. Her body was rubbed with coconut oil scented with rasped sandalwood; a scent so sweet that the very wind that blew through her house partook of it; and her breath she had sweetened by eating clay. The girdle at her waist had a black fringe three inches deep. She was faintly tattooed about the mouth in lines following the curves of her lips, and there were barbed lines on her hands and fingers.

In addition to her girdle, she was dressed in knee and ankle bands of tortoise shell, and bracelets of bats' jaws

(Continued on Page 48)

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AND UP, F.O.B. FACTORY

(Continued from Page 46)

and snakes' vertebræ. In her black hair was a wreath of aromatic leaves. And it was true, Barzillai thought; if he strangled her now, she would yield up her spirit gladly, so thin was the veil between the two worlds for people of her faith. Destruction of the body was no more than the banishing of a pestiferous shadow.

Barzillai darted a resentful look at the Horse. Molly Wilkins' wash was hanging in the weather rigging aft. He would like nothing better than to have Molly see him sleeping in the spirit house, beyond the vengeance of priests and kings, on a bed of dried grass and elastic fern; or extended here, with the daughter of a king to lave his temples and to beg him to strangle her, that she might lodge nearer the god in him. Vatai had more belief in another world than some of those who would convert her to other ways of thinking. She was as sure of a future life as of the fact that if she put her finger on a sandalwood ember she would be burned.

"Paddy Connor is coming," Vatai whispered now, and seized up her bow and three or four arrows specially barbed for killing fish.

Paddy Connor parted the bushes. He was bow-legged, snub-nosed, bent over from his habitual crouching gait in the presence of royalty. On his head he wore an enormous red wig, craftiest product of Fijian wig makers. When the French had landed in Ireland, now many years ago, Paddy had been in the defending army, but he had been found too soon among the slain, and deported to New South Wales. From there, in company with thirty other convicts, he had escaped to Fiji. He was now the sole survivor of that cruel and bloodthirsty band whose guns and powder, new then to Fiji, had struck fear and awe into the cannibals.

One by one, however, Paddy's companions had been clubbed unawares. Only Paddy had escaped the universal doom, and his tongue had saved him. He was myth maker to the king, and lately, to the disgust of the priests, he had even reshaped the national religion. Once it had been the fashion for the dead to be buried with a club in each hand, to throw at a certain tree in the spirit land. Paddy Connor had substituted whales' teeth for these clubs; the demand for whales' teeth was now enormous, and his commissions were good.

It was Paddy, too, who had started the story that a man who could hit, with a whale's tooth, a certain old screw pine from the water's edge would insure all his wives being strangled when he died. And sure enough, a chief who had tried to hit that tree with a tooth, and failed, had, it chanced, been buried alive within the month for some treachery or other, and the king had refused to let the wives be strangled.

But Barzillai, the soul killer, was Paddy's masterpiece, and the king had paid for that myth on the spot with two fat hogs and three young wives.

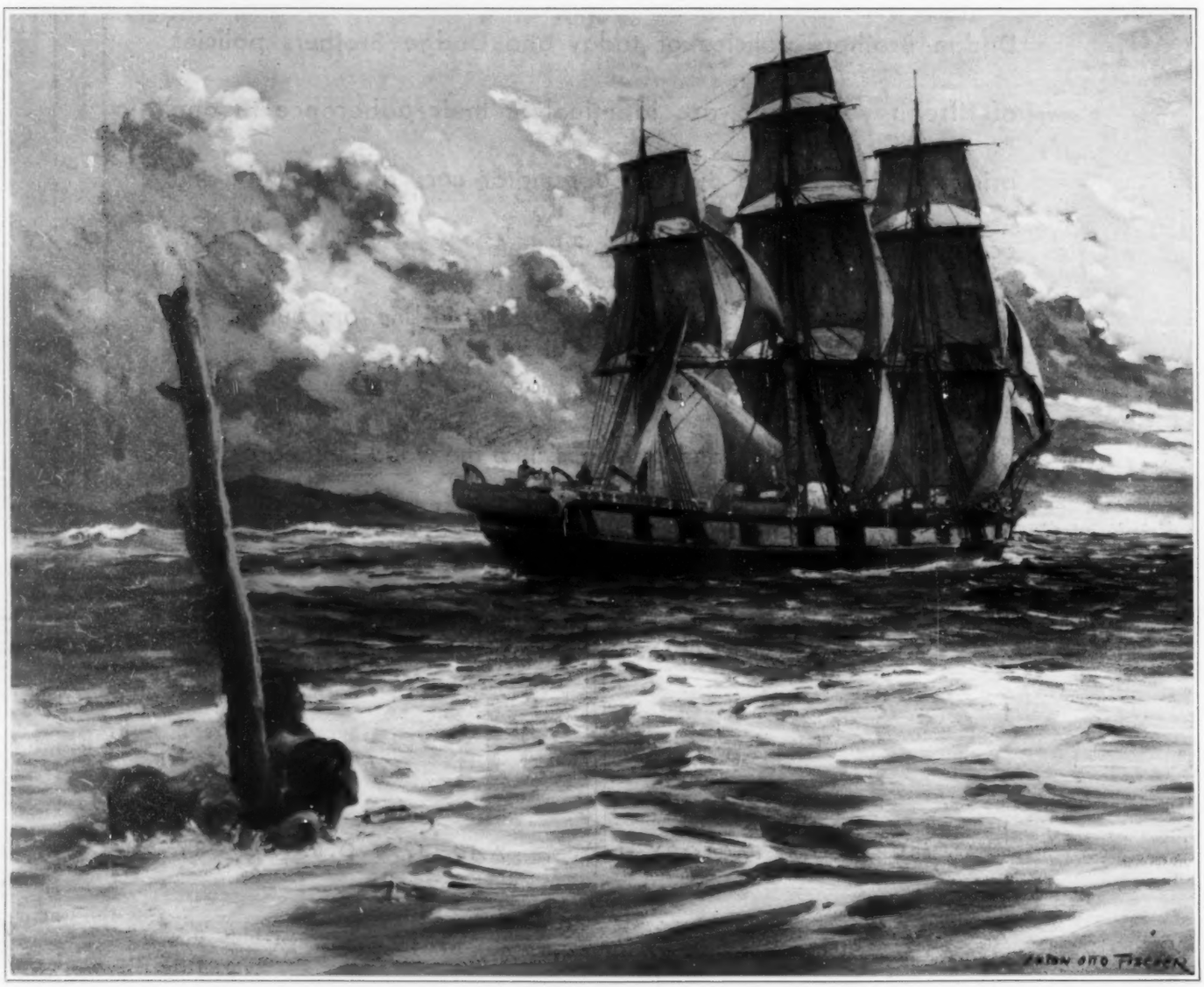
Not that the Irishman's genius had made the legend up out of whole cloth. There was actually, to begin with, in the Fijian religion, a soul killer. This fellow, Samuyalo, lived in a town on the mountain which was both natural and spiritual. Men and ghosts occupied the same space, the same plot of ground, used the same spears, the same drinking cups, without conflicting.

These were the souls, naturally, that had been lucky enough to hit that screw pine with their whales' teeth. Now they must dodge or wrestle their way past the soul killer. Worse—if they were bachelors, they had to fight shy of the embrace of an enormous woman, who picked them up and dashed them down on a flat stone and shattered them like rotten firewood. As for the married men, if the soul killer managed to club them down, everything was lost, even the company of the phantoms of the strangled wives; but the soul killer was either compassionate or bunglesome; some eluded him, and these forgathered on a high table-land where their wives had supper cooking for them in a whaler's try-pot. This was heaven, although other accounts put it under water, and you were flipped into it off a precipice from the broad blade of a whaler's steering oar; but that, too, very likely was just more of Paddy Connor's playfulness.

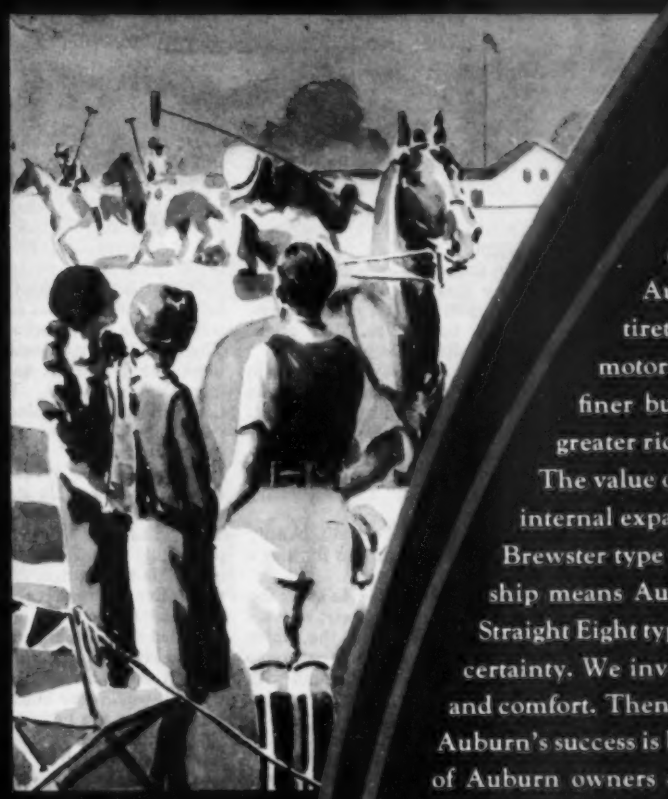
When Barzillai Shand had run away from Captain Wilkins' ship and made his way to this island, Vatai had been the first to see him. Ordinarily, on seeing a man ooze out of the reef wave, she would have pelted him with bitter oranges; but this man was a god. She had hid him in a cave and brought him food. When she told her mother, the queen, of this foolhardiness, that lady, in a panic, consulted Paddy. The myth maker had promptly rearranged the national religion to squeeze in another god.

First he prophesied to the king the coming of another god, by signs and portents. He showed the king this god through an old sextant, in the form of a red ball rolling on the rim of the sea. That was the sun, as the king probably knew, but he was predisposed to accept the fabulous. The new god—so went the great fabrication—was a son of the old soul killer, Samuyalo. Samuyalo, while lurking in a spiritual mangrove bush at the edge of the natural town, waiting for souls, had sat down unguardedly on the spiritual stump of a pandanus tree. The son, knowing the

(Continued on Page 50)



A High Run of Tides Was Coming On, and the Three Dark, Pitiful Heads, Clustered Close, Had Only Their Chins Out of Water. The Horse Could Not Stop; to Back the Main Yard Here Would Mean Disaster



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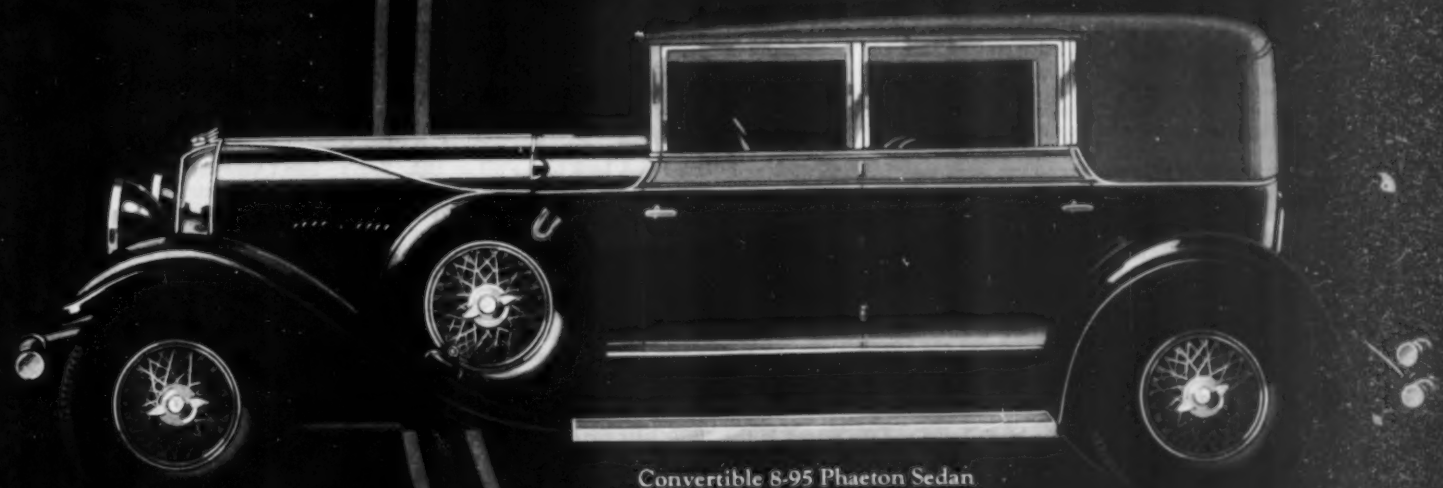

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(Continued from Page 48)

father's habits, had, only the day before, sharpened this to a point. The soul killer's spiritual body was killed outright, and his son, Paddy affirmed, was just now taking up the business of killing souls in his father's place.

All this the king thought reasonable enough. He had buried his own father alive the year before, and he could see nothing so very rascally in the way the new soul killer had put his father out of the way.

Barzillai Shand was let into the god's half of the spirit house, to mingle with the other gods; and fortunately for the scheme, an earthquake shook the island at the very moment that the new god, oiled and curled, was entering the spirit house.

Vatai, bereft of her god, had been inconsolable. She had sickened, grown thin, refused food, sprinkled her hair with ashes of the breadfruit tree. Now when a handsome Fijian woman sickened, nobody tried to bring her back to health. It was assumed that a god had fallen in love with her and would take her in due time. This was precisely what Barzillai did; Vatai recovered in a day, and appeared at sunset, girdled and braceleted, walking with the red god, and he in an ornamental loin cloth. Now at last he was seen for what he was—a god, a soul killer. His hold on his people seemed thenceforth unshakable.

Yet now Paddy Connor, sitting down on the cliff's edge and taking off his vast red wig with a sigh, looked worried, or more worried than the creator of a god should look. His bald skull was the color of old ivory, on account of the protection afforded by the wig, but the rest of him was as black nearly as a native. He had a finger missing. This, in a fit of verisimilitude, he had hacked off during his mourning for the king's father, who had been buried alive. His back was flecked with small white scars, too, where the women had flayed him with scourges ending in broken oyster shells; but that, too, was enforced upon them at the death of a royal personage.

"There's trouble brewing, me boy," he said to Barzillai, and twisted in nervous thumbs the bit of black strangler's cord looped about his thighs. "I knew it last night when there were no torches on the reefs, and the king didn't send for me to tell him stories. There's been a break with the captain of the Horse."

"With Wilkins?"

"Have I got to be telling a god what he knows already?" Paddy grimaced, and threw stones at a couple of slim black-headed girls peeping out of the bushes. "It began with Wilkins sneezing when he was pouring coffee, and the king wouldn't drink it, no matter how big a fool Molly Wilkins called him. Next the price on tortoise shell was too high, and they went ashore with it, but some Friendly Islanders stole the canoe and brought the shell back and offered it for less, and Zack bought it. That's eating with both sides, the king claims; and an hour later the beggars were painted black, with red on their noses, and everybody doing tricks with those cast-iron axes. The king told Wilkins, when he was leaving, that he came from a poor little town where they had nothing to eat but beans; so there's bad blood all around. The king's knocked his people off and declared a feast, and Wilkins has put the trading chief, Vong Ouvie, in irons, thinking they won't have the feast without him. But the king will all the same. He's in a villain of a temper. He's had a fight with one of his wives, and put an iron pot over her, bottom up, to shut her mouth. She's the Christian one of the lot; she's thought of nothing since she got converted except sitting in the sun combing her hair and thinking how to escape hell. The king's had enough of it."

"What's the priest up to?" Barzillai asked.

"Him? He's got permission from the king to try and shake the ship ashore."

"As if he could," Barzillai said with god-like scorn.

"Now, now, there's a good likelihood he can. He's been spinning coconuts all morning in front of the king's house, and the beggar has fixed it so the eyes of the nuts always fall looking towards the ship, and that's a bad sign. The queen whispered me something when I was slipping her cigar between her teeth this morning. The Horse is inside the reef and no chance to beat out of that left-handed opening. As it is, her anchors are coming home a little with every swell of the sea. Now, if the wind strengthens, as it's likely to before morning, some of this priest's assistants will swim out and cut her cables under water. Then the beggar himself begins to shake, and the ship comes ashore. And if she does ——"

Paddy Connor put his wig back on and pointed down at the black bones of the French ship L'Aimable Josephine, displayed on the beach against grass-green and indigo coral tops.

"I tell you, the talk is all of clubs and ovens," Paddy whispered and glanced at Vatai, who could not understand, and stood with her bow clutched against her breast.

"But Vong Ouvie," Bar Shand muttered. "He's out aboard. In irons you say. He's a pretty important chief. The king would hardly ——"

"Wouldn't he? Vong Ouvie being out there is why the king has put the priest up to shake the ship ashore. It's just come to his ears that Vong Ouvie has plotted to kill him. The chief's been offered a woman and six whales' teeth to do the job, and he's passed it on to a thug named Bali Kadi for just three of the teeth; and Bali brought the story to the king for four teeth. It's the price that sets the king's teeth on edge. If it had been twenty teeth—but six teeth—kill a man of the king's importance for six teeth —— It's not showing much consideration for royalty. Still, mind you, Vong Ouvie has followers; he's dangerous for all the elephantiasis in his leg. The king might not want to club him down in cold blood. But shake the ship ashore, and there'll be nobody but the gods to blame if the white captain kills Vong Ouvie before he goes into the oven himself. Of course, Zack will know his cables have been cut, and he'll attribute it to Vong Ouvie."

"But he'd never kill him."

"No matter for that. The king thinks he will. The ovens are smoking now, the stones are hot, there'll be long pig to eat, and the king has sent for you by me, me lad. Look you, keep your skirts clear. Watching mortals fight and not taking sides is the best way for an immortal in your situation to stay immortal," Paddy whispered, remembering that he would never have reached his present high estate if he had put himself into the forefront of things against the French. "Because if they draw blood, it's all over with you," he added severely, and tapped Barzillai's knee cap with a horny forefinger. "One drop of claret showing on your skin, and all the clubs in the island will be out against you. That's the way it was with Captain Cook, the king's barber tells me. A god is not supposed to bleed—not if a spear goes right through him and out the other side. You keep clear, turn your back to windward. I've been at a lot of pains getting you set up as a god, and now you and I have got to stand or fall together; you can lay an oath to that. The king'll ask you to take part. Never do a god a small favor without asking for a large one in return—that's the Fiji principle. But you'll have business on the mountain, understand. There'll be souls trooping up to be clubbed down, and the like of that. You'll be busy enough killing souls on the day of battle."

The king's house was the biggest in the village, but they were all like square wicker baskets, with reed walls and projecting ridges stuck with white shells. Scattered round the king's house were odds and ends of old wrecks—cabin windows, figureheads, voluptuous women with great red lips and bold black eyes, bulwarks, piles of iron cannon balls, rotten cordage, and a thirty-two pounder—a rusted cannon fished up, by Barzillai's genius for rigging purchases, from the wreck of the L'Aimable Josephine. Near the cannon—"a gun to shoot the earth with," was its official description—was the king's war offering: a generous heap including forty whales' teeth, yams, turtles, giant oysters, two tons of pudding and some violet land crabs.

The king's warriors, painted black with vermilion slashes, were leaping, throwing clubs and boasting in the public square.

Barzillai, going in to the king, met Doctor Lyall, the missionary, coming out.

"You have brought things to this pass!" the missionary cried in an indignant voice. "It's at your orders, the king says, that the fishing has stopped. Are you the fiend incarnate? Think what you are doing to people of your own blood."

Barzillai felt his throat encircled as if by the strangler's cord, and black spots flitted before his eyes. He had the highest admiration for Doctor Lyall, a man of iron nerve, of genuinely charitable impulses, of true piety. Last night, lurking in the shadow of Lyall's house, Barzillai had heard him playing on his organ: "The rapids are near and the daylight is past." Now there was detestation in the man's eyes, for Barzillai would not say that this stopping of the fishing on the reefs was not at his orders, fearing that if he did so, that might jeopardize his position as a god.

"This is the first interest you've shown in me since I've been on the island," Barzillai said cuttingly. "You're like all the rest. You come to me when you have need of my power."

"If you have power, for God's sake use it as a white man should," the missionary whispered hotly.

"Or as a god," Barzillai called toploftily over his shoulder, and went into the king's presence.

He was forced to stoop low to enter the door, but he stood up immediately, whereas Paddy approached the king at the supine crouch which had grown second nature to him. His Majesty lay on the ground with his head laid on a short-legged wooden pillow. He was tall and muscular, a good specimen, a little purplish in hue. Oahu Sam, his barber, with a split tortoise-shell rod had bushed out the king's hair fanwise into a mass which could hardly have been crowded into a bushel basket. It was dyed bright red, a good contrast to the war paint—a velvet black made of black gunpowder dissolved with certain herbs in water.

At one side of the king's sprawling length was his spear, which he called affectionately, The Priest is Too Late. In his hand was his war club, pineapple-shaped at its large end, and named Damaging Beyond Hope. The staff of white ivory he used primarily to club his wives with when they quarreled. His converted wife, in fact, as Paddy had said, was now imprisoned under an immense overturned black-iron whalers' try-pot, a forty-gallon pot big enough to cook two men together. Hearing the flutter of that wife's bare heels within, the king lifted his head from the pillow and hit the pot a ringing blow with Damaging Beyond Hope. The fluttering stopped, the king's head sank back to the pillow, Oahu Sam's gifted hands wrapped his hair in a snowy white tapa turban to preserve the curls from dust and dew.

Barzillai felt a creeping thrill through his body. The king undoubtedly was cruel. He thought nothing of binding a bundle of dry coconut husks to a man's back and lighting it, allowing the man to go free and run where he would to escape the flames. Barzillai himself had seen the king's breast swell with emotion, his eye glisten, on taking temporary leave of his father; yet a little later the king had buried that father alive, merely because the poor old man had grown a little feeble and could not wait on himself. That was, of course, the king's conception of a kindness; yet what might be waiting for Zack Wilkins, Bar's old skipper, if rashness ever delivered him into the king's hands? Or, if his cables should be cut?

"Good is your coming, noble Lord Nephew," the king said with a flash of teeth. "Good is your standing here in a lordly style."

Barzillai wondered if there was a hint of sarcasm in these last words. Paddy's crouch might be more to the royal taste—and yet, scarcely in a god ——

"What is the report from the reefs?" the king asked.

"The fishing has stopped."

"What is the attitude of the fish; what is the will of the gods?"

"The fish are quiet on the reefs; the gods are waiting," Barzillai said noncommittally. "But there is a great noise of boasting outside. There are some brave men there who went through the wall of a house last night when the door shut accidentally in a wind. Some of your warriors can make the earth tremble with their tongues. See that in the presence of the enemy they do not make it tremble with their heels."

"Never fear. There will be souls for you to kill, soul killer."

"Vong Ouvie's?"

"Vong Ouvie's. My hatred of him extends from my heels to the hairs of my head. Not one of his wives shall be strangled. See to it that you club his soul down flat."

"But this will make two ships wrecked here, and the crews put into the oven. This will spread a bad report among the traders. There will be no more trading here, no more muskets and powder, no more scissors, no more looking-glasses. Without muskets, how will you fare against the men of the mountains? They are cruel. Already their ovens are heating."

"Have we not ovens here?" the king shouted uneasily. He stared at his queen, who quaked and let the ash drop from her cigar. The king brought his elbow down powerfully against a coconut and split it open. He called angrily for a shrimp sandwich—live shrimps crushed between tender taro leaves—and the queen tremblingly provided it. The king took two or three savage bites, staring all the while at that roll of tobacco hanging from the ridgepole, where it would stay until taken down to be smoked over the body of his enemy Vong Ouvie. Suddenly he sprang into the air, seized the spear, The Priest is Too Late, and rushed into the open. Barzillai followed him. They stood face to face at the muzzle of that "gun to shoot the earth with," and Barzillai saw that it was trained, as nearly as might be, on the hull of the Arabian Horse.

"A god must shoot this gun," the king cried, and in his bloodshot eye was a challenge to this latest of the gods, whom the king knew to be quite capable of dropping one of these iron cannon balls aboard the Horse. A god who could forge chisels and mend muskets would not be at a loss with a more lethal weapon. Barzillai, with unprecedented audacity, seized the king's spear and thrust its polished tip into the cannon's mouth. He could see, by reflecting the sun from the spear's iron, that the piece was honeycombed, rotten as cheese, from its long stay at the bottom of the reef. Again, the soul of the gun was not in the middle of the body; the barrel had been bored with the metal thinner on one side than the other. A charge of powder exploded in this cannon would be quite likely to blow everybody to pieces who stood near. What if he told the king that if a priest should touch the gun off, that would bring the best results? The priest, his worst antagonist, the one man not persuaded of his godhood. Much as he disliked that fellow, with his stiff neck, his shrunken chest, his clotted locks and wild, staring eyes, he did not have the heart to bring that fate on him.

"I will decide this later. Perhaps I may shoot it if there is a dearth of souls," Barzillai said, and with his palm stroked the gun's hot iron affectionately.

Barzillai Shand swam cautiously, with only the tip of his nose out of water, until he felt the shadow of the Horse interrupt the starshine. The wind had flaws in it, was inconstant, fluctuating, but there were signs that it would strengthen. And perhaps already these devils were in the water with

(Continued on Page 202)

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS

Graham Standard Six Town Sedan. Four wide doors. Beautiful body design, upholstery and finish. Sixty-six h.p. engine; 7-bearing crankshaft; 115-inch wheelbase; full five-passenger capacity. Price at factory $845

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EACH TO HIS OWN

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

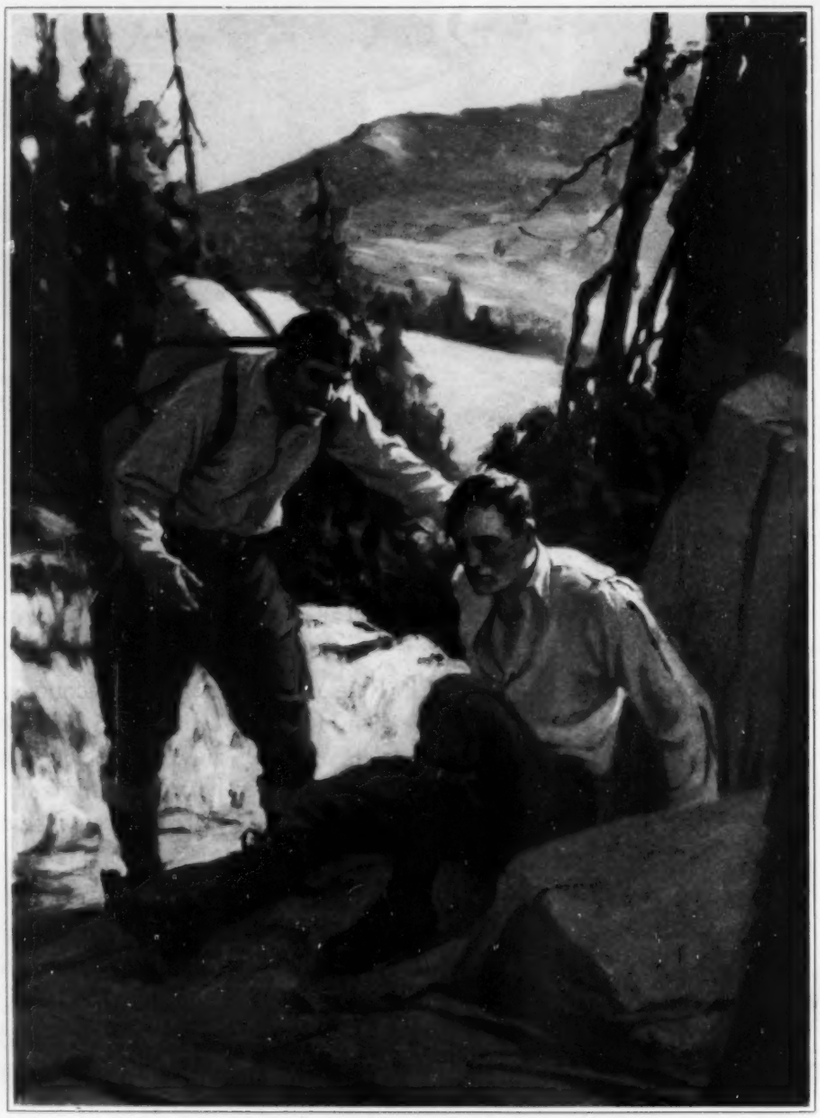
ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

OUT on the burnt-umber waters of Lac du Grace an airplane ceased its tuning-up process and taxied to anchor, riding like a great golden bird against the black background of Northern Ontario bush. Then a stolid Cree, lounging on shore until now, shunted a canoe into the water and, with swift paddling, went forward to relay a trim figure from the cockpit to camp. While at the rough dock a stocky man stood hesitantly watching, a queer expression of static fear on his warped features. Shorty McNeil had never savvied airplanes.

Finally he turned. Up at the tar-paper-covered mess hall a white-clad cookee had begun a duo-toned clatter on a steel triangle. Other men answered the summons from living quarters and hangar; they, too, were trim in semimilitary uniform, slim-waisted men, finely drawn.

This was the bush base of the Great Northern Aerial Prospectors, Limited. Of all the personnel, Shorty was the only one who was not of the air. That, in fact, was the reason he was there. The gang always pulled him in from some far-away camp when the word came from Toronto that Cap Manning was about to make a trip of inspection. Shorty's mannerisms, his easy embarrassment, his fears of civilization and his horror of the air were always good for a bunch of laughs. The gang contended that he was a bit bushed, a Canadian term which has to do with the mentality and which is not exactly complimentary.

A shout came from the canoe, scraping now on shore, and Shorty halted, his gaze instinctively centering on three much larger planes riding at anchor, their motors shrouded. Then, with a slow pull at his breath, Shorty waited for Cap Manning to overtake him. There was little else for him to do. In these new days of gold hunting, a prospector obeyed commands like a soldier. Haphazard methods had disappeared. Geologists and engineers decided where the vast, vicious, unpeopled North should be attacked. Airplanes then swooped forth to drop prospectors, provisions and a sectional canoe for specified times, returning to pick them up when their investigation was done. A prospector like Shorty got a hundred and fifty a month, his food and 10 per cent of a mine, if he found it. And he respected his superiors. That's why he remonstrated only timidly when Cap Manning finally overtook him, slapped him on the back, and told him to be ready to hop off directly after luncheon.



"Go On! Go On, I Tell You! Will I Have to Beat You Again?"

"I thought you were going to take one of those cabin jobs," Shorty said hesitantly, as he followed the commandant toward the mess hall. They were a contrast, these two. Manning was tall, well-groomed, military appearing. Shorty's shoulders were broad and thick, his legs short and bowed. His arms hung long at his sides, his head was set angularly forward upon gigantic muscles, bent by years of strain against a tumpline, that leather strap by which a bushman relieves the weight upon his shoulders when a pack sack seems loaded with lead. Again he remonstrated: "I wish we didn't have to go in an open plane. It makes my ears ring."

Cap Manning laughed at that, and flung back a joking answer. They entered the mess hall, where the rest of the crew awaited deferentially. At the head of the table, Cap Manning poured himself a drink, from a bottle of Scotch whisky, while the cookee tempered it with water from a huge, aluminum pitcher, the others simulating their commander's example. Shorty McNeil, with a nervous glance about him, took his straight. Cap Manning raised his glass. This was almost a ceremony, this appetizer; otherwise the rules called for abstinence.

"Here's to a good journey," said Manning, and winked at Grierson, second in command. The lieutenant followed the suggestion almost as soon as they had been seated.

"What were you saying this morning, captain, about stunting?"

Shorty McNeil's pale blue eyes widened, but he said nothing.

Manning chuckled. "For Shorty?" he asked. "Well, maybe. But I think he likes forced landings better."

"Yes, I noticed that, the last time I took him into Reindeer Lake," agreed Grierson. Then innocently: "What happened to your knees that day, Shorty?"

Shorty McNeil squirmed miserably. The memory of that day was still gruesomely keen in his memory; the awful drop from terrific heights, with the flat bush rushing upward to his distended eyes, the faint shouting of Grierson in the forward cockpit, borne back to him in choppy incoherence with the shrieking rush of wind, the swirling of increasing dizziness, the awful knowledge that the propeller had ceased to spin, and that death was skimming nearer, nearer ——

"Leave me alone!" begged Shorty, and bent to his food.

"Yes, leave him alone," said Cap Manning. Then with a wink to Bull Jordan, at his left: "Did you see where that Northwestern Exploration plane pancaked into Hudson Bay last week?"

"Yeh, that was tough!" agreed Bull, carrying out the pretense. "I always hate to see a prospector killed."

So the meal progressed: Stories of crack-ups and men shattered beneath the wreckages; of ships dropping like plummets out of the clouds, to go splashing down into the center of a black lake, never to rise again; of the innumerable instances where men, strange to the air, had remained strapped and silent when at last a plane came to a landing, dead from excessive strain upon the heart.

"The first symptom is a ringing in the ears," said Cap Manning.

It was lots of fun; it entered the heads of none of them that it might be cruel and unsportsmanlike. That would have been resented; these were men of the sportiest game in the world. Some of them were aces; since the war they had known nothing but to keep moving the wings which combat had given them.

They lived in the air, actually or mentally; they knew or cared for nothing else. As for Shorty, they were just having a little fun with a simple fellow out of the bush. At last the meal ended, and the force sauntered forth into the sunlight, while in the rear, grudging his steps, Shorty McNeil followed. It was not pleasant to look forward to a seven-hundred-mile hop after the things he had just heard.

It was to be a six-hour flight, but there was no hurry. This was early July, time of lengthy days; far in the North, where they were bound, darkness would not come until midnight. Departure therefore was as casual as Cap Manning cared to make it. But at last they were at the dock.

There the force engaged in elaborate farewells and extended great courtesies to Shorty McNeil as they helped him and his pack sack into the canoe. Suddenly, however, Cap Manning turned from an extended survey of the horizon.

"We'd better be fanning along," he said curtly, jerking a nod to the waiting Cree. "Let's go!"

There was a difference in his tone which caused Shorty McNeil's eyes to look suddenly to the north. The blue of the sky turned to gray there—a queer, sticky gray. Shorty did not like the businesslike way in which Manning climbed into his seat, once the ship had been reached, the certain brusqueness with which he commanded the prospector to watch his feet as he clumsily clambered into the rear cockpit and tugged at the belt which he always fastened with suffocating tightness about his body.

(Continued on Page 54)

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F. O. B. Factory (Special Equipment Extra)

(Continued from Page 52)

Then there were various commands and answering voices as a mechanic spun the propeller and returned to the waiting canoe; after that the sullen roar of the motor sent Shorty McNeil's head down against the stiffening breeze. Once, when he risked a glance up, he saw that the plane was moving and spray beginning to fly from the pontoons. Cap Manning was waving a hand to the crowd on the dock. Then the ship swerved into the wind. There was that heavy-lightness of feeling which the taking off of a pontoon ship invariably carries as it struggles to lift itself into the air. It rose; it tipped the water with long swishes. At last there was only the roar of the motor and the scream of the wind. Shorty McNeil bent lower, his knotted hands clasped tightly before him. Suffering was to be his for hours.

Lake McLachlan lay far into the northwest, a little collection of shanties where diamond drills and chortling portable gasoline compressors, laboriously taken in over the snow during the previous winter, were digging deep into a tremendous outcropping of rusty-appearing mineral. Thus do cities of the North begin; first a canoe and a prospector, and after that the seemingly endless agony of transportation that drills may explore deep into the ground to determine the worth of a promising surface prospect. Not until that is done, until thousands upon thousands of feet have been bitten into and their value determined in the furnace of the assayer, can true improvement come. But in the meanwhile, the prospector must go onward, tracing out the pitch of the vein and filing his claims in the names of others, so that when the bonanza becomes a reality, it may be one for the workings of years and not a scattered thing for success or failure by half a dozen companies. That was Shorty's job at Lake McLachlan. He would have been glad to remain at it, had not the gang at Lac du Grace sent a plane for him.

This was the part of his life that he hated, not so much for the actuality of it as for the torment that it brought him. The word had passed out quickly that Shorty McNeil was afraid of the air. He had neither denied it nor seen cause to make excuses for it. Shorty had found a number of things in his wandering existence of which to be afraid. The sweep of blizzard, the booming of trees as they crashed about a wilderness camp during a summer storm, the regurgitant bellow of a forest fire. But he had endured them. It was part of his job, just as he had taken this new order of things to be also a part of it. But they had not let it rest there. They had made a coward of him for their own fun—and in doing so, they had almost made Shorty McNeil a coward to himself.

He sat now in misery, cramped, head bowed, half sick. His ears had begun to ring, and a strange aching made its way into his neck glands. The ship roared on, roared and shrieked, or bumped eerily as it struck the air pockets above lakes or streams. After a long time, Shorty McNeil straightened as if in answer to an inner urge. His teeth gritted, and his abnormally broad shoulders took on a stiffening as he deliberately raised his head and looked out over the side.

He tried to tell himself that it was like riding on a train over a high trestle. The psychology failed. There was too much expanse of earth swimming beneath, too much of rocking uncertainty. The horizon rose weirdly when the ship banked, and fell away like a bullet when Manning righted it again, causing Shorty to catch hastily at the sides of the cockpit. Again he lowered his head and closed his eyes; he did not risk another glance for hours. Then suddenly he looked up again.

Still Plodding, Shorty McNeil Went Onward

A spray of dampness had shrieked about him in the roaring blast of the propeller. Daylight had lessened. Shorty McNeil's jaw sagged as he looked anxiously about him, seeing nothing but the white gray of fog, the bent form of Manning in the forward cockpit, the tilted nose of the airplane. A phrase from the company's rule book flashed across his brain.

"You're in trouble when you're in fog. Climb!"

Old fears veered to new ones now. Higher, higher, went the ship in a gradual ascent. It seemed an age to the stocky man in the rear cockpit. At last they broke forth into sunshine above a billowing floor of rolling gray.

Manning looked back, laughed, and then for a time poked the nose of the plane into the mass of cloud, meanwhile studying the gaunt face of his companion with evident enjoyment. He did not continue it long, however. Soon he was climbing anew, to a safe altitude. The plane roared on, and Manning did not look back again. Instead, with an arm hooked over the side of the cockpit, he often leaned far out, staring for long periods below. The afternoon began to wane. Suddenly Manning sent his craft skimming downward, deep into the feathery gloom, and there, like a man searching in a dark room, crept lower, lower, until Shorty McNeil

(Continued on Page 209)

"Are You All Right, Shorty?" He Asked. There Was an Anxious, Vibratory Quality to His Voice

Nobody wants to give up Coffee...

Nobody needs to now!

In the morning at your own breakfast table

At noon at your favorite restaurant

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IF YOU'VE said "goodbye" to coffee, now you can welcome it back again. You can sniff its appetizing aroma in the morning—you can yield to its steaming cheer at night—you can drink coffee to your heart's content.

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The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning, you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret!

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Endorsed by physicians

Physicians here and abroad endorse Sanka Coffee whole-heartedly. They recommend it to patients who cannot drink other coffees because of caffein's effect upon sleep, nerves or digestion.

Your grocer carries Sanka Coffee—ground or in the bean—in pound cans that preserve its freshness and its fragrance. He sells it, moreover, on this money-back basis: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not fully satisfied, simply return what's left and we'll cheerfully refund the full purchase price."

Be on drinking terms once more with coffee—get a pound of delicious Sanka Coffee this very day!

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SANKA COFFEE

Genuine SANKA COFFEE *Delicious*

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

SURPRISE STUFF—By George W. Gray

BOOM towns go hand in hand with sudden prosperity and romantic reversals of fortune. Their surprise endings are as characteristic as their beginnings, but surely never did a boom have outcome more unexpected than that which dogged the Kansas town of Dexter, in the south of the state.

The town was ripe for an oil boom. Local geological formations bespoke petroleum; the very cornfields oozed promise of it; every farmer was figuring what the oil rights to his acres ought to be worth. Suddenly a test well blew in with a roar and a rush which shot stones and mud over the top of the derrick. Excitement ran high. The boom was on.

As the well continued to flow it brought up only gas; and finally the prospectors had to conclude that they had opened up merely a field of natural gas. But gas is a valuable fuel for cooking, heating, lighting; after local needs were supplied, the surplus could be sold to neighboring communities via pipe line. So the town's expectation changed to a gas boom. A holiday was declared to celebrate the good fortune; a platform erected, the mayor prepared a speech; people gathered to witness the ceremonial event of turning on the gas, scheduled to follow the speechmaking—and indeed, up to this point, the program went off like clockwork.

Then came an embarrassing hitch—the gas blew out the lighted match which the mayor held to the open jet. After several trials the flustered officials explained that the high pressure was to blame. They would extend the pipe to one side, build a bonfire, turn a slow stream of gas into the fire, and then everyone would see it burn.

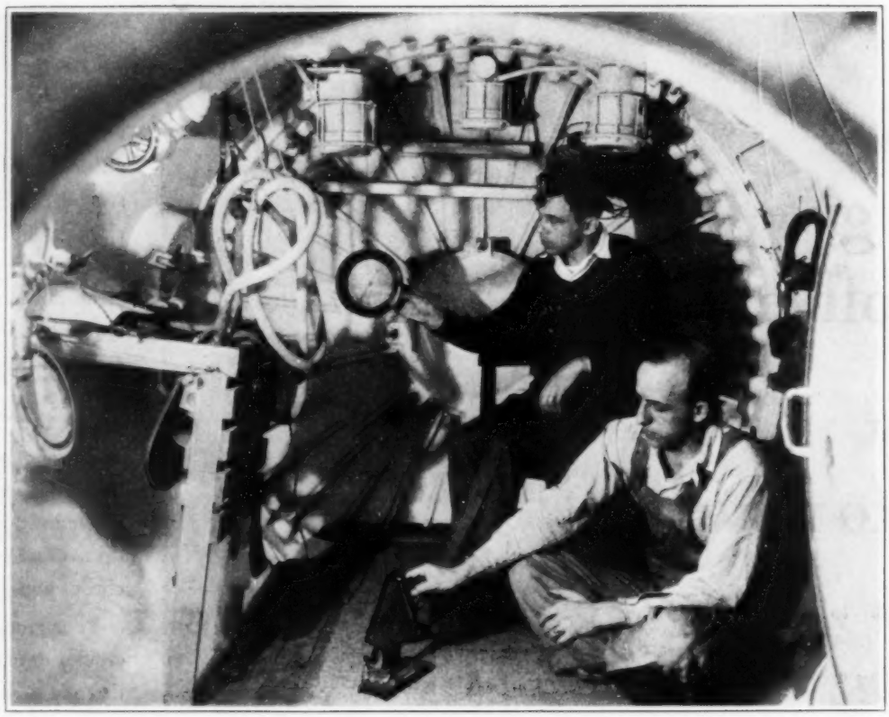
But the bonfire fared no better than the match. The loudest optimist could no longer blink the awful fact that Dexter's gas was dead, and suddenly its boom was dead.

Rival towns laughed; jokes and gibes about the new-found "fire extinguisher" circulated, but the mayor determined to get to the bottom of this queer business. Why was the gas dead? He put that question up to the University of Kansas. The result was a visit from Prof. H. P. Cady, who took samples, analyzed the gas, and announced that it contained the two inert elements, nitrogen and helium.

Under Government Control

NITROGEN was familiar, but helium? Oh, helium was that mysterious something which had been seen first in the sun, later found on the earth in infinitesimal quantities in a rare mineral; and now, here it was imprisoned in the Kansas soil. But what was the good of helium?

The professor knew of no industrial use. It was an interesting laboratory curiosity, next to hydrogen the lightest of all known things. A chemist in Holland was experimenting with a small quantity which he had obtained at enormous cost by laborious distillation. As for any commercial value—no, there was no market for helium.



The "Iron Doctor," a Decompression Chamber Used to Relieve Divers Suffering From the Heavy Pressures of Undersea Work

But, as we have seen, helium has a way of turning the tables on forecasts and expectations. It is, as one engineer remarked, "surprise stuff." Indeed, its whole romantic history is one succession of surprises, and not least among them is the sequel to this humiliating collapse of the Dexter gas boom. For today there are Kansas farmers whose helium leases pay better than their agricultural crops. During 1929, 2,500,000 cubic feet of the light gas were extracted from the Kansas cornfields to fill airships and balloons.

From being merely a chemical oddity, helium has become one of the most treasured of our national resources. More than 8,500,000 cubic feet were produced in the United States during 1929, and an Act of Congress forbids any exportation of the precious gas except by special permission of the President.

The Government regards the helium supply as so important to the national defense and to the future of aeronautics, that it has undertaken the work of prospecting for and producing the gas. The largest helium-extraction plant in the world was recently installed near Amarillo, Texas, and is being operated by the Bureau of Mines. All this Texas production is reserved for government use and goes to fill dirigibles of the Army and the Navy. The airship Los Angeles requires 2,470,000 cubic feet for a filling, and the two new Navy dirigibles recently ordered will each need 6,500,000 cubic feet.

Hydrogen Hazards

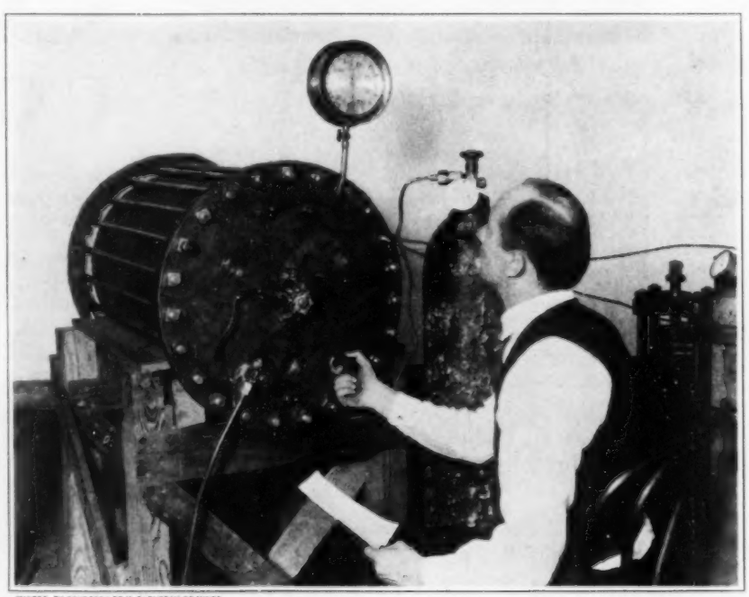
THE very quality which damned helium at the time of its discovery in Kansas is the quality that makes it so esteemed today. Hydrogen has the advantage in lifting power—ninety-two cubic feet of hydrogen can lift a load which would require one hundred cubic feet of helium. But every atom of hydrogen carries with it a fire hazard so great that the history of aeronautics is strewn with fatalities resulting from hydrogen explosions.

The destruction of German Zeppelins by incendiary bullets gave a spectacular demonstration of the vulnerability of the hydrogen warship. And in time of peace, when accident alone was responsible, we have had such disasters as the burning of the British airship R-38, in 1921, with forty-four men lost; of the American Roma, at Hampton, in 1922, with thirty-four lost; and of the French Dixmude, in 1923, with fifty lost. Following the R-38 accident, the New York Herald said, "If we can't afford helium, we can't afford airships"—a sentiment that was generally echoed and indorsed by the press.

As recently as 1928, three balloons starting from St. Louis in the International race for the James Gordon Bennett trophy were struck by lightning, their hydrogen ignited, and they came down in flames.

Col. Charles DeForest Chandler, former chief of the Balloon and Airship Division of the U. S. Army Air Service, reports that hydrogen ships have been ignited by the accidental rubbing of the fabric against doorways while entering or leaving a hangar. Balloons have been fired by electrical sparks generated by friction of the swaying gas bag against the ground cloth.

Those who were in that excited crowd which gathered at Lakehurst to welcome the Graf Zeppelin on its first flight to America will remember the printed slips that were distributed among spectators, asking them not to smoke. The German airship carried in its insides 3,500,000 cubic feet of hydrogen—nine tons of potential inferno which needed but the flying spark from a cigarette or the smoldering tip of a match to touch it off.



PHOTOS, BY COURTESY OF U. S. BUREAU OF MINES

Experimenting With Helium Atmosphere to Improve Conditions Affecting Deep-Sea Diving

(Continued on Page 64)

"Me pay 50¢ for a tooth paste ? let me laugh"

"I paid that for years—thought I had to in order to have nice teeth.

"But I don't pay that much now. I've had a small but worth-while lesson in economy.

"It occurred to me one day that all tooth pastes are pretty much alike. If that was so, what was the use of paying fancy prices; that led me to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢. Been using it right along now, and figure I save myself about $4 a year. What's more, my teeth look cleaner and whiter than ever and my mouth feels simply great!"

That's the way a lot of men and women talk. Actually, more than a million people have rejected costly dentifrices for this modern one which sells for 25¢, the large tube. And while the price has been a consideration, the deciding factor in their selection was the outstanding quality of this tooth paste and the remarkable results achieved by it.

If you aren't already using Listerine Tooth Paste, do so at the first opportunity. Note how swiftly but how gently it erases discolorations and tartar. And how lustrous it leaves the teeth. Contained in it are new polishing and cleansing agents. They are harder than tartar and so remove it. But they are softer than enamel and consequently do not hurt it.

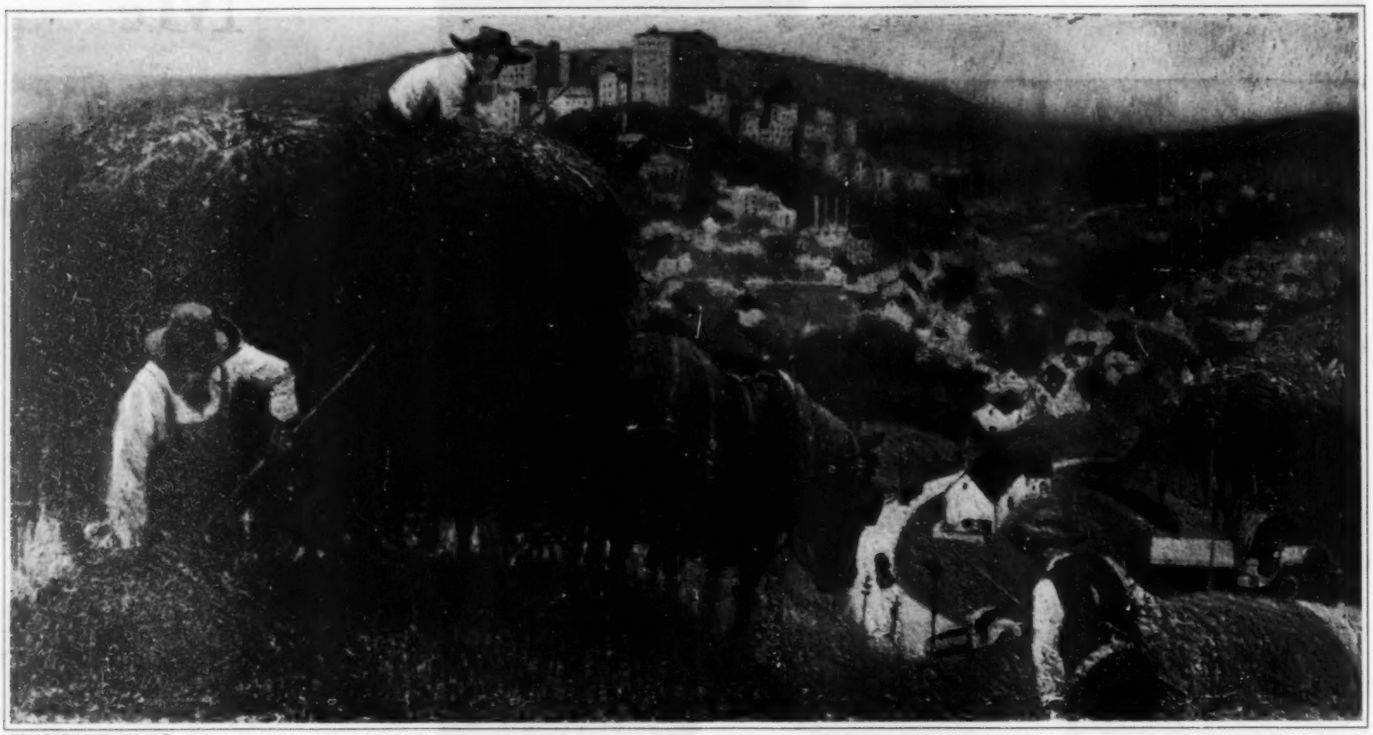
We are willing to wager that once you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will not return to higher-priced dentifrices which accomplish no more. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Buy house slippers with what it saves

Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ saves you about $3 per year per person compared to dentifrices in the high-price field. Spend that $3 as you please. Slippers is merely a suggestion. Handkerchiefs, hose, neckties, cigars, cigarettes are other possibilities.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

DEFLATION—By WILL PAYNE



FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM D. WHITE

IF YOU should look over the files of newspapers back to the time when newspapers began, you would surely be struck by at least one thing—namely, the first report of a sudden catastrophe is exaggerated. That is not chargeable to mendacity, but only to nerves. A chief purpose of nerves is protective—to warn you of danger. Most people's nerves perform this function so conscientiously that at any sharp shock they set off all the alarm gongs in the shop, when usually a mere tinkle would be enough. Your first impression from the unexpected detonation of a cannon firecracker is that the town blew up. So, in the case of any sudden catastrophe, it is only some time after the dust has settled, the reverberations have ceased, and people have calmed down, that you get an accurate report of what happened. Then you find that the hurricane did not kill 1000 people, but only 327; all the houses west of Main Street were not shattered by the explosion, but only a third of them; the property damage from the fire was not $5,000,000 but only $1,500,000.

Wall Street recently treated the country's nerves to a violent jolt, and, as usual, first impressions were exaggerated. From the middle of September to the middle of November, 1929, market value of shares dealt in on the principal exchanges of the country fell something like $40,000,000,000. There was hardly an active stock listed on the Big Board in New York that lost less than one-quarter of its quoted price. More than 300 issues, including many of the highest intrinsic value, lost half their market value. More than 100 issues lost three-quarters or more of their price—this latter list, of course, comprising many of the cat-and-dog sort; yet somebody was holding them.

Spending Stage Money

THIS happened when far more people were in the market than ever before. Beginning approximately with September, 1927, when Federal Reserve policy made money unusually easy, volume of trading in stocks and outside participation in speculation had been steadily rising, as evidenced by the daily turnover on the New York Stock Exchange and the Curb, and by the continuous expansion in loans to New York brokers for the purpose of carrying stocks on margin. Bull speculation had literally seeped into every nook and corner of the land and into all walks of life above the bread line. Butcher and baker, banker and bricklayer, bishop and bootlegger had something on the long side of the stock market. Country banks dotted all over the land set up special connections with the market to accommodate their speculative customers. Consequently, in the crash, the slaughter of bull speculators was the greatest ever known.

Here is another picture of what happened. Early in September, 1927, when the beginning of the great popular speculative movement may be approximately dated, brokers' loans as reported by the New York Stock Exchange stood at $3,700,000,000 in round numbers and the Dow-Jones average price of leading industrial stocks stood at 197. Of course, the market had its incidental ups and downs, as every market, speculative or other, always does in all times; but the big sweep was decidedly up until September, 1929, when brokers' loans stood at $8,500,000,000 and the Dow-Jones industrial average had risen to 381. Then came the smash, so that in November brokers' loans were down to $4,000,000,000 and the average price of industrials had fallen to 198. At the same time, leading rails, starting at 140, moved up to 189, then fell to 128. In fine, stocks were two years ascending a hill and two months in falling down again, pretty much to the same point from which they started. As is always happening in speculation, the market handed around a lot of stage money for bull operators to play with and then quite abruptly took it back. There would not be so much damage in that, but—as also always happens in speculation—the recipients of this bogus gift mostly took it for good money and spent it. Restitution came hard.

Their having spent the bogus money was what really made the trouble. Obviously, if a man made $1000 on the upswing, leaving it to his credit at the broker's or putting it in the bank and losing it on the downswing, nothing important happened except to his emotions. He would be much in the position of a man who during a real-estate boom is told that his unmortgaged residence is worth $20,000, and, after the slump, that it is worth only $10,000. But all the while it is just the same house. It is when he mortgages the residence for $15,000 and spends the money that he is in for real affliction. That some millions of speculators, big and little, would spend less after the crash than they had been spending before was what gave the affair its national economic significance. With that in mind, it is clear that one of the most important aspects of brokers' loans was generally overlooked by the financial authorities who discussed the subject. Those loans are mainly to carry stocks on margins. When they rose from $4,000,000,000 to $8,500,000,000 it was indubitable evidence of enormously extensive speculation; a Florida land boom on a national scale. That always means free spending of paper profits, mounting liabilities, a smash and a painful reckoning. So, to say that brokers' loans were of little or no significance because in any case they would not wreck the country's credit structure, and there was still money for all legitimate business demands, no more covered the case than it would to say to an employer, "Half your office force is drinking a quart of whisky a head a day, but that doesn't matter at all; there is plenty of whisky left."

The grand fault of speculation is this: If you win you spend the money and then lose it again, but you have to pay the loss in real money—too often digging it right up out of your gizzard. If you don't win to begin with—why, then you lose, and that's that. There was, however, no such loss in the Wall Street smash as first impression indicated. In the Street, while the dust was settling, they told me confidently that "everybody" had been in the market—and even that "almost everybody" was broke, which would be a rather serious matter. No such stock-market loss can ever be accurately assessed, but one can get some glimpses of it.

Investors' Values Not Affected

IN THE first place, while the market value of listed stocks fell something like $40,000,000,000, the loss to bull operators was not within shouting distance of such a sum. Nobody suffered anything like such a real loss. To take just a few conspicuous examples: American Telephone & Telegraph went up to 310 and dropped to 193. Western Union topped 272 and slumped to 155. General Electric climbed to 403 and tobogganed to 168. United States Steel crossed 261 and slid off to 150. Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway reached 298 and slumped back to 195. New York Central got over 256 and fell to 160. These are only a few outstanding and illustrative cases.

Now, all the while a great part of the shares of those and most other companies were held by people who neither bought, sold nor borrowed, and who, consequently, were not really richer when stocks were at the top or poorer when they were at the bottom. The real position of such investment holders was not affected either by the rise or the fall, except as the one might possibly induce a greater use of telephone, telegraph and railroad service, steel, electric lamps, and so forth, and the fall might induce a lessened use. Increased or decreased consumption might affect the incomes of the companies, but the acrobatics of the stock would in themselves have no direct effect.

(Continued on Page 60)

A Taste as Distinctive as the Blend that produced it. ¶ A Character as rare as the tobaccos it contains

Old Briar TOBACCO

YOU have never smoked anything quite like **Old Briar**. . . . . Smoke a full pouch of it . . . See what skillful Blending of the Choicest Grades of Burley and other fine, flavory tobaccos has done to give *you* a better tobacco . . . a different kind of a Pipe Smoke.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

15 cents

(Continued from Page 58)

Only speculative holders of stocks were directly hit. There is really no telling how many there were or how much they lost, but only a few of them could have bought at the very top or sold at the very bottom, so even as to them the gross spread between highest price and lowest price gives an exaggerated view of the catastrophe. Undoubtedly also a considerable part of bull losses consisted of unspent profits and was therefore merely a paper loss. Many bulls took their profits in time and still have them. In short, at first glance there is a loss of $40,000,000,000 or so, but a little calm scrutiny shows that far and away the greater part of it is only imaginary. The country as a whole was in the position of the long stockholder who neither bought nor sold—that is, no richer really because of the rise in stock prices and no poorer because of the fall. The railroads, telephones, power stations, rolling mills, and so on, were there exactly as they had been before—not a cent less valuable unless the consumption of their output should be curtailed. There were no failures worth mentioning. Banks and general credit structure were in tip-top condition. The question was: Will curtailed buying by victims of the stock crash noticeably reduce consumption in general?

Like everything else in the future, that was more or less problematical, but the best theoretical line that one could get on the answer lay ready to hand—only, so far as I noticed, nobody turned to it. Fortunately for the occupation in which I have spent the greater part of my life, people generally have short memories. I never turn back in the files without realizing anew how short my own memory is. This stock-market deflation came dramatically, in a series of earthquake shocks that arrested the breathless attention of the whole country. So it looked much bigger than it really was. Actually it was a small affair compared with the deflation that happened only nine years ago—roughly from May, 1920, to May, 1921, on the collapse of the postwar boom. In the smash of 1929 the average price of industrial stocks fell 47 per cent. In the postwar deflation the same average fell 46 per cent. True, there was nothing like such extensive trading nine years ago, fewer people were in the market, and the drop was not so sudden. But even on the stock market the relative shrinkage in values was almost the same. Nine years ago, however, what happened on the stock market was hardly a sideshow to the main performance. The Department of Labor's index number for the wholesale prices of all commodities taken together went off more than 100 points. The farm price of the wheat crop of 1919 was $2.15 a bushel and of the crop of 1921 only 93 cents a bushel; of the corn crop, $1.34 a bushel in 1919 and 42 cents in 1921; of the cotton crop 36 cents a pound in 1919 and 14 cents next year. Practically everybody who had goods on hand, either as producer or holder, was hit amidship.

The Economist's Vicious Circle

NOW, nobody need have stocks on hand, especially on margin, unless he chooses to. Everyone who does have stocks on margin knows perfectly that he is taking a risk and he must have had some surplus to begin with, or he couldn't have put up a margin. But if the population is to be fed and clothed, a great many people must have goods on hand—farmers must go on raising crops, factories must keep stocks of raw materials, merchants must be carrying all sorts of commodities. So the slaughter of 1920 was in very considerable part among innocent bystanders, and however extensive stock speculation may have been in 1929, it took in but a fraction of the number who were reached by the previous deflation. Agriculture, for the time being, was broke. Before the deflation was over at least 4,000,000 industrial wage earners were out of work and many others were on part time. There, in short, was a reduction in the country's purchasing power that might well have given the most optimistic some gloomy thoughts.

It had always run in a vicious circle: Speculation, inflation, smash; a falling off in orders; plants closed, many men out of work; consequently, less buying power and less chance of starting the plants up again. In 1921 we were at the bottom of the orbit, and to that point it was all strictly in accordance with the time-honored pattern of business cycles—depression following boom and then digging itself in by unemployment which decimated the country's ability to buy goods.

But at that point something happened that was not according to pattern; a radical departure that is even now too little remembered by people in general. In fact, it is only quite recently that a clear and comprehensive picture of the course of events at that time has been made available in convenient form. Stocks had been deflated. Commodities had been deflated. The Department of Labor's index number, representing the wholesale price of all commodities, starting at a prewar 100, had moved up to 246 by May, 1920; then fallen to 145 by May, 1921. Postwar-boom gas was all out of the bag, except in one place. The Department of Labor's index number for hourly rates of wages, starting at 100 for prewar, had moved up steadily year by year until it stood at 205 in 1921, after all other index numbers had fallen headlong. What more natural and more in accordance with precedent, then, than that labor should be deflated too? Everybody else had taken that medicine. Cost of living had, of course, descended sharply along with commodity prices, and it was axiomatic that wages should follow cost of living. Through the war and the brief but violent postwar boom, wages had advanced because cost of living was rising. Now that cost of living had fallen, should not wages fall also? Here were 4,000,000 men out of work and many others on part time. That in itself was a powerful argument for lower wages. All the standard arguments, it seemed, favored wage deflation.

The Workingman Comes Into Easy Money

THOSE arguments were liberally used. In numberless responsible quarters deflation of wages was taken as a matter of course—something that must happen, whether anybody liked it or not. Apparently some spokesmen for organized labor suspected that it must happen. To be sure, Samuel Gompers, then president of the American Federation of Labor, announced warmly that labor would not accept any wholesale reduction in wages; and I was surprised, in looking over the files the other day, to see how much heat on the other side that statement provoked. I had forgotten that only nine years ago it was rather the fashion for spokesmen on both sides to make such nasty faces at each other. And I rediscovered—what, also, I had fairly forgotten—that some capitalistic spokesmen were, in fact, quite pleased by the prospect of a drastic cut in wages. There is an obvious "Now let the blockheads learn a lesson!" air in their utterances. The high-wage idea had not then crystallized. There was still too much cat-and-dog in the relations of employer and employe. It seemed an open question whether or not there was to be a powerful, concerted movement for radical lowering of the wage scale.

Something else was happening at the same time. When the great deflation took place, a long, hard fight to restrict immigration was coming to a head. Perhaps many people have forgotten how long and hard that fight was. That and wage deflation hooked together, for in both cases the real choice was between low wages and high wages, although what antirestrictionists mainly talked of was our sacred duty to provide a haven for the oppressed. The immigration fight was won. The first restriction law came in May, 1921, at the bottom of the depression. Its effect was to cut immigration from Eastern and Southeastern Europe and Western Asia from an average of 680,000 a year before the war to about 20,000 a year. One has warrant for doubting that the wage scale would have held if that flood of cheap labor had not been cut off.

Of course the wage scale did not hold absolutely. Some New England cotton mills announced a wage cut. A leading woolen manufacturer gave public notice that reductions in that field must be expected and expressed a hope that "with liquidation of labor, along with other commodities, confidence would probably induce a buying movement." There were a good many such cuts. It may be questioned that labor, of itself, was in a position to resist more and deeper cuts. It was by no means closely organized, and with the best of organization, 4,000,000 men out of work make a highly unfavorable situation for a labor fight.

But while the high-wage idea had not really crystallized, employers had seen wages rising steadily since 1914, and their profits rising at the same time. They had seen money wages doubled in six years and themselves far from ruined, unless the great deflation had happened to ruin them. To take a few random illustrations: In boots and shoes the average hourly rate for cutters had moved from 36 cents to 83 cents; in iron and steel the average hourly rate for stokers had gone from 18 cents to 53 cents, of steel pourers from 34 cents to 93 cents, and so forth. A great number of wage rates had decidedly more than doubled. Still, till deflation came, employers prospered also. They were no longer afraid of high wages.

There was no particular organized movement to maintain the wage scale, but employers on the whole were much more anxious to get production started upward than they were to quarrel about wages. Production, therefore, did start upward again, with only a small recession in wages. The Department of Labor's index number for the average wage rate, referred to above, dropped 6 per cent in the following year, but went up almost 10 per cent in the year following that.

Exactly there, out of the great deflation, is where American labor reaped the biggest gain it has ever made in one jump. Commodity prices and cost of living did not go up again after the fall. But wages, after some unimportant hesitation, held up to the highest previous point, and soon even went ahead of it. It was the first sharp split between wages and cost of living. Wages on the whole rose quite steadily from 1896 to the World War, but prices rose in almost the same ratio. The gain in real wage has been reckoned at under one-half of one per cent a year. During the war period and the postwar boom money wages rose rapidly, but not more rapidly than commodity prices. It was only out of the deflation that wages really broke away from cost of living.

Cost of living is highly unsatisfactory as a final measure of wages. It pretends to say how much money a typical wage-earning family must have during the year in order to sustain its members in health and decency. But no two wage-earning families, out of several million such, will agree on the details or the total. It is well known that in many times and places thousands of families have in fact sustained themselves in tolerable health and decency on less than their book cost of living. And simply maintaining oneself in tolerable health and decency isn't getting very far. One can do that in jail if he picks a good jail. The split between wages and cost of living in 1922 was the largest single gain American labor has made. Ever since then wages have gone upward while commodity prices have remained stationary or gone downward.

That might not have happened except for the great deflation of 1920. At that time money wages had been rising rapidly for some years, industry had been on the expanding hand and jobs had been plentiful. Labor had boomed along with the rest of the country. It was getting easy money—which means, simply, more money than you are accustomed to handling, however much or little you handled before. For example, I recently heard that a former neighbor, who had $2,000,000 when I knew him, was reduced to $1,000,000 by this stock-market smash. Presumably his income is still $50,000 a year or so. But that isn't easy money for him. He was long accustomed to twice that, so it's dreadfully hard money—so hard it makes his bones creak. But if he had been accustomed to $20,000 a year and a lucky speculation put him up to $50,000, he would be rolling in easy money. A rapid increase of money income, anywhere up or down the scale, is easy money. Up to 1920, then, labor was getting easy money and becoming increasingly careless. The record shows it.

Economic Changes of the '20's

FOR one thing, the labor turnover—that is, the shifting of hands from plant to plant—especially of unskilled workmen, became preposterous. Hordes of workmen drifted about from town to town and factory to factory. Every plant was constantly renewing its personnel. One manager complained that they simply walked in at one door and out at the other. An investigation by the Industrial Bureau of the Merchants' Association indicated that in the first eight months of 1920 the labor turnover in New York factories was 125 per cent for skilled and semiskilled hands, and 265 per cent for unskilled. Similar inquiries elsewhere showed similar conditions.

Certainly that was not chargeable solely to labor. Management was greatly to blame. If jobs were plentiful, so were hands, and in many or most cases no systematic, intelligent effort was made to retain workmen. Management, too, had grown slack. The result was increasing inefficiency.

With steadily expanding use of machinery, the factory output per hand employed should steadily rise. In fact, it had been rising up to the war. But in 1919 the factory output per person employed was lower than it had been in 1914, or even in 1909—proof enough of inefficiency in both management and labor. Since 1914 the number of persons employed in manufactures had increased more than 2,500,000. Increased production was largely obtained by the easy expedient of putting on more hands.

Then came the deflation, and unemployment more extensive than since the hard times of 1893–96. You may remember that President Harding promptly appointed a commission, of which Herbert Hoover was chairman, to see what could be done about that. The principal work of the commission was completed long since, but it recently published two supplementary volumes, dealing with economic changes from 1920 to 1929. In discussing the subject of industrial output per person employed, this supplementary report says, "The startling and unexpected change came in 1922." By that time production had moved up again, unemployment had about disappeared, and apparently both management and labor went back to the job in a rather different frame of mind; for the 1923 census of manufactures showed an output per worker 27 per cent

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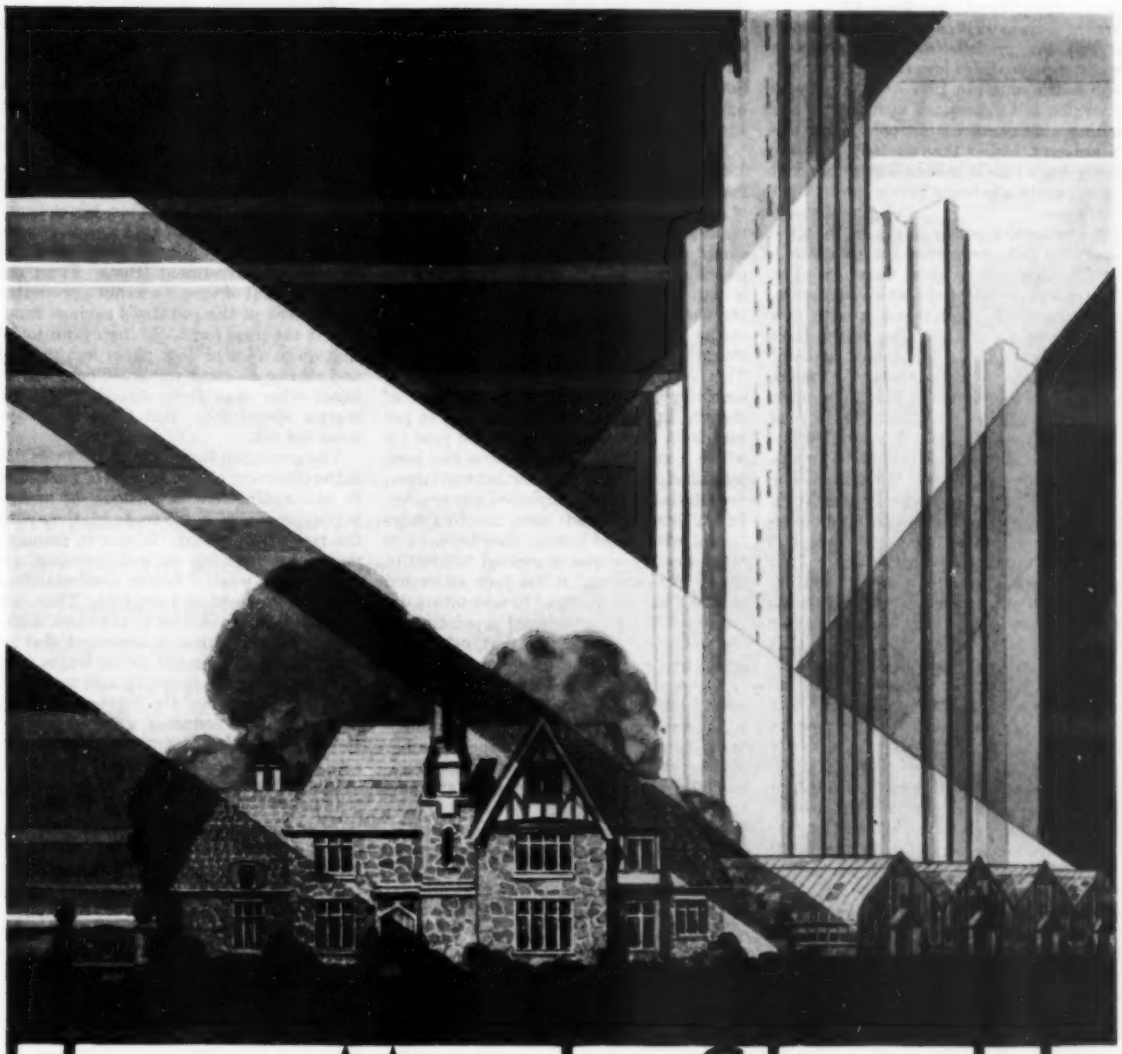

How Much Should *Pipe Cost ?*

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For you can now obtain COP-R-LOY Pipe, made of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, considerably less expensive than some pipe. And you can be certain of all the needed strength for emergencies (56,000 pounds tensile strength per square inch). Also you can remove all anxiety from your mind as to durability because the formula to which COP-R-LOY is constantly made has been proved to achieve from two to several times more defiance of deterioration under atmospheric conditions than plain steel.

And COP-R-LOY has proved resistance to corrosion under far more treacherous conditions than atmospheric. You seldom require greater durability for *any* piping installation.

Pipe that meets all normal and many extraordinary conditions is dependable pipe. If its cost is low (COP-R-LOY Pipe costs scarcely a noticeable amount more than steel pipe) give credit to the distributor for the economy made possible for you. No piping job need cost more for the material than you pay for COP-R-LOY Pipe. Send for booklet containing the facts you should know about this modern pipe.

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THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

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TIMES

An interesting fact for you who pay pipe bills, is the thorough and continuous testing and inspection of all successive manufacturing steps in the production of COP-R-LOY Pipe. Fifty-five separate and distinct precautionary measures are employed to insure that this pipe meets the high standards Wheeling has set for it. Fifty-five separate tests and inspections leave no speculation as to quality of materials or the results of converting the materials into pipe of all customary sizes and finishes.

COP-R-LOY Pipe is used by the plumbing and heating industries in every part of the United States. It is specified by leading architects and engineers; also it is used by railroads for signal systems, airbrakes, steam and water lines; by manufacturing industries, for general piping requirements and for conversion into many products necessitating tubular form of metals, particularly refrigerator coils, flag poles, lighting poles, fence posts, railings, sprinkling systems, and for many other purposes.

In addition to Pipe, COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, is supplied to all of the steel consuming markets in many usable forms, notably Plates, Sheets, Tin and Terne Plate, Lithographed Tin Plate, Rods, Wire, Fencing, Range Boilers and Barrels. In the flat rolled form it is converted by manufacturers into a large number of articles for everyday use.

A beautiful California home with plumbing and heating systems entirely of COP-R-LOY Pipe. Architects: Miller & Warnecks, Oakland, Calif.; Plumbing Contractor: Joseph H. Jevons; Plumbing Wholesaler: Richmond Sanitary Company, Oakland, Calif.

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FROM MINE TO MARKET

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

John Boles

Not in years has the Screen produced such a thoroughly pleasing actor as JOHN BOLES, whose rise to fame has been rapid and sure. He has all the graces the women love, and the manly attributes that men admire.

Possessed of a handsome stage presence, a deep, rich talking voice and delightful singing voice, as well as unquestioned intelligence in his acting, he takes high rank amongst those male stars who have endeared the screen to the world.

You saw and heard him in "The Desert Song" and "Rio Rita." Now you are about to see and hear him in "Captain of the Guard," formerly entitled "La Marseillaise," a beautiful operetta romance of the French Revolution. Also you will see him soon in Paul Whiteman's "King of Jazz."

If you wish to know more detail of "Captain of the Guard" or "King of Jazz" or "All Quiet on the Western Front," write to me personally.

Why not become one of my correspondents from your town? Help your townsmen to secure good entertainment.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

JOHN BOLES in "Captain of the Guard"

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Avenue

New York City

If you want a photograph of JOHN BOLES send 10c in stamps

(Continued from Page 60)

greater than in 1919, and wages advanced beyond the predeflation peak, although prices were one-third lower. This again has been continuous. In 1927—the latest year for which full figures are available at this writing—industrial output per worker was 46 per cent higher than in 1919, and the hourly wage rate in money was 30 per cent higher, while wholesale prices were 35 per cent lower.

It has been a continuing gain, but the "startling and unexpected change came in 1922," following the great deflation. The country had experienced a wholesome scare. It tightened up and pitched in with new vim. Certainly the outcome might have been different. If a determined attempt had been made to "deflate labor"—that is, to cut wages correspondingly to the drop in commodity prices—and that attempt had been aided by the former unrestricted immigration, it is pretty certain that the outcome would have been different. The country had a good opportunity to make an important mistake. The postdeflation prosperity was not a gift from Santa Claus, but a result of intelligent management. That prosperity was not really a war gift, either, for the postwar boom and collapse made heavy inroads in whatever war gains there might have been. After the war was all over, prices at wholesale still advanced one-fourth, and bank loans expanded until the Federal Reserve System's gold reserve was down to 43 per cent. When that gas went out of the bag a lot of paper war profits went with it. In 1921 more than half of all the corporations reporting to the Bureau of Internal Revenue showed no net profit, but, in the aggregate, a net loss on the year of $3,878,000,000, which came within 10 per cent of offsetting the aggregate gain of all corporations that showed a profit. The net gain was less than half a billion, compared with almost $6,000,000,000 in the previous twelve months. It was a heart-searching year, but the clear, solid gains date from it rather than from the war. Says another part of the report on recent economic changes, above mentioned, "The art of management in almost all its aspects turned a corner in 1921." It seems a fair inference that it turned the corner in that particular year partly, at least, because it had received a great jolt in the ribs.

The Speculators Go Back to Work

With rapidly rising commodity prices, the five years 1916–1920 were a period of easy money for business generally. By and large, whoever had any goods could sell them for more than the same goods had been worth a few months earlier, which gave a pleasing illusion of wealth. In order to make money, it seemed, one had only to buy or hold goods. There was, in fact, a great speculation in commodities. There has been no such speculation since.

Technically speaking, neither labor nor business had anything to do with the stock-market inflation of 1928–1929. It had no effect on either wages or commodity prices. But for several million individuals it made easy money. Hardly a country village in the United States was without its bull operator or operators. A shrinkage in savings-bank deposits indicates that patrons of that class of banks were extensively in the market also. Most of these speculators were producers of one sort or another—persons gainfully employed. Many of them held important positions. A man whom I judge to be about forty-five, holding an executive position in a corporation at a salary of $20,000 a year, confessed that for two years he had made more out of the stock market than out of his job. Now he has not only lost all his profits but all that he had accumulated before speculation caught him. There are a great many such cases. Undoubtedly, that man's job looks far more important to him now than it did a short time ago when he was making more than his salary by the simple expedient of buying a sheaf of stocks on margin every now and then. Undoubtedly, the corporation will get a better $20,000 worth out of him this year than it got last. Very likely he would have said he was doing his best by his job all the while and have believed it. But I wouldn't believe it. Some million victims of the stock deflation have a much keener incentive to produce and save this year than they had last.

To be sure, they will spend less; but in 1921 a much greater number of people, engaged in agriculture, suffered as sharp a loss of buying power, and that did not prevent a notable expansion in production and consumption the following year. With a great national income very widely distributed, it is impossible to say definitely what effect on the total situation a change in economic status of any particular group will have, even though it is a really numerous group. This is well illustrated in the matter of employment. As noted above, output of manufacturers per worker increased 46 per cent from 1919 to 1927, the latest year for which a census of manufactures has been published; so, while total output was larger, the number of hands employed was smaller. In 1927, too, railroads were handling more freight with fewer hands. Employment in those two categories decreased 820,000 in the eight years, and it has been estimated that the number engaged in agriculture decreased 3,000,000 while total population increased 13,000,000. From that, one might get on paper a great army of unemployed in 1927, but in fact there was no unemployment in the usual sense of the word. Those who dropped out of agriculture, manufactures and railroads were absorbed in other occupations. A vigorous organization tends powerfully to take up the slack at any particular point.

Changing Capital-Labor Relations

It will be some time before the débris of the stock boom and collapse has been all cleared away. When the smash came, attention was focused almost exclusively on the immediate losses of margin speculators. But those will not be the only losses. After the postdeflation prosperity got well under way we regularly invested $6,000,000,000 to $8,000,000,000 a year in new securities, issued for new capital to finance our general program of expansion, including public undertakings such as schoolhouses, good roads, parks, water systems. This was the greater part of our national yearly savings. How it should be invested was, beyond question, a matter of first-rate importance. Up to and including 1927, common stocks had never made up as much as 10 per cent of the total. Far and away the greater part of this national savings fund went into bonds. At least one thing may be said for a bond issue—excluding refunding issues, which are not considered in the above. The money raised thereby almost always goes immediately into the industrial hopper. It is disbursed by the borrowing corporation or city to lay new rails, build new mills, bridges, roads, and so on. It is spent for materials and labor.

But with the wild rush to stocks that culminated in September, 1929, the picture radically changed. In that one month, out of $1,500,000,000 of new issues floated by domestic corporations, more than $1,000,000,000, or about 70 per cent of the total, consisted of common stocks. Bond flotations, whether corporate or municipal, all but ceased. If this had been only a different method of financing new undertakings, nothing need be said about it except that investors were decidedly more inclined than formerly to take greater risks in the hope of greater gains. But in its most characteristic aspect it was not simply a different method of financing new undertakings. In that aspect it was speculative rather than constructive, because the money raised by these new stock issues was used to buy other stocks. The Financial Chronicle's tabulation shows that in September new issues by what may be broadly classed as investment trusts or trading companies amounted to $643,000,000, and in the nine months ending with September to $2,240,000,000. Going back somewhat farther, the total comes to $4,000,000,000. We know, in fact, that quite a lot of this capital did not go into new construction, but into the speculative market.

Nonbank loans to New York brokers rose from about $2,000,000,000 at the beginning of 1929 to almost $4,000,000,000 at the height of the expansion. These nonbank loans helped to defeat the Federal Reserve Board's attempt to curb excessive speculation. They were irresponsible, beyond control. There is no doubt that a considerable part of the money for nonbank loans was supplied by investment trusts. From the national point of view it was not a profitable investment of the country's savings fund. And in the craze for stocks there is no doubt that quite a lot of poor paper was printed and sold to an eager public. There will be losses other than those directly borne by margin speculators. But there is always some red ink.

The great gain from 1920 to 1929 was not in the discovery of new sources of wealth, or in outstanding new inventions, or in any particular change in our trade relations with the rest of the world. It was in management—a tightening up and speeding up; cutting out waste; better understanding between employer and employe. Thus, the employers' first reaction to the stock deflation of 1929 was an announcement that no attempt would be made to cut wages, and labor spokesmen as promptly said that there would be no move for higher wages at present. That connotes a better understanding of the realities of capital-and-labor relations, which in itself is an important gain.

It is still called capital and labor, but that is no longer a good description. Cartoonists represent capital as a fat, heavy-jowled man, but in fact all individuality has washed out of it, until it is an indefinite, featureless mob; it is everybody in general and nobody in particular. The men on both sides of the conference table are employes, those on the managerial side representing owners only a handful of whom are known to them personally, and that handful, in typical instances of great corporations, holding less than a majority of the stock. The men on both sides have discovered, especially from the experience of the past seven years, that the one sure way for both to get more is to make the plant produce more—and starting with a row is a poor way to do that. They have discovered, especially in the past seven years, that production and consumption may be increased indefinitely, without any assignable limit. If only six apples are in sight, there may be a fight over the division. If an orchard of unknown extent is in plain view, the incentive to quarrel disappears. Discussing changes in management, that before-mentioned report says, "It is the man who can lead rather than dominate who is now chiefly desired in executive positions."

Apostles of Gloom

Another large gain from the experience of 1920–22 is implicit in the experience itself. We got a tremendous wallop, picked ourselves up, shook off the dust, and not only recovered our wind and our stride but notably improved them. The simple fact that we did it is a capital asset, giving confidence that we can do it again. Probably we are overconfident, as our Florida land boom and this very similar, but far more extensive, stock boom indicate. But undoubtedly, if you have to choose between the two, it is better to be overconfident than under. The latter, for example, has been one of England's handicaps all through the past seven years. Any American visiting that country and listening even cursorily has been struck by the ever-recurring notes of discouragement, in such contrast to the prevailing tone here. One of Germany's business liabilities consists in a persistent pointing with gloom. There, no doubt, it is mostly inspired by a patriotic hope of getting better reparations terms, but it is a liability just the same. Either as an individual or a nation, if you preach discouragement, you are

(Continued on Page 64)

J-M POWER CONSERVATION BRINGS LARGER PROFITS

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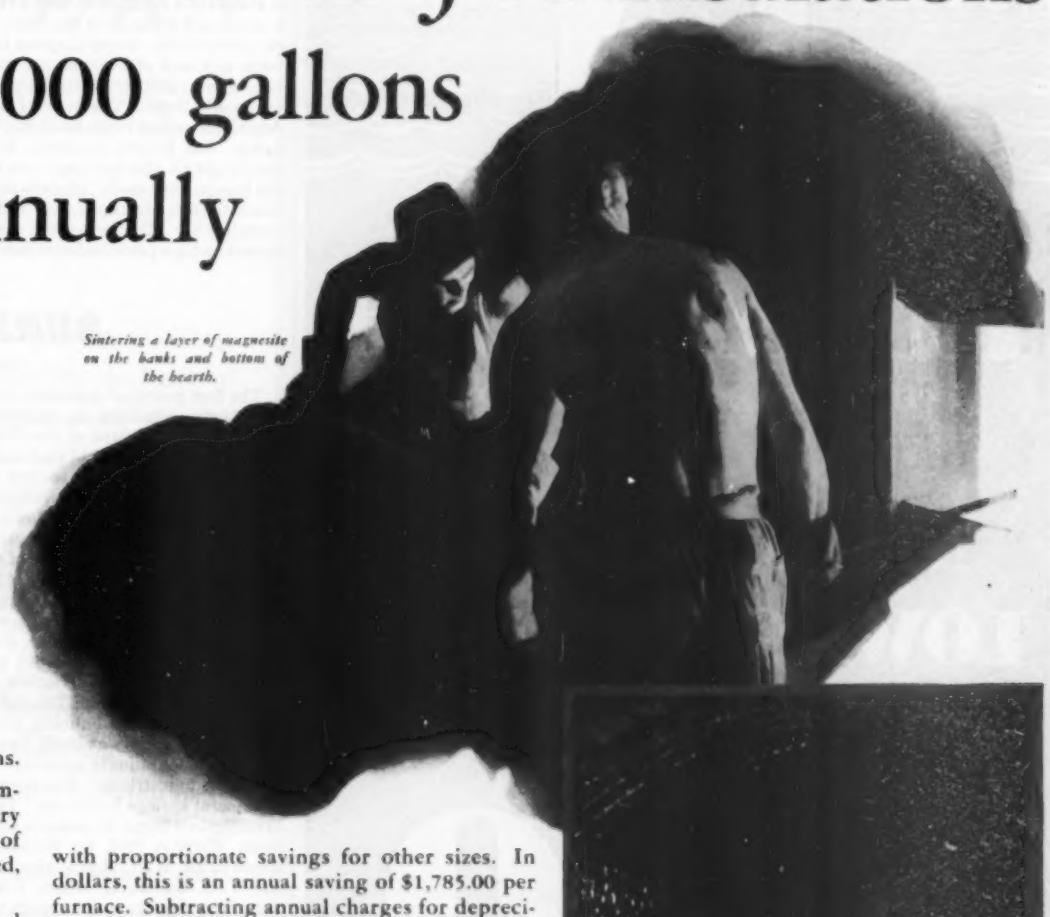

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The Lukens Steel Company, for 140 years a leader, finds new and important economies in scientific conservation of heat in the making of steel . . .
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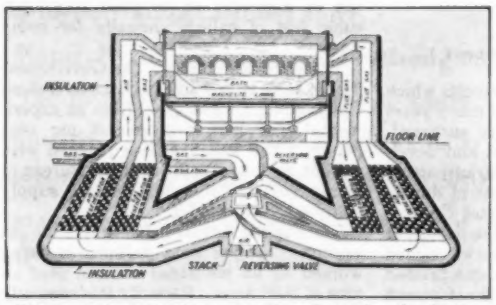
THERE are few improvements in industrial plants which will show savings like these in proportion to the investment required. But such results can be achieved by the proper use of Johns-Manville Insulations.

The saving thus made at the Lukens Steel Company will be of interest to everyone in industry who is concerned with the use and control of heat. Wherever high temperatures are used, heat conservation means money saved.

The Lukens Steel Company was established in 1790. Always a leader, this famous old company has acquired a reputation as the producer of the largest steel plates in the world; these plates weigh about 90,000 pounds each.

After consultation with Johns-Manville Engineers, the Lukens Company insulated the regenerators of an open hearth furnace with J-M Insulation. Careful records of the fuel-oil consumption kept before and after insulating show that the saving amounts to 1.7 gallons of oil per ton of steel. This is at the rate of 76.5 gallons for the steel used in each of the huge plates mentioned, with proportionate savings for other sizes. In dollars, this is an annual saving of $1,785.00 per furnace. Subtracting annual charges for depreciation and interest on the insulation investment, there is a net annual saving of $1,497.26.



Diagrammatic perspective cross-section of open-hearth, showing J-M recommendation for insulating furnace, regenerators and flues.

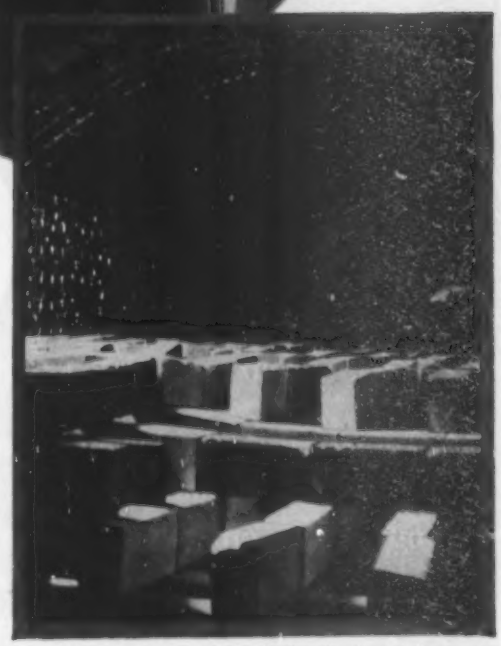
J-M Insulations pay big dividends

Wherever energy is used in industry to produce heat (or cold) J-M Insulations are showing earnings that represent exceedingly high returns on the investment. And besides the actual cash savings there are always other advantages. J-M Insulations, by reducing radiated heat, effect a decided improvement in working conditions.

There are also other benefits directly concerned with the process under consideration. For example, at the Lukens Steel Company, with J-M Insulation on the open hearth regenerators, better heat distribution is maintained due to more even radiation, which assures more uniform temperatures and gives the operator better control over the temperature of the air delivered to the furnace. The insulation holds the fire brick walls at more uniform temperatures, which has the effect of reducing the expansion and contraction of the brickwork, resulting in longer life of the regenerator walls.

We have outlined the experience of the Lukens Steel Company with J-M Insulations in a Performance Report which we will send without cost to any interested engineer or plant official.

The use of J-M Insulations and the advice of the J-M Engineer makes it possible for you to deal with one organization in regard to all insulation requirements in your plant. Johns-Manville is everywhere recognized as the final authority on insulation. Our long experience is available to you without obligation. Why not ask a J-M Insulation Engineer to call?



Renewing checkerwork in checker chamber of Open Hearth Furnace at Lukens Steel Co.—Coatesville, Pa.

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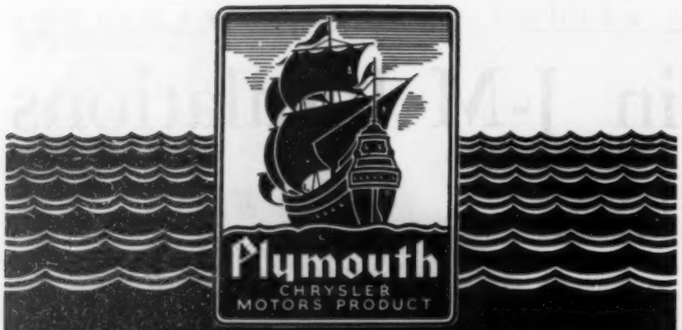

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No other car in the lowest-priced field is anywhere near Plymouth in *full*-size roominess and comfort. No other has weatherproof 4-wheel hydraulic brakes. Nor 45-horsepower high-compression engine with rubber mountings. Nor Chrysler engineering and precision craftsmanship. See it today. Why pay the *same price* for less?

Sedan, 3-window, 4-door, $625; Roadster (with rumble seat), $610; 2-Door Sedan, $610; Touring, $625; Coupe, $590; De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), $625; De Luxe Sedan, $675. F. O. B. Factory.

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(Continued from Page 62)

decidedly the likelier to get it. The swift, hopeful energy with which this stock-market deflation was attacked, beginning in the White House, was a positive asset.

Naturally, it brings up the old subject of business cycles. Strictly speaking, business is always in a cycle, or at least a rhythm. It is never as a whole or in any important part on an even keel. Every diagram that represents any sort of business activity at any time shows constant fluctuation—always in an up and down. The pushing, exuberant American temper tends decidedly to up and down. But beyond question, we do constantly get a better machine—one that takes the bumps more easily, absorbs shocks with less-extensive derangement, rights itself more quickly. Time was when our currency turned bad in a panic and note-issuing banks went over like rows of ninepins. Very few men now living can remember a time when anybody of the least sense doubted the soundness of American currency. But a great many men can remember when confidence in banks generally was a frail reed, so that the panic of 1893 brought violent runs on banks all over the country. Even the panic of 1907 brought such a pull that banks in many cities resorted to extra-legal clearing-house currency. And to that, probably more than to any other single thing, we owe the Federal Reserve System. However reckless we may be as individuals, as a nation we learn. To look back at any previous deflation is to realize that we do gradually but surely get better apparatus with less liability to extensive upsets. The last big one is more than a whole generation in the background.

SURPRISE STUFF

(Continued from Page 56)

The first practical suggestion for the use of helium as a balloon gas apparently came during the early days of the World War, following a Zeppelin raid on London. One of the invading airships seemed to lead a charmed life; it sailed unscathed through every attempt to bring it down, and the British concluded that the enemy must have discovered or developed stores of some non-inflammable lifting gas.

It turned out later that the Germans were merely lucky, but the surmise challenged British resourcefulness. The problem of providing the Allies with such a gas was taken up by a group of scientists under the leadership of Sir Richard Threlfall.

Some helium was bubbling up in gases from the hot springs at Bath, England, but it was in such minute quantities as to be negligible industrially. The same was true of mineral springs in France. The British investigators began to prospect among minerals. Early in 1915, Sir William Ramsay wrote to Dr. R. B. Moore, chief chemist of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, that he was examining coal damp for helium to be used in dirigibles. Doctor Moore recalled the discovery of helium in Kansas some years before, but President Wilson had enjoined strict neutrality, so the American refrained from calling his British friend's attention to this rich supply.

Meanwhile Sir Richard Threlfall had discovered the report on the Dexter gas as published in the Journal of the American Chemical Society, and in 1915 his representatives visited Kansas. They made analyses of its helium-bearing gases and prepared plans for an extraction plant. This proposed British plant was never built, however, and when the United States entered the war in 1917, its engineers immediately took up the project of helium production.

The Separating Process

The war emergency forced results which normally might have occupied many years in maturing. Gas fields were surveyed, methods of extraction studied and developed, containers for storing and transporting the gas were devised. Millions of dollars were spent by the United States Government during the war years in the pursuit of helium, and before the Armistice was signed hundreds of steel cylinders of compressed helium lay on the docks ready for shipment to France. The ending of hostilities left America with a brand-new industry to be turned to the service of peace.

The industry is not only new but is uniquely American, and is likely to remain so. For, though the prevalence of helium in the sun and in distant stars and nebulæ marks it as one of the plentiful stuffs of the universe, and though the earth is continually leaking helium from volcanic vents and natural springs and gas wells all over the world, helium is never found in undiluted strength but always is mixed with other gases. From these it is separated by a refrigerating process which reduces the temperature to lower than 300 degrees below zero, at which all the other constituents liquefy, and the helium alone remains as a gas to be drawn off and packed into steel containers. In the present state of engineering, however, it has not proved economical to process gas which contains less than 1 per cent of helium. And it happens that the only natural deposits thus far discovered in quantities large enough for economic extraction are in North America.

Canada has two known fields containing helium-bearing gas—one a few miles north of the Montana line, the other in Ontario, north of Lake Erie. In neither case does the helium exceed eight-tenths of one per cent of the gases. But both fields are large, and as processes are improved, it may be found practicable to extract this helium.

Establishing a Reserve

Deposits in the United States are far richer, and here alone in all the world has helium production become an industry. In the Texas Panhandle, near Amarillo, government geologists found an extensive gas field in which the uprushing vapors assayed 1.75 per cent helium. The soil structure containing this gas covers an enormous area, and here the Government has purchased leases and rights on 37,727 acres, together with wells, pipe lines and other equipment, and has erected a plant, the initial production unit of which has a monthly capacity of 1,000,000 cubic feet or better. The Government's investment in the Amarillo helium development eventually will total $2,200,000, of which $1,620,000 had been appropriated prior to 1930. Scott Turner, director of the Bureau of Mines, estimates that this Texas field can be depended on to yield 20,000,000 cubic feet of helium annually for many years.

There are other fields. The Government has set aside 12,000 acres in Utah as Helium Reserve No. 1. The gases from an experimental well here assayed 1.3 per cent helium. The well has been plugged with cement, and, as an official of the Bureau of Mines put it, "there's a reserve supply ready when we need it."

The original Kansas field—where the gas averages 2.3 per cent helium—is being worked by an industrial concern over an area of 8000 acres. Recently this company installed an additional plant at Thatcher, Colorado, where gas containing the enormously high proportion of 8 per cent helium has been discovered. So richly are we endowed with this sun gas that it might not inappropriately be subtitled American gas.

Chemists find that of all the elements helium is the most stable, and is, therefore, the least disposed to combine with other substances. It is also, of all known gases, the least soluble in water; and such of it as may be dissolved under pressure escapes

(Continued on Page 66)

DAUGHTERS OF BUSINESS

SHE WHO in Colonial days spun yarn, wove linsey-woolsey, dyed lamb's wool red with madder . . . what did she know of business? Markets were the nearest country store. Quality was what some one said of something for sale. Styles were what letters from far away drifted in to tell. She would have been appalled in her Puritan conscience had she foreseen her 1930 sisters going daily to work in the world—and bringing home ideas of markets, qualities, styles, to influence home-buying.

Today's daughters of business know business principles. They work by business standards. They know that business success, like personal success, is built on the reputation of doing things well.

Advertising that courts their interest doubly courts their aid. There are eight million of them—these daughters of business. Enough to have made cotton stockings obsolete. Enough to have made silk underwear standard for the whole feminine world. Enough to have helped cosmetics manufacturers do a business of $350,000,000 last year. They are more than a market for merchandise they like. They are a vital kind of advertising for it. In personal appointments, home appointments—their example and counsel are authoritative to those who venture forth less often, and to only an occasional store.

Naturally, they champion advertised goods—goods backed by the integrity they have come to know. They read advertisements. They pass shop windows daily where advertised goods challenge their eyes. They talk with business people who use the sponsored goods. They keep informed, progressive, as part of their business assets. . . . And it is to be remembered that women buy eighty per cent of the merchandise sold.

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(Continued from Page 64)

rapidly when the pressure is removed. These qualities suggest a new and beneficent use to which helium was recently put—namely, that of supplying an artificial atmosphere as breathing material for persons under abnormal and difficult conditions.

In diving and caisson work, for example, it is necessary that the air pressure within the diving helmet or working chamber be kept equal to the water pressure without. This means that at 200 feet undersea, which is about the limit for extended work, the diver must endure a pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch—a total pressure of about 115 tons for the average human body. This enormous force squeezes the air into every pore and intercellular space. About one-fifth of the air is oxygen; this is immediately appropriated by the lungs and used up in the process of living. The other four-fifths is mostly nitrogen, which is so inert that it will not combine with any of the body cells, but it does dissolve in the blood stream. As pressure increases with deeper descent, more and more nitrogen is dissolved.

Eliminating "The Bends"

The ill effects of this compression are most seriously felt when the diver is raised to the surface; then the nitrogen escapes from his blood in bubbles, much as the charged gas in soda pop fizzes when the bottle cap is removed. This bubbling in the blood is the cause of the painful affliction known as "the bends"—and the disease has been fatal when bubbles accumulated in the spinal column or in the brain. Because of this danger, the process of ascending from a deep-sea dive is slow. A diver needs only a few minutes to descend 200 feet, but two hours ordinarily are required in bringing him to the surface after a forty-five minutes' stay at that depth.

In as much as nitrogen causes the disease, why not provide divers with an atmosphere in which helium takes the place of nitrogen? Since helium is less soluble, less of it should dissolve in the blood. And since helium escapes more readily, the process of decompression should be more rapid and less dangerous.

This project was taken up by a group of scientists of the Bureau of Mines. They went to work in their experimental laboratory in Pittsburgh to see what could be done with a synthetic atmosphere. A surgeon of the U. S. Public Health Service, detailed for duty with the Bureau of Mines and functioning as one of its branch chiefs, had charge of the investigation. Experiments were made with rats and guinea pigs, and it was found that greater pressures could be undergone comfortably, and more rapid ascent was safely possible, with a helium-oxygen atmosphere than with the ordinary nitrogen-oxygen atmosphere. It was proved, for example, that in the synthetic atmosphere the animals showed no ill effects from a pressure of 500 pounds to the square inch—equivalent to undersea pressure at a depth of 1200 feet—though in the natural atmosphere at that pressure death came quickly.

Later the experiments were extended to human beings. For a series of weeks a group of volunteers from the Navy spent much of their time each day in a huge steel chamber, where they were hermetically sealed and then were subjected to varying pressures of helium-oxygen atmosphere.

The first opportunity to make a practical test in an emergency came when the Submarine S-51 was rammed by the steamship City of Rome and sank off Block Island. The entire diving personnel which had been engaged in the investigative work in Pittsburgh was rushed to the recovery of the lost submarine. A steel decompression chamber with a large tank of helium-oxygen atmosphere went with them, and this iron doctor played an important part in the salvage. A very hazardous job was carried through with no serious occurrence of the bends. As a tribute of appreciation from the men themselves, one of the divers brought up the ship's bell of the dead submarine and presented it to the scientists who had made their work easier and less dangerous. This giving could be prompted only by genuine gratitude, for it is a tradition among divers to treasure the bell of a salvaged ship as a priceless memento. The picturesque submarine bell was carried to Pittsburgh and mounted at the entrance of the Bureau experiment station—a trophy of the triumph of helium.

In a college laboratory in Kansas, Dr. J. Willard Hershey has been experimenting with white mice recently, placing them in different atmospheres at normal pressure and watching the results. His observations, reported early in 1930, show that the animals were more healthy in a helium-oxygen atmosphere than in ordinary air. Perhaps there will be a use for the synthetic air in submarines, in mines and in hospitals. The use of the oxygen tent in the treatment of pneumonia is a well-established medical practice today. Other diseases may yield to a helium tent. Research work is just beginning in this direction.

Experiments by a chemist in Louisville, Kentucky, suggest a use for helium as a food preservative. He took a freshly baked sponge cake, cut it in half, put one half in an atmosphere of helium, and the other in ordinary air. At the end of two months the cake in the helium looked fresh and tasted fresh, whereas the cake in the air was hard, stale and moldy. Orange juice similarly was sealed in an atmosphere of helium, and at the end of six months showed no deterioration. Such results would be expected from the most inert substance in the world.

Heating and Cooling With Helium

One day last summer the chief inspector of the Aircraft Development Corporation went inside the envelope of an airship whose gas bags were helium-filled, to look it over. Soon he felt as though he had stepped into winter; for though the temperature outside registered above 80°, the temperature inside the dirigible seemed nearer the freezing point. The reason is found in another quality of helium—it conducts heat about six times as rapidly as the air does. Anything which comes in contact with helium is immediately chilled, because the helium atoms seem greedy for heat; they take it and conduct it away so speedily that to human flesh the sensation is similar to that felt when a few drops of ether evaporate in the palm of the hand. This peculiarity suggests a use in refrigerating and heating. One engineer has pointed out that a circulation of helium gas in closed pipes through a house would serve as a cooling system in summer and a heating system in winter; the only change necessary being to suit the temperature of the gas to the season.

Other uses for helium—in electric generators and transformers, in lighting and television, in metallurgy, in drying, grinding and grading operations—are being tested in laboratories. Its original use as a lifting gas is still by far its preponderating use.

Any appraisal of helium would be incomplete, however, if it failed to take into account the fact that engineering objections have been voiced against its use in aeronautics. As summarized by Sir William Brancker, of the British Air Ministry, these objections are: First, helium production is "extremely costly"; second, the lifting power of helium is less than that of hydrogen.

The cost objection has diminished since the foregoing comment was written. It is rather astounding to be told that fifteen years ago this gas—now so cheap that it is used to fill toy balloons as well as dirigibles—was valued at $1700 a cubic foot and only a few cubic feet were to be had. By October, 1922, the Government was producing helium on a quantity basis in Texas, and by 1925 figured its operating costs—not including capital charges—to be about two and a half cents a cubic foot. Today, with a larger plant and a richer gas field, the cost is a fraction of the 1925 figure.

Where Does it Come From?

Another factor is the ease with which helium, after being used for some months in an airship, can be purified of the contaminating air which inevitably seeps into the gas bags. As a result, helium is used over and over again, whereas hydrogen, when contaminated, must be thrown away, since the risk of explosion makes its purification exceedingly dangerous.

In lifting power, the comparison is less favorable. The big airship which is now under construction for the Navy will have a capacity of 6,500,000 cubic feet of gas. The total lift of this amount of helium at 60° F. temperature and sea-level pressure is 214 tons, whereas the same amount of hydrogen will lift 231 tons. A hydrogen ship could carry seventeen tons more passengers, freight, or other cargo than the helium ship—an advantage in cargo carrying which is inescapable.

But hydrogen carries also the equally inescapable disadvantage of inflammability, and it is on this score that the advocates of helium build their prediction of a great airship industry in the United States. The Government uses only helium airships, and the six commercial airships at present in service in the United States use helium.

Meanwhile, 500,000,000 cubic feet of the useful gas are issuing from the soil and escaping every year. It is estimated that in Oklahoma 1,000,000 cubic feet are lost every day, for there is scarcely a gas well in the state which does not bring up some helium. Certain natural gas burned in Denver contains almost 1 per cent helium. An eminent scientific authority has said that if all the helium escaping in the United States could be conserved, there would be sufficient to supply the airships of the world.

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

"Quick, Boss! Call the Emergency Squad! Another One of Our High-Pressure Salesmen Just Blew Up!"

Of course it must be remembered that most of this wastage is in small amounts, too minute for commercial extraction, but the sum total of many such instances is a large amount.

Since so much helium is escaping into the air, one might think that it could be recovered by processing the air. But no; helium is so light that it immediately rises, and our surface air shows by analysis only one part of helium in 185,000 parts of air—too small a proportion to justify the laborious processing.

It is the belief of Sir James Jeans that free helium collects in the upper atmosphere, and that at 500 miles above sea level the air consists entirely of our two lightest elements, helium and hydrogen. On this basis it is calculated that the total mass of helium in the atmosphere is 11,000,000,000 tons. Other scientists disagree, arguing that helium is so light that the earth's gravitation is unable to hold it, and that, therefore, our helium is continually floating off into interplanetary space. If the latter belief is true, obviously there must be some steady source of supply continually pouring helium into the air to make up for the steady loss.

The source of the earth's helium is a mystery. Some authorities believe that it is the product of radioactive elements inside the earth, since radium and all its near kin give off helium. Others, reckoning the amount of helium as too large to be accounted for by this slow process, suggest that the earth's supply may be a relic of its original endowment when it was part of the sun.

Interesting in this connection is the conclusion reached by R. R. Bottoms, following an extended study of gas fields in many parts of the continent. It is his belief that the helium now found in natural-gas deposits had origin in radioactive disintegration of the heavy elements dating from the very beginning of our planet's existence. As the earth cooled, he sees the helium as migrating toward the hotter interior in much the same way that air trapped in water concentrates in the center of the freezing ice cake. The hardening granite of the earth's crust thus became an inclosing shell, from which the captive helium could escape only when the granite was fractured. On this basis, we should feel more certain of finding helium in the vicinity of granite mountains—which, of course, represent uplifts, folds and fractures in the earth's crust—or in the vicinity of volcanic activity, which would tend to open passageways from the earth's interior.

Prospecting for New Supplies

Putting his theory to the test, the chemist last year designated certain areas in the granitic masses of Utah and Colorado as favorable to the occurrence of helium. Prospectors went there, sank wells, struck gas, and, when analyzed, the Utah field assayed 7 per cent helium and the Colorado field 8 per cent.

Of course no one factor can be the sole guide in scientific prospecting. Local stratification and geo-chemical factors would also need to be considered; but in general it would seem that the flanks of young granitic mountain ranges—such as the Andes in South America and the Himalayas in Asia—might be promising places in which to seek helium. With these and the numerous centers of volcanic activity yet to be tapped, it would seem, too, that helium is not necessarily of such localized occurrence as developments up to now have indicated.

And so, this now much-esteemed gas—which was mistaken for sodium when it was first noticed in the flames of the sun in 1868, and was mistaken for nitrogen when it was first isolated in a test tube in 1895, and was deemed commercially worthless when it was discovered in Kansas in 1903—this surprise element may have in store as its next grand surprise the revelation of its superabundance.

Until that discovery comes—if it ever does—helium will continue to be one war baby that is growing up wholly American.

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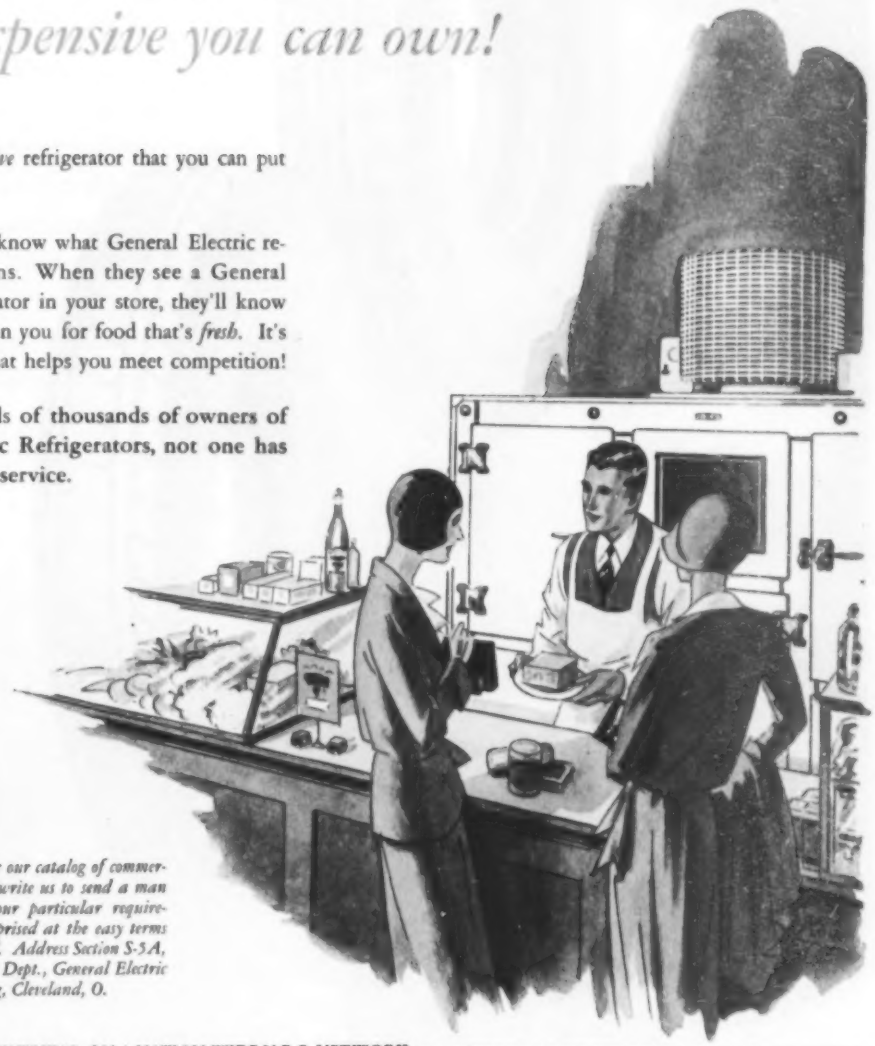

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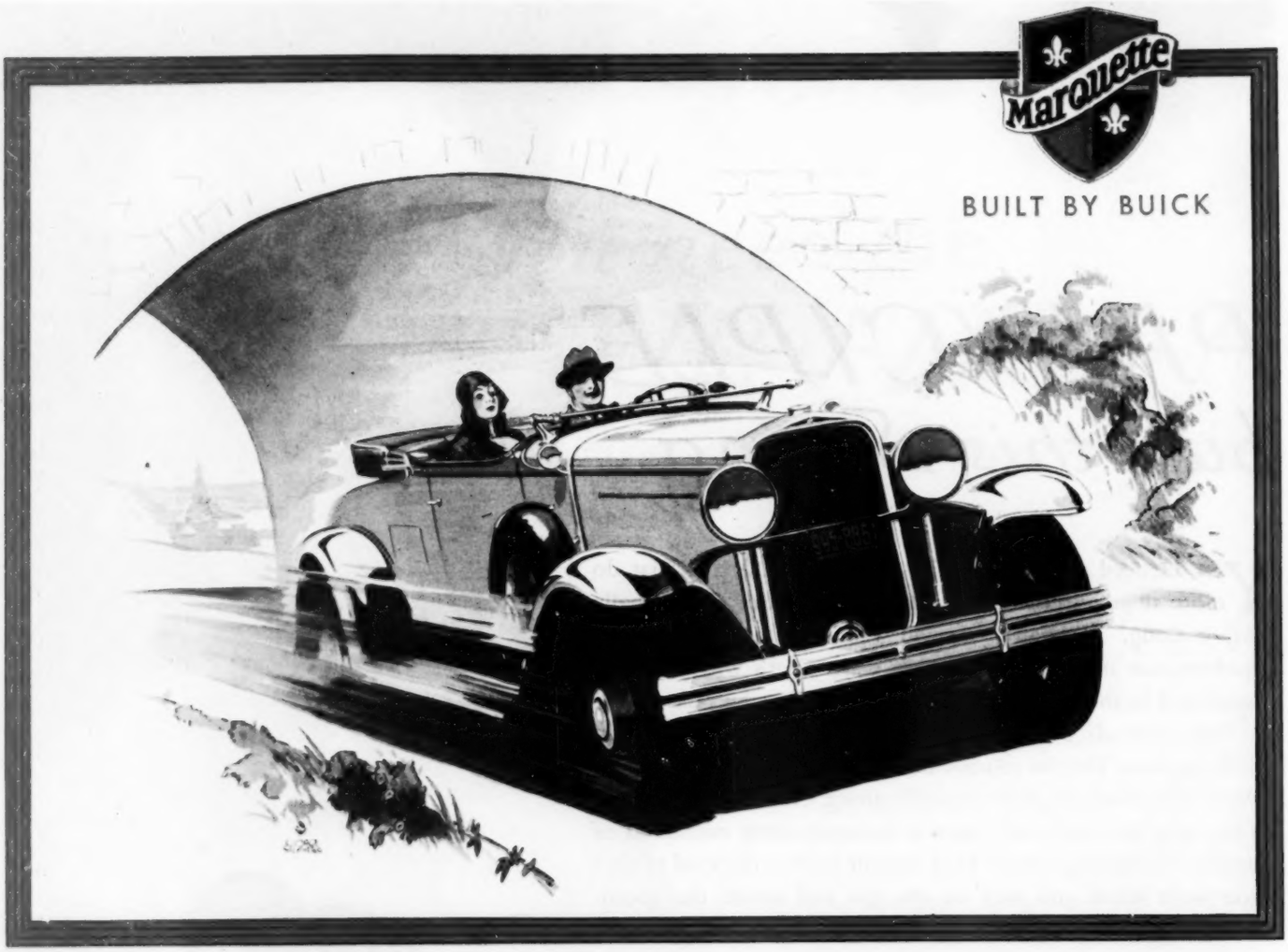

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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Rifle Crank

ONE hot afternoon last summer just after the hay was cut I heard the unmistakable crack of a high-powered rifle. It is a sound we often hear in November, in spite of the fact that deer are protected in Connecticut; but one that we don't often hear in July. Even those who are agin the law hesitate to kill deer in hot weather when you can't keep the meat.

I went up the woods road to see what was going on. After a quarter of a mile I found a big Snyder-Farquharson of mature years parked in the bar way that leads to the upper meadows. There is something especially impressive about a middle-aged Snyder-Farquharson. A bootlegger might drive a new one, but a middle-aged one somehow implies respectability.

I looked up the slope of the meadow. There was nobody in sight. I started in toward the rise of ground that divides that meadow into two parts. I felt that it was really worse for a man who drove a Snyder-Farquharson to kill deer illegally than for a man who drives a flivver. At the top of the meadow I looked down. Just below me, a large man sat on a rock with a rifle across his knees. He was gazing across the valley at the opposite slope through a pair of field glasses. I could see nothing across there but a meadow that had been in clover hay.

The man wasn't glad to see me, but he was polite about it. He was a good deal like his car—large, heavy and mature. He was wearing shooting spectacles made of some special greenish-yellow glass.

"I suppose I'm on your land," he said.

I'd intended to say something about that part of it. But I didn't. I was too much interested in his rifle. It was years since I'd had my hands on a fine rifle.

"Do you mind letting me see that gun of yours?" I asked.

A Woodchuck at Four Hundred Yards

He extracted the cartridge from the chamber and handed me the gun. I guessed that it weighed twelve pounds. It was a bolt-action rifle with a telescope in micrometer mounts on the barrel, double-set triggers, a stock with a cheek piece and a pistol grip, and a broad leather sling. It was all plain blued steel and dark oiled walnut without ornamentation. But it was a work of art. Every detail had been thoughtfully worked out and patiently executed by the kind of workmen that aren't supposed to exist any more. I handed it back reluctantly.

"It's a beauty," I said. "You must have taken a great deal of trouble to get exactly what you wanted."

"Yes," he said.

Evidently he didn't want to talk. But I had to know more about that rifle. And after all, it was my meadow. I persisted in asking questions.

"I didn't know," I said, "that the Germans ever put out micrometer mounts for their rifle telescopes."

"They don't," he said. "I got these mounts from a fellow in Pittsburgh who makes optical fire-control instruments for the Navy."

I went on asking questions until I learned that he had begun with the action of an Army Springfield and combed half a dozen states for the rest. The barrel had been rifled by a man in Michigan who makes a specialty of that sort of thing; the stock had been made by a man in the Adirondacks, out of a piece of walnut he'd imported from England; the set triggers had been made and fitted by a mechanic in the Marine Corps; and a shop in New York had tooled the firing pin and fitted a special spring to speed up the lock.

Finally I asked to see the cartridge. The brass shell was marked .30-06—which is shorthand for the .30 caliber Army cartridge—but the bullet—a bullet jacketed with gilding metal up to an exposed lead tip—was plainly smaller than .30 caliber.

"I didn't know they made a cartridge like this," I said.

"They don't," he said. "I loaded that myself."

"Weighing each powder charge on a chemist's balance and measuring each bullet with a micrometer gauge, and all that sort of thing," I said.

"Exactly," he said.

"Is it accurate?" I asked.

"I've made some six-inch groups at five hundred yards," he said. He made a gesture toward the opposite hillside. "How far do you think it is to that big squarish rock over there?"

I guessed it was between four and five hundred yards. He nodded. "I make it four hundred and twenty-five through the 'scope," he said.

"You mean you can measure distances with that 'scope?"

"I've got marks on the perpendicular cross hair," he said briefly. He took up his field glasses and studied the clover field.

By that time, of course, I knew what he was hunting. There is only one wild animal in the world for which anybody carries a twelve-pound rifle with precisely adjustable telescope sights and a high-velocity load.

"There," he said. "He's come out again." He handed me the field glasses. I had some trouble in focusing them. While I turned the adjusting screw he got down behind the rock he'd been sitting on. He put his hat under the barrel of the rifle as a cushion. He thrust his left arm through the loop in the rifle sling. I got the glasses focused and found the mark. Across on the opposite hillside a woodchuck sat up in the clover to look and to listen, as a woodchuck will.

I glanced down at my friend with the rifle. He had got himself into a comfortable position. He set one trigger and his finger found the other. He took a deeper breath than usual and slowly expelled the air from his lungs as the muzzle steadied on the mark. I looked through the glasses. The woodchuck had dropped on all fours to eat clover. For half a minute we waited. Then the woodchuck sat up and turned his head sidewise to look and to listen. The rifle cracked beside me.

"I got him," my friend said triumphantly.

We walked slowly back to his car. "I suppose," I said, "that you've spent the spare time of a year to accomplish that."

"The spare time of ten years," he said. He patted the stock of his rifle. "This isn't my first woodchuck rifle. I've had five others. And of course I began shooting with a little .22 repeater. After a while I wanted better sights, and then a better trigger pull, and then more weight in the barrel, and then a better fitting stock, and then more power. It leads you on and on. Perfectly ridiculous how particular you get."

"Absurd," I said.

"Only," he said, "Daniel Boone couldn't have done it. He couldn't have seen well enough with open sights to aim at a woodchuck four hundred yards away and he couldn't have depended on his rifle to hit at that distance."

The obvious answer was that Daniel Boone wouldn't have bothered about so trivial an animal as a woodchuck. But there was no use being unpleasant about it.

Another Willing Victim

"I had supposed," I said, "that the old-fashioned rifle crank had ceased to exist."

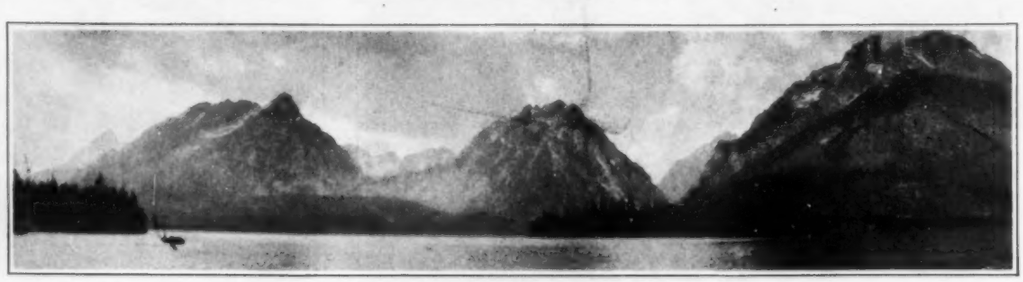
"Not at all," he said. "There are ten times as many rifle cranks as there used to be. And there will be still more. The high schools and the colleges have taken up rifle shooting all over the country. Last summer a nineteen-year-old girl from South Dakota and a fourteen-year-old boy from Chicago shot as members of the American team in the annual match with the British for the Dewar trophy. Rifle shooting is having a boom in this country."

I went home thinking how ridiculous it was to go in for twelve-pound rifles and telescope sights and set triggers and loading by hand in order to hunt the inoffensive woodchuck. But about a week later my wife reported that the woodchucks were eating all the string beans in the garden. I bought a little .22 repeater and lay in wait, early in the morning. A woodchuck appeared and walked down between the rows of string beans, nibbling daintily first at one side and then at the other. He wasn't more than twenty-five yards away. I got him.

But the next woodchuck was fifty yards away, and I never knew whether I hit him or not. He disappeared in his hole. I got some better sights for that .22 and had a gunsmith lighten the trigger pull. With these improvements I killed a marauding woodchuck at fifty yards. I took to looking for woodchucks that weren't marauding.

I can see what is going to happen. I'll come to telescope sights, and then to a heavy barrel, and then to set triggers, and then to a stock made to fit me, and then to a larger caliber. A .22 bullet really isn't big enough to stop a charging woodchuck. And my avowed object will be stopping woodchucks. The real lure will be that of putting bullets closer and closer to dead center at longer and longer distances.

—LUCIAN CARY.



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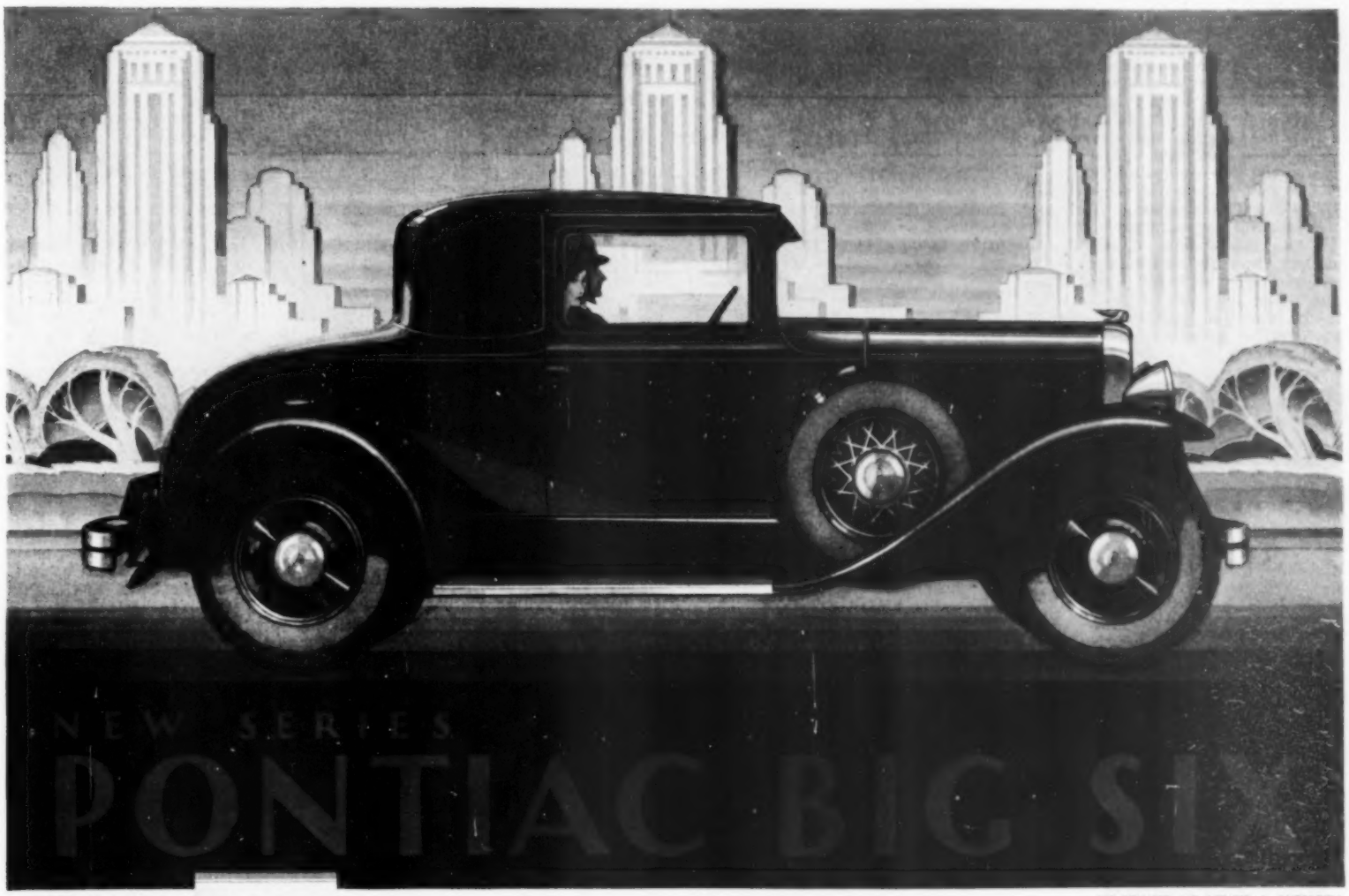

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THE BRASS HAT

(Continued from Page 17)

an' tarked to him, an' afther a while the young orf'cer saluted ag'in an' come back to us an' gives the word to fall in, an' we're goin' to do the attack arl over ag'in.

"Well, Jinny, that was wan time they met. Another time was no more than a week later, when the company was bein' put through some ceremonial dhrill in the village where we was billeted, back of the church."

"What did you want with ceremonial out at the front?" Jinny asked.

"The corps commander, or the army commander, or some other big brass hat, was comin' the next day to present some medals to the division, an' a guard of honor was bein' provided by the battalion. The young orf'cer was puttin' the company through the dhrill, an' the men were slow an' none too stheady in the ranks, an'—well, we thought same as you thought just now, Jinny—what the divil was the use of us havin' to dhrill like clockwork guardsmen, when we knew in a couple of days' time we'd be in the trenches fightin' the Germans an' nobody carin' whether our dhressin' wasn't exact or our time in comin' to the 'present arms' perfect. Annyway, it was a sad an' sorfowful occasion. The young orf'cer, Jinny, for wance lost his temper with the throops, an' he ses, ses he—beggin' your pardon, Jinny, he ses:

"'You're a lousy set of militiamen! Why the somethin' I can't mention don't you listen to the word of command, blast you!'

"An' then a hard, sharp voice ses: 'As you were! Stand fast!' An' the staff orf'cer puts in his appearance an' ses: 'Mr. Abbott, that's no way to tark to your men. They're doin' their best.'

"The liar! We weren't, an' if he hadn't been so set on gittin' the betther of the young orf'cer he'd have known it. An' then he sthud there an' he dhrilled us himself, an' then he ses to the young orf'cer:

"'Will you plase remember ye can't git the best out of your men if you bully them?

"With that he stalks off, very stiff an' straight, the set of his shouldhers bearin' witness to the pride he tuk in what he was afther doin'. An' we felt like fools—arl the lot of us. We wouldn't be lettin' the young orf'cer down, not for anny money ye could name—not on purpose. We were sorry for what we done, but it was too late.

"Soon afther that calamity the division went into the line wance more, an' we had a bad time, an' we went over in a raid, eighty of us, an' come back about forty sthrong, with three prisoners, no less. Mr. Abbott—the major that is now—was in charge of the raid, an' when the brigade was taken out of the line to go into divisional reserve in rest billets at some village the name of which I misremember, the brigadier general asked him to dinner."

"Why?" said Jinny.

"Dunno. Mebbe he felt he deserved the honor of an invitation for what he done."

"Did he go?"

"Could he refuse? He went, of course. An' who should he meet at dinner, besides his own colonel an' the brigade major an' the staff captain an' the brigadier's A. D. C., but his owld enemy, the G. S. O. 2, who was a friend of the brigadier, an' by no manes the life an' sowl of the party afther he seen the guest of honor."

"A not very enjoyable dinner, Private Denehy?"

"You said a thrue word there, Jinny. It wasn't. It was most unenjoyable, for the young orf'cer had a bad attack of nerves that night, what with the shock of the raid an' arl them losses, an' then findin' himself seated side by side with the wan man in the British Army he had raison to hate an' despise. A terrible attack of nerves, it's no lie I'm tellin' ye. An' to crown it arl, afther two courses—the soup an' the fish—twenty minutes of high-flown conversation between the brigadier an' the colonel an' the G. S. O. 2, Jerry commenced shellin' the village with high explosive—big stuff, Jinny, that ye could hear comin' miles away, an' bursht with a most tremenjus crash and done a most tremenjus amount of damage an' desthruction. It wasn't long before every wan seated at the brigadier general's dinner party was aware that the shellin' was comin' nearer an' nearer, but it was the correct thing to do in the circumstances to pay no heed to the danger an' pretend there was nothin' happenin' out of the ordinary, an' that big guns puttin' H. E. shells into the village where ye were dinin' was only a sideboard dish, if ye git what I mane—a relish to give ye a good appetite. But that wasn't what they were thinkin', of course.

"Well, Jinny, just as I said, the shellin' got nearer an' nearer. There was a big crash from the next sthreet, an' the brigadier ses, sippin' his whisky: 'Well, gentlemen, if this goes on, we'd bettber be thinkin' of takin' cover.' But he was too late with his cover. He was, Jinny. The next thing they knew—arl them orf'cers sittin' around his dinner table, pinin' to take to their heels, but not darin' to move first—the next thing they knew was, there was a roar like the crack of doom an' the whole house was shakin' an' rockin' undher a direct hit, an' the lights went out an' the ceilin' begun to dhrop an' somewan was screamin' from the room above, an' then—why, then, the lights were lit ag'in an': 'Look!' ses the young orf'cer. 'Look!' an' he p'inted to the ceilin', an' there on the broken plaster was a round red splash of blood that begun to dhrip, dhrip, dhrip down onto the table.

"Jinny, is this too horrible for ye?"

"I don't think so," said Jinny. "It is horrible, Private Denehy, of course, but it's very thrilling. You'll have to tell me the rest of it, now you've started—especially since it's a family affair again."

"Well, Jinny, there they sat at that table, stharin' with frozen faces at the ceilin' with the patch of blood till the door opened an' the brigadier's batman—his servant—come in, with his face white an' his eyes bulgin' out of his head, an' ses: 'Madam's dead an' the little girl's dyin',' an' then they arl jumped to their feet an' made for the door—arl except the staff orf'cer an' Mr. Abbott. An' them two, they jist sat an' waited an' listened to what was happenin' above their heads, where the owld lady an' her little granddarter had been cut to pieces by a bit of the shell that had blown out the back of the house.

"An' at last the young orf'cer, Mr. Abbott, he ses: 'If there's any wan still left who's got anny delusions about the glory of goin' to war, I wish he was here, in this room. You see that patch of blood on the ceilin', sir. That's war,' he ses. 'That's what war has come to these days—murdher—wholesale murdher of owld women an' young childhren—an' it's only poor fools like ourselves that know it.'

"The staff orf'cer sips his whisky like he was thinkin', an' then he ses, very slow an' calm:

"'If you imagined, my young friend, that war was ever anythin' but horrible, you know now that you're wrong. War's horrible, of course, but I'd like you to realize that compared with the next war, this war's nothin' at arl.'

"'Compared with the what?' ses Mr. Abbott.

"'The next war,' ses the staff orf'cer, leanin' back in his chair an' smilin'. 'Think how guns an' shells an' airplanes have improved in the three years since war starthed, think of bombs an' rifle grenades an' aerial torpedoes an' gas an' flame throwers. Why,' ses he, 'it's obvious to anny wan of anny intelligence that when the next war comes we'll look back on this war an' be amazed how primitive we really were.'

"An' with that, Jinny, the young orf'cer gits to his feet an' he ses ——"

"Well," said Jinny as Private Denehy hesitated—"well, what?"

"Jinny," said Private Denehy, "he said: 'What do you know of war?' An' then he raches out his two hands an' grabs the staff orf'cer by the throat, an' the staff orf'cer howlds on to his wrists, an' the brigadier general comes in an' ses: 'What in the world is happenin' here?' an' the young orf'cer dhrops his hands an' begins to laugh at the top of his voice, an' he ses, rockin' to an' fro: 'It's the hell of a joke, sir'—an' he looks at the staff orf'cer, who's lanin' agin the wall—'a hell of a joke. He ses there's to be another war afther this wan, an' this war compared with the next is nothin' but child's play.'

"An' then the brigadier general an' the colonel an' the brigadier major an' the staff captain arl come crowdin' around him an' askin' what's wrong, an' the staff orf'cer flicks some white dust from off his tunic an' ses: 'I think, sir,' he ses—'I think we may put it down to a mild case of shell shock an' nerves.' An', belaive me, Jinny, or belaive me not, they tuk it for granted he spake the thruth, an' the colonel tuk the young orf'cer off with him to his billet an' sent for the M. O., an' that was the end of the matther; no wan give it another thought but me an' the young orf'cer, an' mebbe the staff orf'cer as well."

"But, Private Denehy," Jinny said, "wait one minute. How did you know all this?"

"Wasn't I there, Jinny?"

"Having dinner with the brigadier general, Private Denehy? You don't expect me to believe that, now do you?"

"No, Jinny, not havin' dinner with the brigadier, but havin' dinner with the brigadier's cook in the kitchen—the same bein' a fella in the same battalion as meself an' my mother's sister's son by her first husband, who came from Derry. So now do you undherstan'?"

"Quite," said Jinny. "I'm sorry, Private Denehy, for doubting you."

"An' now," said Private Denehy, "if you promise not to interrupt me ag'in, I'll tell ye the end of the sthory."

"I promise," said Jinny. "How did it end, an' where?"

"It ended, Jinny, a few weeks later, in the advance to Passchendaele, when we fought in the mud an' kept on fightin' an' bein' killed by the hundhred thousand because—so they say now—there was throuble among the French Soissons way an' divisions sayin' they wouldn't fight no more an' what not. Annyway, lavin' arl that to wan side, the division tuk its turn, along with the rest of the army, in thryin' to force its way through the mud to take a village that wasn't a village at arl when we got there, an' was probably not worth a day's pay at the best; but we fought, Jinny, if you git what I mane—we fought, in the mud, to take more mud an' some bricks an' some pools of water."

Private Denehy broke off and remained silent for so long a time that Jinny said plaintively: "Mud, Private Denehy—you fought in the mud."

"Yes, Jinny, we fought in the mud, an' it rained, an' it was cowld at night, an' dark—so dark ye weren't able to see yer hand in front of your face, but for the Very lights an' the German flares—an' arl night an' arl day big stuff kept comin' over, an' there was no solid ground, only bottomless mud, the mud an' the shell holes, an' no wan knew what were we supposed to be doin', or what our objectives were, an' we waded on through the mud an' fought for the pill boxes—concrete forts they were—dotted arl over the slopes we was attackin', an' each pill box we tuk we used as a fort, with the advantage, Jinny, that the doorway was now facin' the Germans, so, of course, we cud see aisy arl that was happenin' in front."

"No advantage, Private Denehy, surely. They could fire straight at you."

"Jimmy," said Private Denehy, "you're larnin' the elements of civilized warfare at last. The doorways was facin' the wrong way, of course, an' there was no trenches, jist shell holes—new shell holes, Jinny, that hadn't time to git filled to the brim with water an' dead men—an' when night fell we were stuck there, howldin' the ground we were afther takin' an' not knowin' where was the rest of the battalion, or the rest of the brigade, or the colonel, or our rations, or anny blessed thing that we wanted to know. Arl we did know, in fact, was the Germans was opposite on higher ground than ourselves an' the machine guns kept on shootin' us down an' the big shells were dhroppin' from high heaven, screechin' an' tearin' into the mud, with great black burshts of smoke, an' we prayin' for darkness or ordhers to move back an' the war to end. And at last, Jinny—at last, the major—but he wasn't a major, then, of course—the young orf'cer, he ses to me:

"'Denehy, will ye take a chance an' go back the way we came an' see can ye find battalion headquarthers an' the commandin' orf'cer?'

"I said takin' a chance was arl I was afther doin' since 1914. Words to that effect, annyway. I tuk the message he wrote an' away I went across that mud, slippin' an' floundherin' like an owld crab, back where I judged I might find somewan who could direct me the way. An' the wan proof that I wasn't killed is I'm here now, wastin' valuable time, Jinny, in tellin' you sthories.

"No, Jinny, I wasn't killed, an' I found the commandin' orf'cer an' the adjutant in an ould pill box, an' I handed over the message, an' the regimental sarjint major gave me a dhrink of rum an' the commandin' orf'cer axed me how things were an' what was happenin', an' I towld him an' he give me a message to take with me, an' off I went wance more back up the line ag'in, a mile an' a half over the mud, an' it might have been ten times the distance, the way I was.

"It was dark an' the rain was fallin', an' the shells was screechin' an' plungin' down arl round me, an' the flares was reflected gold an' arl colors in the big pools in the shell holes, an' I kept slippin' an' fallin' over dead men an' dead horses, an'—well, I can't describe it. It's beyond arl words. An' then, Jinny—then I fell on my face as a shell came screamin' down on top of me, an' me ears was deaf from a crash like the day of judgment, an' me mind was stunned an' every nerve I had in me body was numb from the shock, an' I lay a long time where I was, not sure yet whether I was alive or dead or just paralyzed an' not able to move hand or foot. Next thing I knew I heard somewan callin' for help, an' I got to me feet an' I said: 'Who's there?' an' I seen, by the light of a flare high up in the sky, a man in a shell hole up to his waist in the water, clawin' an' clutchin' at the soft earth an' slidin' an' slippin' back, an' I give him the sling of my rifle an' hauled him out, an' it was only the mercy of hiven I didn't land myself in the water the side of him.

"'Who are ye?' I ses. 'An' where do you want to go to?'

"'Where's divisional headquarthers?' he ses.

"'What are you axin' that for?' ses I. 'What do ye want divisional headquarthers for? Do ye think ye'll find divisional headquarthers here in the mud?'

"'Tell me the way to divisional headquarthers, quick,' he ses. 'I'm lost.' An', by damn, Jinny!—beggin' your pardon—if it wasn't the staff orf'cer, the G. S. O. 2 of the division, lost in the mud. I seen his face undher his steel helmet when another flare went up in the dark, but it wasn't the same face I seen that day in the snow on the way to Albert—not now it wasn't. It was white as death an' arl covered with slime, an' I knew then that a staff orf'cer lost in the mud an' dark is no betther than a private soldhier thryin' to find his way back to his battalion.

(Continued on Page 79)

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Chevrolet "6"	9
Chevrolet "4"	3 Chev.
Chrysler	2
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1930 Models	10
Cord	10
De Soto	10
Dodge "4"	3
Dodge "6"	4
Dodge (1930 Models)	10
Duesenberg (to '29)	9
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Durant 55-60-63 and 65	4
Model 75	8 Sp.
Elcar (from '28)	4
Erskine (to '29)	3
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Franklin Ser. 12-B	9
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Hupmobile "4"	2
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Hupmobile "6"	3
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Jewett	4
Jordan "8" Model JE and 1930 Models	10
all others	4
Kissel	2
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La Salle (since May '29)	10
Lincoln (to '28)	4
Lincoln (from '28)	3
Lincoln Turbo Head	3
Locomobile (from '28)	8
Marmon, 75 and 68	4
Marmon 78	1
Marmon, Model S	8 Sp.
Marquette	10
Maxwell	4
Moon 8-80 and Windsor	8
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Nash Adv. and Sp. "6" (to '29)	6
Light and Standard "6" (to '29)	5
Series 400 Twin Ignition "6" and "8" (from '29)	15
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Oakland (from '24)	3
Oldsmobile (to '27)	6
Oldsmobile (1927)	4
Oldsmobile "6" Model F	10
Overland "4"	31
Overland "6"	4
Packard (to '26)	2
Packard (from '26)	3
metric hi-com.	8 Sp.
Paige	4
Peerless "81"	8
Model 125	9
all others to 1933	4
1930 Model A	10
B & C	10
61 A	4
Pierce-Arrow	4
Plymouth (to '29)	2
Plymouth (since '29)	10
Pontiac	3
Reo (to '27)	31
Flying Cloud (to '28)	1
Flying Cloud (from '28)	11
Wolverine (to '28)	1
Wolverine (from '28)	11
Master and Mate	11
Rickenbacker	6
Rolls-Royce	
Model 40-50	8
Model 40-65	9
Roosevelt	4
Star "4"	3
Star "6"	4
Stearns-Knight	1
Studebaker Dictator (to '29)	1
Dictator (since '29)	4
Commander (to '29)	3
Commander (since '29)	2
President	4
President hi-com.	0
Big Six	3
Stutz and Blackhawk "6" and "8"	8
Bl'khawk hi-com. "8"	8 Sp.
Velie "66"	6
Velie "77" and "88"	1
Viking	10
Whippet "6"	3
Whippet "4"	4
Willys-Knight "4"	4
Great "6"	4
Light "6"	1
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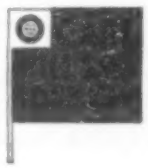

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Paramount Pictures

(Continued from Page 74)

"'Don't stand stharin' at me like that, ye fool!' ses he. 'Show me the way to divisional headquarthers at wance.'

"'Who are ye?' I ses.

"'I'm a staff orf'cer,' ses he.

"'Then what in hell are ye doin' here?' I ses—beggin' your pardon, Jinny, for the language.

"'I'm afther visitin' brigade headquarthers an' I'm lost,' ses he.

"'An' ye want divisional headquarthers?' I ses. 'Ye're afther comin' to the wan man that can take ye straight there. I got the best sense of direction in the army, sir. Foller me an' ye'll be arl right.' An' off we went, him an' me, Jinny, to find divisional headquarthers."

"But," said Jinny, "you had a message for the company from the colonel. Oughtn't you to have gone right back to the line, Private Denehy?"

"Jinny, if you was only a boy, you got the makin's of a fine soldhier."

"Private Denehy," said Jinny, "you're as bad as the brigadier. Please confine yourself to your story. Why didn't you take the message from the commanding officer?"

"That, Jinny, is what I intend tellin' ye, if ye'll only listen. An' didn't I say, don't interrupt? I did, an' you know it. Me an' the staff orf'cer, then, we set out for divisional headquarthers through the mud, with the shells crashin' on every side an' the flares goin' up in back an' front of us, an' to right an' left, an' dead men layin' in heaps an' in the shell holes an' barbed wire everywhere an' cables an' pill boxes an' broken tree stumps. Sometimes we'd see men movin' arl bent an' crooked with the weight of what they was carryin', arl eager to hurry an' not able to, arl wishin' themselves away from where they were an' havin' no choice in the matther, arl alive an' three-quarthers of them doomed to die before the week was out, or the night, mebbe.

"The staff orf'cer kept sayin': 'Make haste, man! Make haste! Are we gittin' near now? Are we near?' an' me givin' him soft answers an' helpin' him on, an' the way gittin' worse an' worse, an' the dead men more an' more frequent. An' then, at last, Jinny, at last I ses: 'We're here.' An' we were, by a sthroke of good luck more than anny sense of direction, back in the line, where the company—arl that was left—was howldin' some shell holes an' the young orf'cer was sayin': 'Denehy, is it you? I thought I'd never see ye ag'in,' an' I give him the message I had from the colonel, an' the staff orf'cer ses: 'What hell's game is this? I axed ye to take me to divisional headquarthers.'"

"Private Denehy," said Jinny, "I like this story immensely. You're alive, so there's a happy ending. Please make haste, for I have a feeling, Private Denehy, they're hunting me high and low."

"Maybe ye're tired of hearin' me say the Germans was shellin' us," said Private Denehy, continuing his story, "but it's the thruth. I was long past fear. I was too hungry an' tired an' wet an' cowld. I didn't argue with the staff orf'cer. I jist crouched down an' rested me head on me knees, an' each time a shell come plungin' down on us I shut me eyes an' saw the flash an' wondhered when would I die an' how an' would it hurt an' would the stretcher bearers find me if I was wounded.

"An' then I heard the young orf'cer say, 'So it's you, is it? What brings you here?'

"An' the staff orf'cer ses to him: 'I met wan of your men an' axed him would he show me the way to divisional headquarthers, an' he tuk me here.'

"The young orf'cer ses to me, 'Denehy, what's arl this? Did you bring this orf'cer here?' An' I ses: 'If I did, sir, I was lost the same as himself.'

"'You mane to say ye didn't know which way ye were headin'?' ses the staff orf'cer. 'Ye're tellin' lies.' Which I was, Jinny, I don't deny.

"A shell bursht close to where we arl were, an' afther that for a long time there was no further conversation, or if there was, I tuk no part in it.

"Presently the young orf'cer ses: 'Well, now you're here, sir, you can see for yourself what it's like. Have we rached our objectives? Will reënforcements be brought up tonight? Are the Germans goin' to counther-attack? Has division arranged for rations? My men are hungry an' thirsty an' cowld. Can they fight after what they done? Can they?'

"'They got to fight,' ses the staff orf'cer.

"'Yes,' ses the young orf'cer, 'we got to fight.'

"'An' now,' ses the staff orf'cer, 'I must be goin' back to headquarthers.'

"'Suppose I tell ye I won't let ye,' ses the young orf'cer. 'Suppose I say I intend to keep ye here with me an' my men!'

"'You wouldn't dare,' ses the staff orf'cer.

"'Wouldn't I?' ses the young orf'cer. 'You said it. You'll stay here,' he ses, 'arl night, come what may. An' in the mornin', if you're still alive, I'll send you back where you belong.'

"When the staff orf'cer thried to say what was in his mind, the young orf'cer shuts him up an' ses:

"'Ah, what's the good? How could ye find your way back through that mud, arl that long way through the shell holes? You'll stay here till I give you laive to go back an' Private Denehy for a guide.'"

"An did he stay?" Jinny asked.

"He did," said Private Denehy. "What else could he do? He stayed with us there in that mud arl night, with the rain pourin' down an' the machine-gun bullets skimmin' us an' the big shells crashin' down an' the flares goin' up to lighten the darkness an' give us a glimpse of the faces of the fellas waitin' for daylight an' the Germans. The staff orf'cer didn't tark. He sat with his arms folded an' his helmet tipped over his nose, but I could see him now an' ag'in lookin' aroun' him with fear an' desolation in his eyes, an' I knew he was askin' himself would he ever escape out of that misery, back to divisional headquarthers an' hot baths an' good food an' men to jump when he spoke to thim an' senthries to salute him an' his office to work in an' messages to send an' throops to move at his biddin', an' God knows what else, miles away from the fightin' an' arl the different kinds of death that a man can die when he's in the front line in a muddy hole, hungry an' tired an' wet to the skin, wondherin' what in hiven the enemy, who's on higher ground than himself, intinds to do with him, an' when.

"Well, Jinny, that was the way it was arl night long. We had no rations—neither food nor dhrink—ammunition was short; no runners rached us, if runners was sent; the telephone wires was cut; an' Jerry was givin' us no rest.

"'What are ye goin' to do?' ses the staff orf'cer afther a long silence.

"'Fight,' ses the young orf'cer. 'We may not be able to march when we come out the line afther a bad time in the snow an' our feet froze on us, but when it comes to fightin', then it doesn't matther how bad things may seem to the staff, we're the hardhest fightin', most sthubborn regiment in the British Army. We'll fight, an' fight like hell.'

"'Indeed,' ses the staff orf'cer, 'an' supposin' the Germans come over in such force it's beyond your powers to dhrive them back?'

"'Then, sir,' ses the young orf'cer, 'ye'll have the privilege of seein' us die, an' mebbe ye'll die yerself. An' I ask you,' he ses, 'isn't that betther than bein' way back at divisional headquarthers an' seein' no more of the war than ye'll hear over the telephone?'

"'Mebbe ye're right,' ses the staff orf'cer, 'mebbe ye're wrong. It's a question where I'd be most use to my counthry, sthrange as it may seem to ye.'

"An' that, Jinny, was the conversation between them. Could ye bate it? It's the thruth I'm tellin' ye, an' no lie. They tarked like that, an' the rain pourin' down an' the darkness impenethrable an' the shells whizzin' down into the mud an' we feelin' more miserable than anny other crowd ever felt since the world began.

"It was still dark when the enemy counther-attacked in force. The barrage rolled over us an' away beyond, great flashes of light an' crashes an' clangin' steel an' the smell of high explosive an' blindin' smoke. An' afther the barrage come the storm throops, masses of them, in their gray uniforms, with their big steel helmets about their ears an' their jack boots keepin' them back, for the mud, Jinny, was as thick their side as ours. They come on without warnin', an' the young orf'cer jumps to his feet an' yells:

"'Let 'em have it, ye fightin' tinkers! Rapid fire!'

"An', Jinny, we done as we were towld. The attack wilted an' stopped an' then swept on, down the hill, an' on to us an' over us, but not past us. Some of the poor fellas lived, but not arl."

"Not all of them, Private Denehy?" said Jinny.

"Not arl, Jinny. The most of them died that got to us. We fought with the bayonet an' we fought with the butt, an' the staff orf'cer, Jinny, grabbed holt of a dead man's rifle an' fought like the rest of us, an' when I slid down on me hands an' knees with the weight of two dead men on top of me an' a live German doin' his best to bayonet me, it was the staff orf'cer killed him an' saved me life; so I was towld when it was arl over, for I never knew at the time, quite, what was happenin' afther I lost me footin' an' went down in the mud.

"Well, Jinny, the attack had failed. We bate the Germans off an' we lay in our shell holes, the livin' an' dead, both, an' the rain come on wance more, an' afther a time the German shellin' begun arl over ag'in an' soon afther that our own guns put down the most tremenjus barrage I ever seen, an' we sat in our holes an' watched the flashes on the slope of the hill an' listened to the crashes, an' then the barrage begun to move an' a crowd of our fellas from another division advanced over us an' up the hill, an' word come through we were to go back at wance.

"An' so, Jinny, we were taken out the line, arl that was left of us, an' we marched down the Menin Road with the staff orf'cer thrampin' by the side of the young orf'cer, limpin' along like he could hardly sthand on his two feet, his trench coat arl torn an' bedraggled with mud an' slime, his field boots jist lumps of clay, an' his face a smear like the faces of arl the rest of us, an' his eyes like saucers.

"An' listen now, Jinny—this is the thruth an' no exaggeration. A major from wan of the other regiments seen us an' ses in a sharp tone of voice:

"'What regiment's this?' The young orf'cer tells him an' the major ses: 'Don't let your men sthraggle arl over the road, then. Thry an' get them to march like soldhiers, if you can.'

"An' the staff orf'cer, Jinny, wakes up out of his dhrame an' he ses, quite loud an' clear: 'You go to hell! You'll get there the quickest by marchin' back the way we came.' That ended it. The major opened his big mouth like he wanted to say somethin', but he thought betther of it an' departed, which was wise of him.

"Soon afther that we were halted to fall out an' rest. The remainder of the battalion—arl that survived—was ahead.

"The staff orf'cer ses to the young orf'cer: 'I apologize,' ses he, 'for arl I did. I'm proud ye gave me the opportunity of seein' you fight. Ye'll hear more of it.'

"An' off he went in search of divisional headquarthers, wherever it was. The young orf'cer undherstood what he meant when, a few weeks later, he got the Military Cross given him for batin' off the German counther-attack."

"Oh!" said Jinny. "Then that's how it was. I see."

"That's arl, Jinny," said Private Denehy. "That's the sthory I had in mind, an' the moral is you got to remember that even a staff orf'cer can larn wisdom if he's taken in hand soon enough."

"I'm glad of that, Private Denehy," said Jinny. "It's very satisfactory, indeed, to know it. Taking it all round, a most interesting story. I'm glad you told it to me. And now, maybe I'd better be getting back to the house."

"Mebbe you had," said Private Denehy.

Jinny slid off the low wall on to the grass.

"Thank you, Private Denehy," she said politely, "for a most entertaining half hour."

And then, with a solemn, gloomy feeling that trouble would shortly visit her, she heard voices, and before she could escape, saw her father and the brigadier come strolling toward her between the trees.

She did not move. Private Denehy stood up. His face was red. His eyes had that curious goggling expression that Jinny knew betokened great uneasiness of mind.

The brigadier halted and smiled encouragingly at Jinny, and then he looked at Private Denehy.

"It's you, is it?" he said. "Is your sense of direction as good as it used to be, Denehy?"

"It is, sir," said Denehy.

"I've not seen you since that night, have I?"

"No, sir, not since you saved my life, sir."

The brigadier looked pleased and said: "You saved mine, you mean, a dozen times over. Did I ever thank you for taking me up to that fight of yours? I meant to, anyway." His rather austere face lit up in a smile; his large, melancholy eyes twinkled. "I owe you more than I could ever pay back. Your Military Medal was a very small recompense for what you did for me."

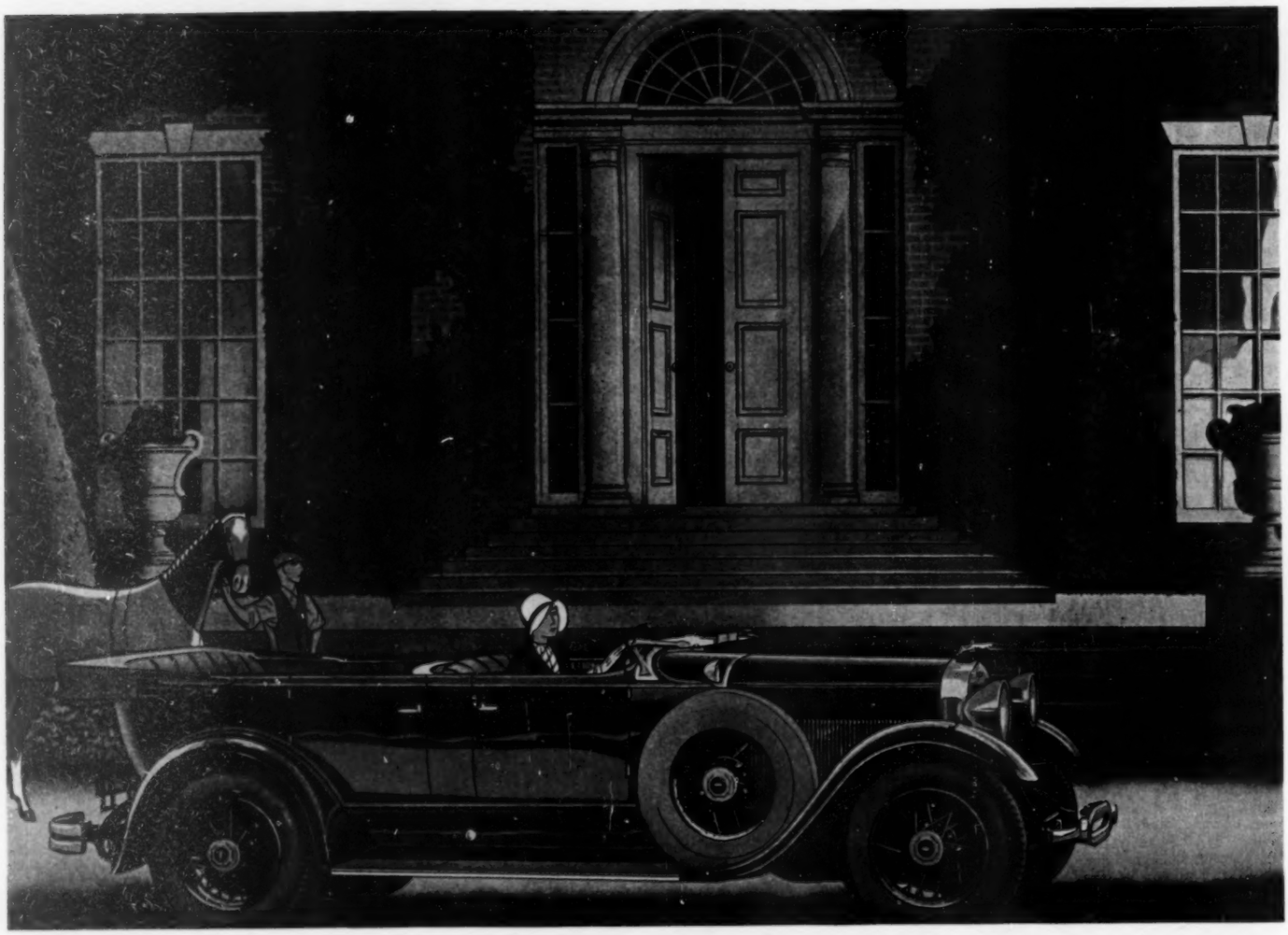
And then the brigadier shook Private Denehy by the hand and said he was proud to have met him again and if ever Major Abbott could spare him he was to come to him, and Major Abbott said he never could spare him, and he and the brigadier walked slowly off side by side on the grass between the apple and pear trees.

Jinny drew a long breath. "Private Denehy," she said, "I didn't think you had it in you. I didn't, honest."

Without waiting for Private Denehy to ask what she meant, she hurried after her father and the brigadier.

Glooscap's Gate, Nova Scotia

THE LINCOLN



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SALES RESISTANCE

(Continued from Page 9)

They drove in silence for a few minutes. The top was folded back and the warm night air poured over the windshield, brushing a strand of hair across Sally's cheek. Ellis observed her out of the corner of his eye. She seemed very small, sitting beside him; the cowl came almost level with her eyes. Presently she yawned again.

"Can't help it," she declared smilingly. "You don't mind if I don't talk, do you? I'm half dead."

"Not at all."

"You're sweet to do this for me."

She looked at him gratefully and they lapsed into silence again. Ellis followed the shore road. The fog was blowing in from the lake and wisps of mist appeared in the headlights' beam like miniature clouds scudding into the darkness behind.

Ellis felt a soft little jar against his shoulder and turned to find Sally regarding him in sleepy-eyed bewilderment. "Sorry," she said quickly. "I must have dropped off for a second." She sat up very straight and patted her tangled curls into place.

Two field-stone gateposts appeared in the circle of the headlights and Ellis turned from the highway down a long avenue of poplars. He was gratified to find the porte-cochère brilliantly lighted as he stopped beside the house, and the sudden appearance of Mr. Briggs in the doorway rendered his satisfaction complete.

He helped Sally out of the car and up the steps. She leaned on his arm and blinked at her father under the strong light.

"This is Ellis Higbie," she said, stifling a yawn. "He saved your child from an awful evening."

Mr. Briggs grunted and looked at Ellis sharply. He was a big man, slightly bald, with a gray mustache that bristled aggressively, and steady eyes.

"Higbie," he said slowly. "Let's see. The name's familiar."

Mr. Briggs' tone was unpleasantly reminiscent and Ellis felt his face grow suddenly warm; he hadn't counted on this. Most of his prospects had a convenient way of forgetting previous contacts. If Sally knew of his fruitless visit to her father's office that morning, it might prove rather awkward. To his infinite relief, she moved toward the door.

"You two can stand here all night," she informed them, yawning again. "I'm dead. And thanks a million times, Ellis; it was cute of you. See you Tuesday." She went inside, slamming the screen behind her, and Ellis heard her going upstairs.

"Weren't you the young squirt who called at my office this morning?" inquired Mr. Briggs, fixing him with a heavy stare.

"Yes," Ellis admitted.

"You were out of luck," said Mr. Briggs. "I never talk to salesmen, see? They're pests. No hard feeling though; here, have a cigar." He extended a thick leather case, which Ellis politely refused. Mr. Briggs selected a cigar and thoughtfully chewed the end.

"Nobody ever sold me anything yet," he declared at length. "It wouldn't matter if you were the best salesman in the world, young fellow; you couldn't interest me in an automobile or anything else to save your neck. When I want to buy, I go out and do it. Nobody can talk me into it, see? I'm salesproof."

He looked past Ellis at the car standing under the porte-cochère. A good many people had looked at Ellis' car. It was conspicuous in a quiet, costly sort of way, with its long polished hood, its gleaming fittings and its fleet, rakish lines.

"That the car you wanted to sell me?"

Ellis nodded.

Mr. Briggs descended the steps and, resting one foot on the running board, inspected the instrument board and controls.

"What're all these gadgets?"

Ellis explained them in detail and Mr. Briggs listened, seemingly unimpressed. He ran his hand over the seat cushions and felt the side pockets.

"Real?" said Mr. Briggs, fixing Ellis with a searching glance.

"Genuine grain leather. The best we can buy."

"Doesn't look it," Mr. Briggs commented disparagingly. "What do you get for a car like this?"

"Forty-eight hundred fully equipped."

Mr. Briggs grinned sardonically. "More than my salary twenty years ago," he observed. "How fast'll she go?"

"She's guaranteed for ninety," Ellis informed him, "but she'll do a hundred and ten with special gearing."

"Too fast. A hundred and ten you said?"

"Yes."

Mr. Briggs yawned and stretched his arms over his head, but Ellis noted that his eyes still rested on the gorgeous vehicle in the driveway.

"If I wanted that car," Mr. Briggs asserted in a defiant tone, "I'd buy it right now. You wouldn't have to turn loose any of your blasted high-powered sales chatter. But you couldn't talk me into it. No, sir."

Ellis smiled to himself. He recognized Mr. Briggs as one of a curious but common species of prospect, struggling manfully to conquer his own enthusiasm and slowly but surely succumbing to the lure of a Wesson Eight. Nothing remained but to let him feast his eyes on the car a few more times; nature would take its course. To resort to any of the conventional sales tactics would be fatal, and Ellis, being a shrewd young man, knew it; so he remained silent.

Mr. Briggs went up the steps. He paused with his hand on the door and once more critically inspected the roadster.

"I'm going to bed," he announced abruptly. "Good night, young fellow. Don't you go driving any ninety miles an hour; you'll break your neck."

"Good night, sir," Ellis returned with fitting deference to the prospective owner of a Wesson Eight. He got into the car and started the motor. Mr. Briggs was watching him from the doorway, and Ellis was sure that he detected a contemplative expression on his face. The motor broke into a deep, luxurious purr, and Ellis allowed it to idle a moment for Mr. Briggs' edification. Then he put the car in gear and, with a debonair salute, glided from under the porte-cochère; Mr. Briggs' gaze followed him.

Beyond the gates Ellis broke into a cheery whistle. Jonas Briggs, he felt certain, had been delivered into his hands.

Ellis had tickets for Hold Hard, Tuesday evening, and he called for Sally a little before eight. She was stunning, he thought, in a dark blue frock that seemed to accentuate the loveliness of her hair and eyes. Mr. Briggs walked to the door with them and surveyed Ellis' roadster standing under the porte-cochère. Ellis had taken the precaution of having it washed and polished, and its immense hood glistened with the luster of black onyx.

Mr. Briggs shook his head.

"Regular locomotive," he observed sourly. "You ought to have it running on a track. I suppose you need a block or two to turn round in, eh?"

"It handles very easily," Ellis replied in an even tone. He knew better than to be enticed into an argument with Mr. Briggs, and he had resolved to offer Sally's father no opportunity to bolster his sagging sales resistance.

"What do they build cars so low for?" Mr. Briggs pursued irritably. "I'll bet your head goes through the top every time you hit a bump."

"There's plenty of clearance," Ellis assured him, secretly delighted by Mr. Briggs' efforts at disparagement. He was crazy about the car; give him all the rope he wanted. That was the way. But you couldn't rush him.

After the theater, they went to the Ashton grill and danced. Ellis was enjoying himself far more than he had expected. He liked Sally immensely and decided that she was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen. People stared at her; quite a few of her own crowd were there and the boys cut in on Ellis frequently.

He was glad when the music stopped and she was sitting across the table from him again; the pink candle shade threw a soft glow over her cheeks and made her eyes dance with tiny points of light. A cute kid all right; he'd have to see a lot of her. What a relief after some of the ones he'd had to drag around to put over a sale. Why was it his prospects had such terrible daughters? Nice girls, but homely—awful, most of them—all except Sally.

He was sorry when she said, "I'm afraid I'll have to be going. Do you mind? Father's sort of fussy."

The light under the porte-cochère was on, but the rest of the house was dark. Ellis was glad of that. He didn't want to see Mr. Briggs just now; he hadn't thought of Mr. Briggs all evening.

He felt a little thrill when they walked up the steps and her shoulder pressed for an instant against his. Sally held out her hand.

"It was cute of you," she said. "I had a simply swell evening."

"Let's get together again. How about playing golf with me sometime?"

"I'd love to, but I'm terrible."

"Tomorrow?" Ellis promptly suggested.

"I can't tomorrow," she said.

"Friday then?"

"All right."

"I'll pick you up around four."

"That'll be fine. Well, good night." Her hand was on the door, and suddenly Ellis felt as though she were being snatched away from him, as though he couldn't bear to let her go.

"Sally," he said, in a voice curiously unlike his own. She paused in the doorway and looked at him uncomprehendingly. Ellis instantly recovered himself.

"Oh," he added hastily—"er—good night. See you Friday."

He turned and walked down the steps to his car. As he got in, he heard the screen door bang. He felt very hot and uncomfortable and annoyed at himself; he'd acted like a sap. The first date he'd ever had with her and he had to pull one like that! Ellis slammed the car in gear and roared down the driveway, the gravel rattling like hailstones against the fenders.

After he was in bed he lay awake thinking about her. He hadn't really fallen for Sally Briggs, he told himself; this was a business proposition. He had to be nice to her; that was all. As soon as he'd delivered the old man a roadster, he'd forget her. Sure he would; the way he'd forgotten Marjorie Dewing and Helen Ackley and Nita Bennett and the rest of them. Sally Briggs wasn't anything in his life—not a thing. And then he wondered who she was going out with tomorrow night and whether she was dated up for the horse show. He heard the clock strike four and presently he fell asleep.

The next morning he called her up and asked her to have luncheon with him. He wanted to see her again—terribly. Friday seemed a long way off—two whole days.

"Sorry," she said. "I can't."

"Tomorrow maybe?" he suggested hopefully.

"I'm signed up for a bridge luncheon."

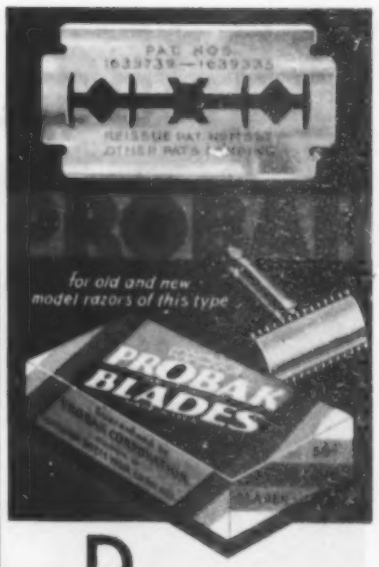
"Oh," he said, concealing his disappointment with an effort. "Well, don't forget about Friday."

"I won't."

The days dragged, but Friday came at last.

Ellis was off his game, slicing his drives, committing atrocities with his irons, taking sevens where fours were customary. Somehow his game didn't matter. He wasn't

(Continued on Page 83)



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She captivated you in the blacks and grays. But in color, her charm is heightened. Now you vote her irresistible!

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **BRIGHT LIGHTS,** with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures), Technicolor Sequences; **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **HELL'S ANGELS,** with Ben Lyon (Caddo Productions), Technicolor Sequences; **HIT THE DECK,** with Jack Oakie and Polly Walker (Radio), Technicolor Sequences; **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **MAMBA,** with Eleanor Boardman and Jean Hersholt (Tiffany); **MAMMY,** starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.), Technicolor Sequences; **NO, NO, NANETTE,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National), Technicolor Sequences; **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star revue (Paramount), Technicolor Sequences; **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ,** starring Harry Richman (United Artists), Technicolor Sequences; **RADIO RAMBLERS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, and Dorothy Lee (Radio); **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SHOW OF SHOWS,** with 77 stars (Warner Bros.); **SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD,** with Alice White (First National), Technicolor Sequences; **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **SONG OF THE WEST,** with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **THE ROGUE SONG,** with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **THE VAGABOND KING,** starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount); **UNDER A TEXAS MOON,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.).

Technicolor is natural color

(Continued from Page 81)

thinking about golf. There was a warm wind blowing across the links and the clouds cast fleeting shadows over the rolling fairways. Sally's brown curls tossed bewitchingly and the skirt of her yellow sport suit whipped around her knees. It was good to be with her again, good to be rid of that queer restless feeling he'd had since Tuesday. Ellis watched her, fascinated, utterly forgetful of his own game. She played her shots with an easy carefree grace, and, when her ball tumbled into the cup after a long putt, she uttered ecstatic little shrieks which delighted him.

He achieved a terrific, slashing drive on the seventeenth that soared high and landed squarely on the green, and Sally regarded him with wide-eyed admiration.

"Mercy," she exclaimed. "Do you do that very often?"

"Once a year," Ellis informed her gravely. "Now I can quit for the season."

The sun was sinking behind the trees, casting long shadows across the clubhouse lawn when they finished the eighteenth. In the locker room Sally met Marjorie Dewing pulling a flame-colored jersey over her head.

"Hi," said Marjorie after she had extricated herself. "How'd you get along with the big Wesson Eight man? I saw you starting off."

"We weren't keeping score," Sally replied.

Marjorie smiled at her queerly.

"Ellis is quite a boy," she said. "I suppose he's going to sell your father a car, isn't he?"

"I don't know," Sally returned. "He hasn't said anything about it."

"He wouldn't." Marjorie sat down in a cretonne chair and leaned back comfortably, stretching out her long silken legs, and regarded Sally thoughtfully. Marjorie Dewing wasn't pretty, but people liked her; she said rather startling things and was in great demand for dinner parties.

"Ellis and I used to be great little playmates," Marjorie resumed. "What's he like now?"

"He's nice," Sally informed her briefly. Ellis was nice, she assured herself; she liked him a lot. He was older than most of the boys she knew and it was fun having dates with someone older for a change; cute-looking, too, with his gray eyes and broad shoulders and square, determined chin.

Marjorie Dewing seemed to read her thoughts.

"Oh, he's got his points," she said. "Ellis gets what he goes after, and that's something these days." Her eyes, with their half-amused expression, made Sally vaguely uneasy. "You know," Marjorie went on smilingly, "you must be about the tenth victim." She counted on her fingers, looking absently up at the ceiling. "That's right—the tenth. I had the honor of being the second. Gracious, I've said it. Do you think I'm perfectly terrible?"

"I don't understand," Sally answered helplessly.

"You'd be a genius if you did," Marjorie assured her. "The awful truth doesn't begin to dawn till after it's all over. When Ellis fools them, they stay fooled. I don't know why, but they do."

She paused a moment and then she continued:

"It all comes under the head of salesmanship. Get the idea, darling? Give the girl a big rush, sell papa a car, ditch the girl and move on to the next one. That's Ellis' system. And smooth! Why, he wouldn't even try to hold your hand; that's how clever the boy is. Always the perfect gentleman. In a way," she went on, "I like Ellis for that. He doesn't ever make out that he's crazy about you, and if you get all hipped up over him it's your own fault. It's wonderful sales psychology."

"Do you mean he has dates just so he can sell cars?" Sally faltered.

"Absolutely; business and pleasure. Only it's mostly business. He'll give you a lot of time until the old gent signs on the dotted line, and then it's all alone by the telephone for yours. You'll find out."

"Really?" Sally felt her cheeks growing hot.

"I learned about salesmen from him," Marjorie said carelessly. She spoke with an easy drawl. "Of course, it's none of my business, but I just thought I'd let you know. We girls must stick together."

"Thanks," Sally murmured. She moved toward the door, slightly dazed by Marjorie's recital. Business—that was why he'd taken her to the theater, asked her for a luncheon date. That was why they'd played golf. Ellis' sudden enthusiasm, she remembered, had puzzled her. He'd never called her up before, never given her any time. She understood now. For a moment she felt angry and humiliated, but when she saw him waiting for her at the end of the hall she quickly regained her composure.

Driving home, she chattered amiably about anything that came into her head—anything to make conversation, to take her mind off Marjorie's words. She hated Marjorie and wished that she hadn't met her. Why were people always spoiling things?

Ellis stopped the car under the porte-cochère and turned off the motor.

"When am I going to see you again?" he asked.

"I don't know," Sally said quietly.

"The horse show's Wednesday. Will you go with me?"

"No," she said in a deliberate tone, "I don't think I will."

Ellis looked at her amusedly. "Offhand," he remarked, "I'd say that was a turndown."

Sally nodded.

"Anything the matter?" he inquired, still smiling.

"Everything," she said. "Everything's the matter."

Ellis' expression became abruptly serious. "Meaning what?" he asked.

Sally met his gaze steadily. "Suppose," she began—"suppose you knew a man in the automobile business and ——"

"Myself by any chance?" Ellis interrupted quickly, but she disregarded him and went on:

"—— he wanted to sell your father a car. He thought it would help if he was nice to you—entertained you, took you places so as to make a good impression, used you as a kind of sales medium."

She paused, and Ellis regarded her curiously; a sudden flush of color had mounted to his cheeks.

"He finally did sell your father a car," Sally resumed in a steady voice, "and after that he wasn't interested in you any more. He dropped you like a hot potato and looked around for somebody else whose father might buy an automobile." She was silent a moment.

"Well," said Ellis quietly, "go on."

"That's all," she returned; "there isn't any more."

He was looking at her thoughtfully. Presently he said, "Now I'll tell one: Suppose this bird was trying to sell your father a car and using you to help the deal along, the way you said. Suppose he got to liking you so much on your own account that he sort of forgot all about making a sale; he didn't care whether your father bought a car from him or not. What would you think of him then?"

"I'd think he was a good egg," she said, meeting his eyes.

"But not such a hot salesman," Ellis suggested, studying her fixedly, "losing a deal that way."

"He'd be gaining something too," Sally countered.

"Would he?"

She thought a moment. "Yes," she said simply, "I think he would."

She looked past Ellis at her father, who had suddenly appeared in the doorway. Mr. Briggs was taking in every detail of the massive vehicle in the drive, from its crimson wheel spokes to the immense, staring head lamps. His eyes finally focused on Ellis.

"Well," he announced gruffly, "guess I'll have to have one like that. Get out your pencil."

Ellis' astonishment was revealed in his face and Mr. Briggs instantly perceived it.

"That's the trouble with you salesmen," he said caustically; "you don't think you can put a deal across without a lot of battling. When anybody steps up and wants to buy without your high-pressuring him into it, you think he's crazy. I'll take a roadster just like that as soon as you can deliver it."

Instinctively Ellis reached for the order blank in his inner pocket, which he had been carrying in readiness for this particular moment. Then he hesitated; he felt Sally's eyes upon him. There wasn't any time to think about it.

"You don't want this kind of car," he said in a tone of bland assurance, meeting Mr. Briggs' gaze squarely. "It wouldn't suit you at all."

Mr. Briggs was plainly taken aback. "Why not?" he demanded.

"Every reason in the world," Ellis rejoined glibly. "It's not the kind of car for you, Mr. Briggs. You want something that's more practical."

"Who says I do?" Mr. Briggs' voice was truculent. "I guess I know what I want."

"Possibly," Ellis conceded patronizingly. "This is a trick car—a race driver's car. Nobody would buy one; that's why we don't make many. They're too ——"

"Listen here, young fellow," Mr. Briggs interrupted. "Do you want to sell me a car or don't you? Let's get this straight."

Ellis did not flinch. "I'm not going to sell you that car," he announced flatly, unabashed by the enormity of his words, "and I'd be making a big mistake if I did. You told me yourself it was built too low—well, it is. It's got a whole lot of things you wouldn't like."

"What, for instance?" Mr. Briggs was insistent.

"Too much speed," Ellis asserted convincingly. "It doesn't run right until it gets up around sixty. In town you have to use second most of the time. You don't want a racing car, do you?" He was well aware that the vehicle under discussion performed as smoothly at six as it did at sixty miles an hour.

"What else?" Mr. Briggs inquired irritably.

"The springs aren't right," Ellis continued, warming to his task, "not bad on a track, but they'd break your back for ordinary driving; it rides like a truck. I can't sell you this car, Mr. Briggs; I want to have my customers satisfied." The riding qualities of a Wesson Eight were such as to convey the impression of hurtling through space on an eiderdown cushion, and Ellis Higbie knew it.

Mr. Briggs eyed him narrowly. "Well," he observed, "you're certainly a fine salesman, knocking your own product like that."

Ellis smiled wistfully. "It's for your own good," he returned. "You don't want to buy a car that's not practical." He started the motor and glanced at Sally; a wave of resentment swept over him. She ought to feel better, now that he'd talked the old man out of a deal, passed up a three-hundred-dollar commission; great way to treat anybody. Well, it was all over now; he'd shown her.

"Good-by," he said to Mr. Briggs, putting the car in gear. He nodded stiffly to Sally. "See you again sometime."

He had dinner alone at the university club; afterward he went up to his room. He didn't want to see anybody and refused Mark Treadwell's invitation to play billiards. He tried to read but found that he couldn't get interested; and then he went over to the window and stood for a long time looking across the city at the lights and at the cars passing below in the street. What a swell day this had turned out to be! He'd certainly messed things all the way round.

He sat down again and tried to read some more, but it was no use; he couldn't get her out of his mind. What was she doing now? Out with Joe Maxon or some fool college kid probably; a different one every night. Well, it didn't make any difference to him, not any more. He was through, he told himself, through with her for life.

Suppose he called her up? He reached for the telephone on the stand near his bed, but when Central asked for the number he hastily replaced the receiver. No, he was through.

He sat at his desk in the Wesson salesrooms next morning, checking over his list of prospects—Barker, Bornman, Brice, Briggs. The name at the bottom of the page seemed to mock him, and he began to scratch it out with his pencil. Then he paused and looked at it thoughtfully for a moment: the lines under the name, the notation after it—"See Sally"; that was a hot one! Ellis bore down heavily with his pencil and blacked it out with a series of rapid strokes.

The telephone rang.

"Yes," he said, taking up the instrument.

"Couple of people looking for you, Mr. Higbie."

"Tell 'em I'll be right out."

He left his desk and walked briskly down the long corridor into the showroom; near one of the marble columns he halted abruptly. Sally and her father were standing beside a glittering sport roadster similar to his own. For an instant Ellis seriously contemplated flight, but Mr. Briggs, turning suddenly, saw him.

"Hullo," his voice boomed cheerily. "We've come for that car. Got your pencil sharpened? Young fellow," Mr. Briggs continued in a tone of severity as Ellis approached, "you're the world's worst salesman. I told you that you couldn't sell me a car if I didn't want to buy it, and you let me alone—let me sell myself. That was smart, but when I was all set to sign on the dotted line you tried to talk me out of it. . . . Here, let's have your order blank."

Ellis' eyes shifted to Sally; she smiled, and, casting a swift glance toward her father, nodded meaningly. Uncertainly he reached in his pocket and extracted a yellow pad, which he tendered to Mr. Briggs. Sally's father scrawled his name across the bottom and returned it.

"There," he said brusquely; "you fill in the rest. I want it just like yours, with all the gadgets and a couple of spare tires. Bring it out to the house this afternoon and I'll give you a check." He looked fondly at the roadster and turned to Ellis again.

"Son," said Mr. Briggs, not unkindly, "my daughter here could give you some pointers on salesmanship." He laid his arm affectionately around Sally's shoulders. "Yes, sir," he resumed, "I'll bet she knows more about that car than you do. She's been after me to buy it ever since you left; said you didn't know what you were talking about. She sold me on that car, see?"

"Oh," said Ellis, brightening, "did she?"

"You bet she did," rejoined Mr. Briggs. "Higbie, you're a nice fellow, but you're a punk salesman." He turned away abruptly and resumed his inspection of the roadster.

Ellis looked at Sally; their eyes met and she blushed furiously.

"I hear they're having a horse show Wednesday," he said.

"Are they?"

"Yes. You going?"

"I think so," she returned. "Maybe I'll see you."

"You're whooping you will," Ellis exclaimed. "Let's make it about three. I'll pick you up."

"Three's fine." She smiled at him.

"Don't let father kid you," Sally said. "I think you're a swell salesman."

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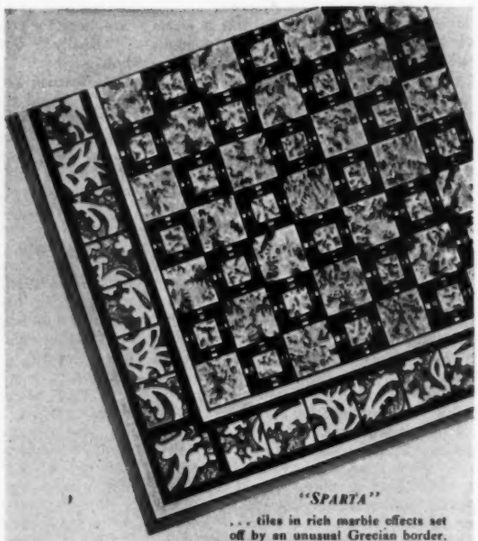

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MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING

(Continued from Page 19)

and went back to work. He was working on the hard problem of making one little house different from all the other little houses in the world. He liked the people for whom he was making the plans—an eager young woman who was soon going to have a baby and always refused to admit that she was tired, and a gaunt, serious young man who was probably going to spend the next ten years getting even a little house paid for. The baby and the house were all they were asking of life, but they wanted them both to be beautiful, and David quite got their point. He was trying to do his best for them.

That was why he took his car in the late afternoon and drove out toward the Paige house.

It was absurd, of course, to try to make an eight-room house anything like the great Paige place, but David often did things like that, and there was something about the line of the roof which he thought he could copy in miniature. He had not been the architect for the Paige house. But he always wished that he had been, that he had been responsible, at least imaginatively, for placing that house in its setting. It was so exactly as it should be, as it could be when there was no need to consider money. It was a serene white palace of a house back of a long, steady line of spruce trees, and it had cost, even with building prices low, more than half a million dollars. Jackson Paige had had it built for his bride when he had brought her from New York, and they spent part of every year in it. She was a pretty bride and David often saw her at large parties, although he had never danced with her. Their groups did not interlock sufficiently. And he had heard Maud and Berta say that there was nothing to her.

Spring was well along, of course, since the Whitsuntide dance was in the offing. It was expectant weather and David vaguely wished that he had more to expect. He took the least frequented road, the old, unpaved one which had the best view of the lake. Usually there was very little traffic, but along one side of the road today he saw a very handsome car, evidently stalled. A girl was standing beside it and when she saw him she signaled to him to stop.

The first sight of her was not the most beautiful David was to have. She was always at her best in evening clothes. But still that first effect of lapin jacket and limousine body and impertinent hat and charming face was enough to startle him. He stopped, of course, and stepped out of his car and she smiled at him in the confident way of a girl who has not the slightest fear of being misunderstood.

"Do I know you?" she asked.

"I wish you did," said David.

"I hoped I did. I've met so many men in the last few days. No—I haven't met you. I'd not have forgotten."

He had never heard anything more fresh and sweet and friendly than her voice. She wasn't trying to produce any effect on him at all. She was like a princess bestowing a favor.

"Something's wrong with this car," she said. "Could you drive me as far as the main road? It's so muddy that I thought I'd sink out of sight if I tried walking."

"You would. But can't I help you with the car?"

She shook her head. "I doubt it. It just definitely refuses to start. It's made up its mind. Or its motor."

He tried to find out what was wrong. It wasn't the kind of car he was used to. Under the hood it was very grand and clean and shining, but for all that very ineffective.

"The trouble's in the ignition," he told her at length. "I hate to meddle with it."

"I've been meddling for half an hour and had no luck. Still, it's a nice place to be stuck."

It was. The lake was in sight, glowing under a pinkish twilight, and all the little bushes were blowing about happily. There were gray rocks along one side of the road, which was why it had never been built up with little houses or big ones, and they gave an illusion of grandeur and solitude.

"You chose it well," said David.

He wanted to look at her instead of the machinery. It took a lot of control not to do it.

"Don't bother any more. Let's leave it," she suggested.

"I think I could tow it."

"No. I'll send someone from the house. Just take me as far as a sidewalk and next time I'll wear rubber boots."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm staying with my sister, Mrs. Paige. My name is Marjorie Winthrop."

"I'm David Giles. I know your brother-in-law a little. And I'm an architect and going your way."

"Were you really going out that far?"

"Exactly that far. I'll tell you why."

It was very easy to tell her why he had come and she seemed really interested. When they came into view of the Paige house he explained what he was trying to do about the outlines of the little one he was planning.

"You like being an architect, don't you?"

"Nearly all the time."

"It's useful. Building places for people to live and work in. It must be like making their lives for them."

"That's what you try to believe," he said, surprised at his frankness. He usually kept uncommercial thoughts like that hidden.

"Isn't it true?"

"Once in a while. But people get in their own way. And they won't always believe you when you tell them things are beautiful."

"Do you think you always know?"

"I'm a pretty good guesser," he said, looking at her, and they both laughed. "But the main thing is that most people haven't enough money to do what they want. In architecture, I mean."

"In anything. Money's so terribly important."

It almost shocked David to hear her say that with such frankness. He would have imagined that to her money would be negligible. And he had come to believe that it was rather womanly and noble to say that it was, anyway. But they had reached the front door of her sister's home.

"Do come in," she said, as if she very much meant it. "It won't take long to have tea and I want you to meet Marie. She'd love your flattery about her house."

"Would she believe me?"

"Oh, I'll tell her you're always right."

So David picked up a third invitation for dinner before the Whitsuntide dance. It was very natural and probable as it happened. Even if she had nothing to her, Marie Paige had a way of creating intimate hospitality in the midst of luxury. She was very cordial. They had an inconsequent discussion of houses and dogs and cars and nobody told anyone else what ought to be thought on any subject. And after a while Jackson Paige came in and asked about the children and slid his arm around his wife, who evidently liked to have it there.

"Come to see us again," said Mrs. Paige, and, thinking a second, focused her invitation, "I wonder if you could come to dinner before the Whitsuntide dance. We're having some people here."

"Doing a little shanghaiing, Marie?" asked her husband.

Marie laughed.

"Of course I suppose you are awfully at a premium. But I've just come back and I know more married than unmarried men. They're no fun for Marjorie if they're married."

"Or shouldn't be," said Marjorie. "Whom should I know here, Mr. Giles?"

"The most interesting man I know in the city is a young Austrian," answered David, since they had asked him outright. "He's very intelligent and very amusing. Of course"—he paused and seemed reminded of something—"sometimes he gives the wrong impression to people. He's a foreigner but he's really very well educated."

"You couldn't bring him, too, could you?" asked Mrs. Paige. "Yes, I know without your laughing at me, Jack, how frightfully nervy I am."

"Not at all," said Jackson. "First you let him pick Marjorie out of the gutter and then you ask him to get up a dinner party for you. Not nerve at all. Just ordinary courtesy."

"But I'd like to come," said David, "and so would Fritz, I'm sure."

"Then you will?"

David was looking at Marjorie. She didn't seem bothered by it at all. She had taken off her hat and he knew now that her hair had all the shades of brown and gold and that her forehead was frank and high and made her face rather grave in spite of her easily amused eyes.

"If I may," he said.

It seemed at the time the only possible answer. Only when he tried to explain it to Maud and Berta did it begin to grow unreal and extraordinary.

"So you had tea there," said Maud. "I suppose she does things in a very formal way."

That wasn't the way David remembered it. There had been quite a little competition over the last piece of cheese toast, which had ended in dividing it between two people.

"Their butler is English, I hear," Berta remarked.

"Seems a nice old fellow. Good with dogs," answered David.

"I suppose the house is very pretentious."

"It's a beautiful place."

"It always seems so ridiculous to me that people imagine that living in a great house can make them important," said Maud. "Now the Paiges really aren't one of the old families. There was no Paige fortune at all forty years ago. Jackson Paige's father was just a lawyer who happened to get hold of some mining property, as I understand it. Just a young lawyer with no reputation. Judge Mallory was on the bench at that time."

"That reminds me," said David. "Will you tell Mrs. Mallory that I can't make her dinner before the Whitsuntide dance?"

Berta stared.

"But I told her you could."

"I'm sorry. I'm dated up."

"You didn't say anything about it the other night."

"I wasn't asked then."

"Who's asked you since?"

David grinned mischievously and was wickedly dilatory about getting his cigarette lit.

"Well—there was Mrs. Wing ——"

"David—you're not going with the Wings after promising the Mallorys!"

"I didn't promise the Mallorys," said David. "It was you who did that, Berta."

"Do you think more of people like Mrs. Wing ——"

"I kind of like her. She keeps on being young after most people give up hope," remarked David. "And Tom's been a good friend of mine. I really ought to do something for them."

"You mean that you have to go to her party for business reasons?"

"Oh, I'm not going. Perhaps I should. But I just said she asked me. As a matter of fact, I'm going to the Paiges'."

The Giles sisters looked at each other. Their glances said firmly that it was time to take a stand.

"But you've just met them! You don't know them."

"I know their general reputation," said David. "They've got good credit."

"The Mallorys," said Maud, "are old, dear friends of ours. It wouldn't be possible to explain this, after I said you'd come. I saw Mrs. Mallory only this morning, and she mentioned the dinner. She said she was counting on you."

"Don't let her do it," David advised her. "She'll come out all wrong."

"But you want to think of Edith."

He didn't want to in the least. It was even rather difficult to remember Edith through the preoccupation of his imagination.

"I thought you liked Edith," said Maud, with just a tinge of sentiment.

"I always have," answered David, "but how can I tell what she'll be like with no tonsils?"

It was a lightness they could not meet. It was like an unruly breeze that blew the hats off their heads. It was not like the David who had slept so many years in the square back bedroom.

Maud spoke her mind.

"I'm afraid, David, that you've been a little dazzled by these rich people. In a way, I suppose it's natural. But you want to remember that money isn't everything."

David was looking at the room, at the accumulations of economical years, at the traces of starvation and neglect of lovely possibilities, at the two hardening women, one in brown silk and one in black, who didn't seem to be telling the truth at all. If he had money now, if he had all the money he could think of, he wouldn't have this sense of the thing's being hopeless. He could have a try anyway. He could hear the clear voice of Marjorie Winthrop saying that money was important.

"Well, it's just about everything," he said. "You can have the rest."

From a man who had never had any money sense the statement was so strange that it staggered his sisters. The whole situation bewildered them. There was, to be sure, a slight touch of pride as well as embarrassment in the explanation Berta had to make to Mrs. Mallory. After all, the richest people in the city were the Paiges, and the desirability of David reflected on his sisters, even if it was only a golden glory. Mrs. Mallory was very cold indeed about the whole thing and said nothing more about the extra ticket for the symphony, which Edith couldn't use and which it had been hinted that Berta was to have. Maud and Berta were worried. They felt as if they could no longer trust their own management, as if they were cut off, as if they were living in the house with a strange man these days. His jaw seemed harder, and his replies to their conversation, when they were not made at random, often had a new ring of something like contradiction in them. It seemed as if he were suddenly overhauling his whole mind and throwing away things which were still good and useful. There was the day when Berta found the burnt-wood tie rack in the wastebasket, stripped clean of ties, and evidently put there by no accident.

"Who else is going to be at this party of the Paiges?" asked Berta one day very stiffly.

"The only one I'm sure of is Fritz Damler."

"Who is he?"

"I brought him home for dinner one night. You must remember. You didn't like him. An Austrian who spoiled the tablecloth."

Berta remembered and gasped.

"But is he a friend of the Paiges?"

"Oh, no. He's a friend of mine. We go around a lot in town. Two or three times a week. I'm taking him to the Paiges'."

It was after that that his sisters began definitely to fear a sinister influence. Perhaps this Austrian was using David for his own ends. Things they had read—only because they felt they should be informed, and not for pleasure—came back to them. David was certainly not himself. He ordered new evening clothes, although his old ones were still good, even if they were out of style a

(Continued on Page 88)

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(Continued from Page 86)

little after seven years in excellent society. And Maud and Berta shuddered on the morning when David looked speculatively around the dining room and said, "If we threw everything out of here, the room itself isn't such a bad shape."

They were not the only people who felt the influence of a new mood in David. Mrs. Wing, amused by his tone when he told her that he couldn't come to her party and admitted that he was going to the Paiges', said teasingly, "So you've gone rich."

"I wish I could."

"It's a fool thing to do."

"Why?"

"Money should always be ignored, David."

"But you can't ignore it. It's important," said David, by way of quotation.

The young couple whose house he was planning at the moment felt the change too. David had been interested in it before, but they could hardly understand his absorption in the plans now. He thought of so many ways to make the little house more lovely. He couldn't seem to leave it alone and was always calling up about a new kind of tile or a suggested window. They knew that he was giving it more thought and time than they were paying for, but they couldn't stop him.

The days before the Whitsuntide party telescoped to nothing. All the fitters in the expensive shops had rings under their eyes, and the beauty shops did not have an operator idling for an hour for days beforehand. Mrs. Mallory ordered her dozen roses. Mrs. Wing sent the florist to whom she owed the smallest bill out to the club to arrange her dinner table at great expense. And David began to wonder if he had been a fool.

Of course they had asked him, all right. He'd had the pleasantest of notes from Mrs. Paige, reiterating her invitation. Fritz had laughed and been glad to go. He took such things lightly. But David hadn't seen Marjorie Winthrop again except once when her car passed him. She had known him instantly and waved and he had felt excited for hours. It was all ridiculous and he knew it. He had gone over his accounts. He had thought about Maud and Berta even as he threw away the tie rack. He had looked into the future and he couldn't see a chance. For one night he'd be at the same party with her and then it would all be over.

He couldn't hang around a girl like that, not on his income. He couldn't pretend to a girl who thought money was important, because he didn't have enough of it. He found himself vaguely hoping that when he saw her again he wouldn't like her. He found that he was fearing the same thing.

The big house, when they entered it, had the feeling of graciousness, ease and hospitality which David had remembered. A servant took his coat and a dog came up to be friendly. There were motors outside, and lovely women in the drawing-rooms. But David only saw one of them very clearly.

"Hello," she said. "I was getting impatient to see you again."

He knew then that it was magic, the kind of magic that has never been explained, and will never be explained, and must never be, if life is to keep its mystery. No one else was going to make him feel like this. He was not going to despair or hope or desire like this again, whatever came of it.

He was completely happy and completely wretched.

Maud and Berta had darkly hinted at the dissipation he was entering upon, but David saw none of it. A good many people ate canapes and let the cocktails go by, and there was very little comment upon either food or liquor.

He saw Fritz down the length of dining table, being a success. Fritz was not the only member of the company who was eating in the Continental manner, and his sallies did not seem to shock anyone. He was being as rapturous and eloquent and amusing as only he could.

But David was not being amusing at all. He knew he was doing very badly, but he couldn't keep his mind on the party. They were talking unemployment and poverty. For a few moments everyone seemed to be really troubled about such things, as if they should be. It wasn't, he was aware, the kind of talk he might have had at the Mallorys', where they would have been sententious, nor at the Wings', where it was a sin not to be flippant. There was something real here. "It's because they aren't handicapped by jealousies or worries," he thought. He felt out of it. It wasn't the luxury about him he wanted. It was that release they all seemed to have and the kindness and relaxation and carelessness that came with it.

Still, he would ask Marjorie to dance. He wanted to dance with her just once and, in the glimmer of the great ballroom where they went later, he took her away from somebody else. He had something else to forget and remember after that dance.

"You're partly music," he said—"you're wonderful."

"It's good music," answered Marjorie, as if she knew.

He came to himself after all the encores with a jerk.

"Thank you very much."

"You don't sound very grateful."

"I am. I'll have this much more to remember."

But they did not let each other go, and wandered, instead, to one of those dim corners which make a dance a success.

"Is that all you have to remember?"

"I remember every second I've ever seen you."

"And so do I," she answered.

He set his teeth as if they bit a thought.

"Is money so important? You're sure?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes, of course. It makes people pretty much what they are, doesn't it?"

"You?"

"In blue chiffon I'm rather nice," she said. "I wonder what would I be in calico."

"My wife," said David, quite to his surprise.

"Oh, not in calico," she said. "I've never liked it. Gingham, if you must. Or jersey."

"Don't make fun of me. You don't know how I feel."

"How do you know I don't?" she asked. "How do you know I don't feel the same way?"

He felt as if he were fighting black magic. At any moment he might be changed into someone else. He mustn't let it happen.

"Don't let me forget that I'm nothing but a poor, dumb architect, Marjorie. And you're dead right. Money is important. There's no getting away from it."

"Apparently not. I've never been able to get away from it. I've always been a rich girl, as if I had a brand on my forehead. I know. I ought to be glad, I suppose. And really I am glad. You can do things with money. I probably would be a mess without it. If you've got money that's the way you are. But it's always something to carry around. People don't like you for it. If they like you at all, it's in spite of your money. And nobody helps you carry it. They want to steal it. Or they run away from it. It keeps people away from you. From doing things for you. I've never in my life had anyone want to build me a house like the one you talked about the other day, David. The one for the girl and her husband. And probably no one ever will."

"I could build you a house," said David, slowly—"the house I'd like to see you in, the one where you belong."

"Why don't you, then?" she said almost with passion. "Why don't you?"

It was all magic now. Nothing could keep him from saying it:

"Could I live in it with you?"

"If that isn't your idea," Marjorie said, "don't bother to build it."

Maud and Berta didn't quite know how to take it. He had come in very late indeed, but Berta had heard him not only running up the stairs but whistling, so surely he could not have been intoxicated. And this morning he seemed to be secretly beaming to himself.

"I see you enjoyed yourself last night," said Maud.

"Yes," he said; "grand party."

"I suppose so."

Berta was just a little sour. She had hoped that by some proper twist of retaliation he would not have found it pleasant.

"I'm very glad that you had a good time. And, of course, I appreciate that you must choose your own friends. Still, when all is said and done, David, there are other things in the world besides money."

David looked up, as if he had never heard that before, as if a great truth had come to light.

"You bet there are," he said. "Money isn't everything!"

PHOTO. FROM BROWN STUDIOS

A View in Pinkham Notch, New Hampshire

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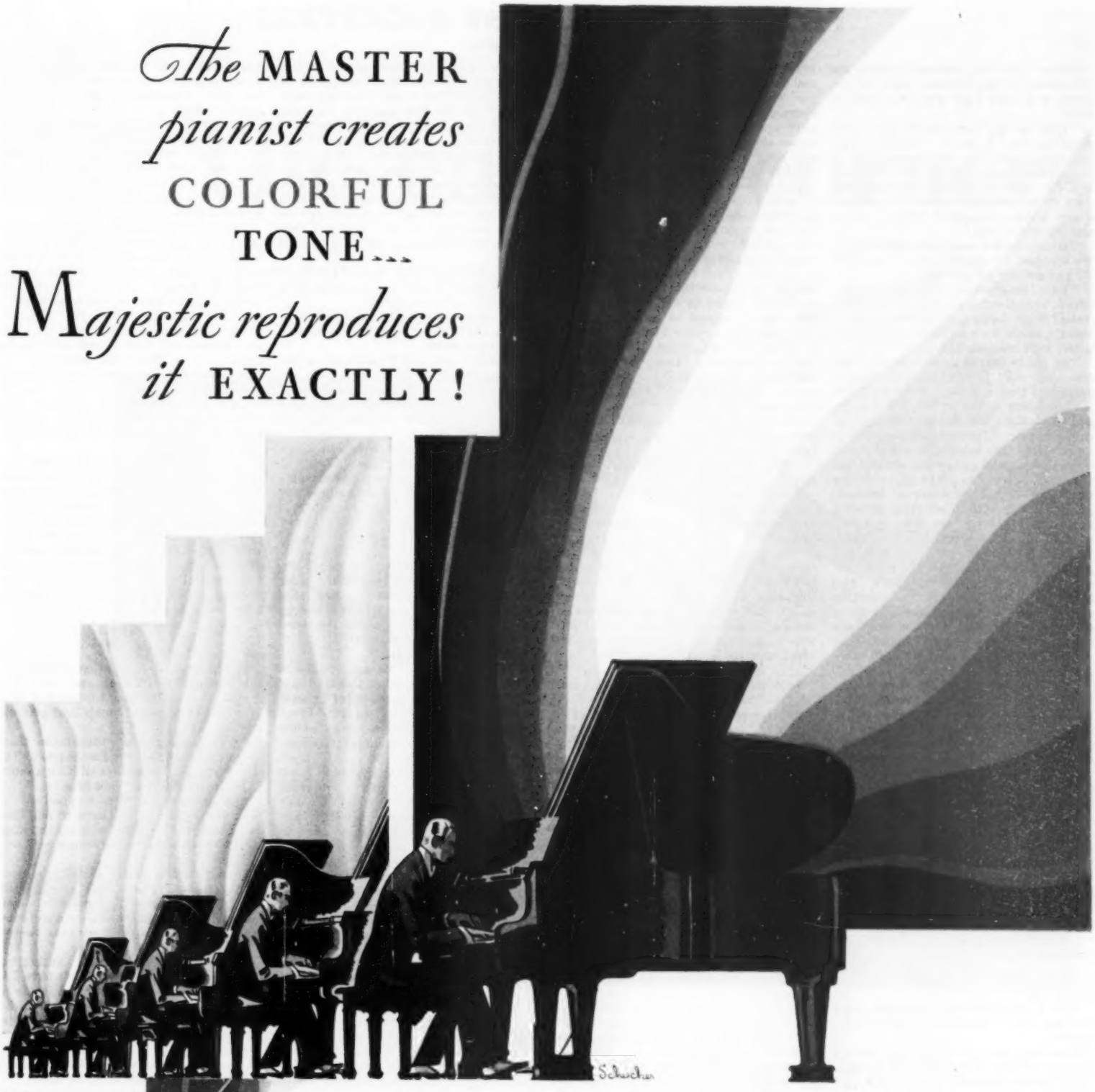

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PETER ROOK, HONEST BUCKETEER

(Continued from Page 29)

Carolina when you promised to make me the champion long-distance runner of the world, and what I got was six months in jail?"

"That was the time to practice your running, my boy," I argued. "All I can give you is an opportunity, and the rest is up to you. Don't start crabbing now. If I was to get to thinking about all the things you done on me, you fat snoozer, I would need a new auditor, because I would reach in and knock you cold."

"What's the row seem to be about?" says the investor. "You were getting along fine till you got my ten dollars."

"Your ten dollars?" I says. "Say, friend, what about our commissions and interest? We're losing more on this deal than you are, if you want to know. Maybe you better start crabbing too."

You got to handle these investors. Before they call their investments they're gentle and kind, and all they want to know is a fast mover and which way it will move, and that's easy; but that don't last. They soon get nasty. When their stock moves up seven points they ask you to sell and take seven points' profit, when you already sold them out a point and a half up, according to their order that you wrote out for them yourself. They claim their order to sell a point and a half up was good that day only—G. T. O.—when there's their order "Good Till Canceled," and "E. & O. E." too. And a time stamp that nobody got a right to touch but George and I. And that's not the half of it; say, you're getting a break when they don't claim they never give you an order to sell at all, and if you don't come through with seven points they will go get a policeman. It's not all cakes and sirup in the stock business.

That first day we grossed over eighty-five dollars, and after the pay-off—there was one hit—I win upwards of seventy-five dollars. I held out the five for George and I to live on till the morning, and I banked the seventy downstairs with Tite Brothers. Then George and I got the grip from under the bed and moved down to the New Acropolis Hotel, in the midtown, to live right. It's not policy to save on your keep; fat and sassy is the gig.

The next day was even bigger, and when the cigarette butts were swept up and the Bid and Asked was coming over our ticker, I had a clean hundred bucks to bank downstairs with Tite Brothers. That day I got a radio from the Rome saying:

INFORM CUSTOMERS WILL RETURN TEN DAYS POSITIVELY STOP JONES

And I figured that must be from Mr. Coppering.

Well, a couple of weeks afterward I am having a bit of a growl with one of the investors.

This chap comes in and he pays down a hundred berries on the desk, and he says, "Buy me four Baldwin"—which was then quoted around 25.

I says, "You mean fifty Baldwin, friend"—and I started to write the ticket.

"No, Mr. Rook," he says, "I want to buy these outright—four shares."

That was a new one on me. I says, "You mean you want to take these shares home with you—take them out of the market? Oh, no, friend, you can't do that; it's against all the ethics. Where would we brokers get off if people are going to come in here and buy the stocks and take them home with them? What would we do business with? Think it out for yourself. When you go down to the track, you don't buy a horse and ride him home, I guess."

"What is this," he says—"a gambling joint?"

I began to think he was a detective, but his proposition was a new one on me, and I played him pretty.

"Listen, friend," I said nicely. "In the first place, the business of buying and selling stocks on margin is not gambling; that's known. Gambling is against the law, but you can go in any broker's in New York and you won't see any lighthouses or ice-box doors or raiding squads; so the business ain't against the law. Gambling is such games as chuck-a-luck, faro or craps, where you can't figure a winner; investing is where you can dope one out for yourself. You see those big red books over there? In there you'll find the past performances on every stock we enter, and you can study out your fancy and use science. To show you how silly your proposition is, look in those books and see for yourself how much stock there is; and I will show you where it was all bought and sold last year; so that we brokers would be out of business if we were barmy enough to let the investors take the stocks away with them.

"Why, look here, friend," I says, getting out the newspaper. "Last year we sold—I don't mean Peter Rook & Co. alone, understand—ten million Oil, twenty million American Steel, thirty million Universal Motors, forty million General Radio. Supposing everybody was let take that stock home with them."

"Well, what's the stock market for, Mr. Rook?" he says.

"Who does it belong to?" I says. "Now, friend, don't get gay."

"But I want this stock for income," he says. "Mr. Coppering ——"

"Oh, no, you can't rub that on me," I says. "I never heard of such a thing before in all my experience in the business. You want this stock for evidence, to my mind. And what Mr. Coppering done in the way of letting people take stock home with them don't cut ice with me, because Mr. Coppering is out."

And with that, Mr. Coppering says, "Hello, Rook," and I looked around, and there he was in again. He puts down his little black bag, and it is looking quite thin. He says, "I see you have continued the business, Rook. You can give me a statement tonight."

I says, "Mr. Coppering, I can give you a statement right now. As of October twenty-fourth last, this business belongs to Peter Rook & Co. There has been a reorganization; I will send for the auditor if you want to start an argument. . . . George!" And George comes out swinging the time stamp.

Mr. Coppering pulls on his good cigar and smiles at us.

"If you asked me, Mr. Coppering," I says, wanting him to declare himself, "or if anybody else asked me—even a policeman—I would say what you were running here was nothing better than a bucket shop. I would say that if I had to go to jail for it. George too."

"Could you leave me out this time, Peter, please?" says George, losing courage.

"I think you are showing some great ambition and initiative, Rook," said Mr. Coppering, taking it lying down. "If you are sure you know enough about this business to go in for yourself, you don't need me around here, and I will gladly retire and look after my own investments."

And that's all there was to it. He lit up a fresh cigar and laid back and watched the ticker, and when old investors would come up to him, he would say: "See Mr. Rook, please. I am not connected any more."

He done even better than that; he became an investor himself. Isn't that always the way with these clever grifters? I never seen it to fail—they will be smart as paint in their own racket, and will make all kinds of jack, and will step right out and kick it all back on the ponies or some cold-deck gambling. Still I was surprised when Mr. Coppering pulls out two hundred bucks and crowds them on me, saying:

"Write me a ticket for a hundred Pink Front Stores, Rook."

I didn't want to take his money. I took him to one side and I said to him: "Mr. Coppering, pull yourself together. You were a perfect gentleman about quitting, and I don't want to see you go bad. Where do you get off to make any money with investing in this Pink Front Stores, whatever that is? In the first place, by the time Rook & Co. takes out their commissions and interest, you are only holding on by an eyelash, and a flicker in the market shakes you out. In the second place, you are bucking the trend, the same as you were doing when you were running this business in that bull market and the customers were always collecting on you. This is a bear market, Mr. Coppering, and here you are buying."

Fair, wasn't it? But he had that mad greed in his eyes, and he says, "Buy me a hundred Pink Front, Rook!"

"All right, Mr. Coppering," says I, writing him the ticket. "Only don't come and cry on my shoulder."

I couldn't find this Pink Front on the tape anywheres, and I had to look it up; but it was there all right. It was listed on the big board, only Mr. Coppering was the first investor to go down on it for some time. It was 86.

Well, that was all right, and he sits down again and watches the tape. I am not thinking of anything, when I hear him give a low cry, and I look up at the tape and there I see going by:

.. PFS ...
89

That don't mean anything to me till Mr. Coppering gets up and goes to the order window, giving me the wink, and takes that dead telephone from in front of George and calls, "Hello. . . . Sell that hundred Pink Front at the market!"

"Pink Front?" I says.

"PFS—same thing," he says. "Look it up in the book. Well, Rook, this market is very soft, as you say, but it seems I landed on a firm spot. I bought that Pink Front at 86 and sold it at 89; so kindly let me have my two hundred back plus three hundred profits."

Can you beat that for a break? I ask you. He buys this dog and it jumps up three points in ten minutes. I wouldn't believe it till I called up Tite Brothers and told them to verify if Pink Front sold at 89; and that is just what it done. Well, there was nothing to do but pay off. I figured commissions and compound interest, and all this and that, but I couldn't shave off more than a hundred dollars, and then I wasn't cheating myself. But Mr. Coppering was a perfect gentleman, as always, and didn't question my figures.

He took the four hundred dollars and sent it south and says, "See you some more, Rook!" and sashays out of the office.

Well, that was advertising, at any rate, and when the investors saw such a hit they picked up courage and began to strew money over the board. We had the biggest play since going in the business, and I found, after the pay-off, that I just about broke even on the day.

But I certainly wanted that four hundred dollars back, and you can believe I was watching the door next day for Mr. Coppering. And in he popped; they always come back.

"'Morning, Rook," he says. "And how's the market?"

"Opened up and holding," I says. "Little weakness in Industrials, Rails, Equipments and Motors, but not more than what you'd call testing for the advance. No more distress selling, and I got private information that the support stock is well liquidated and we can look for a secondary reaction that will put the whole list up about five points."

Oh, I wasn't giving him a chance. He had his, and look what he done to me.

"What would you advise in the way of a substantial investment, Rook?" he asks.

"Well, Mr. Coppering," I says, "Cosmic Film looks good to me." It did, too; there was a rumor on the bond ticker that Cosmic Film was thinking of declaring a dividend, and such good news should break the price, according to the rules of the stock business.

"I venture to suppose you are right," he says, blowing smoke carefully. "Still and all, I think I will rather buy two hundred shares of Staten Island Mining." And he brings out that identical four hundred dollars that had been preying on my mind and planks it down.

"Staten Island Mining," I says, writing the ticket with much pleasure. I never heard of this stock either. Well, if there wasn't any such, he would not make a winning this time. I shoved the ticket at George, and he says into the telephone:

"Good morning! Buy two hundred shares of Staten Island Mining at the market, please, and stop it out two points down. . . . Excuse me, please? . . . Yes, that is the right name—Staten Island Mining."

"It closed yesterday at 11," says Mr. Coppering, trying to be helpful. And he shows me this stranger in the quotations in the newspaper.

Well, that was all right, and I was certainly pleased to welcome my money home. And, about half an hour later, I am arbitrating with one of my investors who is going to punch me, when I hear Mr. Coppering, who has been watching the ticker with the fascination of a bird and a snake, give out an unmistakable peep of joy. And I turned around and took a chance of this investor putting a slug on me, and what do I see sliding across?

.... .. SIM .....
2s16

Well, I certainly hoped that SIM wasn't this Staten Island Mining, and how. But it was. Oh, yes, it was. I found that out. Mr. Coppering sighs happily and gets up and says:

"Well, Rook, this is a little better than Cosmic Films. Two hundred shares at 11, eh? I will take the market on it for a short profit of one grand and not be a hog."

"Congratulations, Mr. Coppering," I says, getting him by the hand to pull him away from the investors who are listening in. "Come along by ourselves and we'll settle this."

"What do you mean—settle?" he says, pulling back. "There ain't anything to settle, Rook. Just write fourteen hundred dollars down on your swindle sheet and subtract. And don't make it less than twelve hundred dollars."

There was nothing else to do. At that, he was sporting about it. I couldn't have figured any two hundred off. But it was a heavy hit, and I had to send a check downstairs and draw a full grand out of Tite Brothers, and I didn't break anything like even on that day. I was in the red for that whole grand. This was advertising, too, but it didn't work out the same as before. It only made the investors discouraged with their own judgment, and they would rather follow Mr. Coppering, and no matter what I said about a chance to pick up some good, sound stocks and get out two points up, they kept watching the door after Mr. Coppering went out.

Well, I wanted to see him too. It didn't stand to reason that he could repeat. You take the cleverest sharpshooter in Wall Street and see if he can pick a stock, with his own money, that will show five points in half an hour. He can't do it. I said to myself, "They all look good when they're winning, and I will ask nothing better than him to come in here and name his fancy and shoot the twelve hundred. And I will give him the whole board to pick from."

Well, he didn't come in for two days, and I thought he got sense, and then he breezes in big as life and blows twenty-five-cent-straight smoke at me and says:

"What's a good one for today, Rook?"

(Continued on Page 94)

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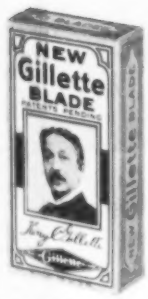

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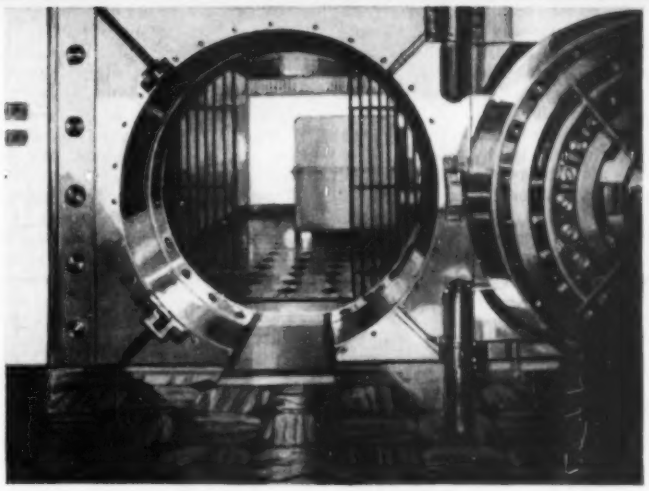

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LINOTILE FLOORS . . . CORK TILE FLOORS

CUSTOM LAID FOR EVERY MODERN BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 90)

"Call your shot," I said.

"Well, Rook, I think for today I will buy six hundred shares of ——"

"Wait up," I said, stopping him to shoo off the investors, who were all bending their ears. "Was it anything special, friends?" I wasn't afraid he would be right, but I wanted to distribute the risk in a business way. "Soft and low, Mr. Coppering, please." And he puts his arm around my shoulder and whispers, "Unsinkable Submarine."

He finds me the quotation and I write his ticket for six hundred of this dog at 20. He takes a seat up front and watches the ticker while the investors flock over to listen in on George's peerless one-man-telephone conversation. For that reason I did not mention the matter to George, and pretty soon Mr. Coppering comes back and says, "I didn't hear the auditor give my order, Rook."

"You got your ticket, ain't you?" I says.

"This looks to me like bucketing, Rook," he says. "I think you passed a remark about that the other day. Well, I will be in later to get my money, if any. Don't forget to tell me if you see US come under the wire, please."

And he goes out.

It happened about a quarter to three. I have done only a fair business and took in maybe a hundred dollars, and not all profit neither, when I see a heart-rending sight up there on the ticker. And when I say heart-rending I mean it was tough:

.... .. US ....
24

I let out a low sob and jumped around behind the board and snatched out that tape for a final look. Yes, there it was—24. The darned wire tapper had called the turn again, for four points on six hundred shares, or twenty-four hundred bucks. That Unsinkable Submarine had sunk me proper. There was just the chance that it would cross the tape again and go back where it came from, but that was only a straw for a sinking man. That dog hadn't shown before in all my experience in Wall Street, and now that it had done its stuff it was probably gone forever. It was my only chance, and I watched like a wolf till the market closed, and then all the way down through the Bid and Asked and Remarks, but I never seen it again.

I am thinking how I will explain this to Mr. Coppering and get him to let his money ride until Unsinkable Submarine takes a dive and wipes him out, but I have not yet a good argument when he comes in; and he has got the fatal news.

"I stopped in downstairs at Tite Brothers," he says, placing a piece of tape before me, "and I thought I would bring this up to you in case your ticker was out of order. Well, Rook, it looks like you owe me—twelve and twenty-four—around thirty-six hundred dollars all told."

"Now, listen, Mr. Coppering," I said, in a nice way. "You know there's no such profits in this business. Where would I get over three thousand dollars?"

"Well," he says, "I know it is a very risky business, and I wouldn't blame anybody for getting out of it. That's what I did. Do you want to quit, Rook?"

"I wasn't thinking of that so much," I says, "as some way of squaring an honest debt. What do you say to fifteen hundred?"

"I tell you what I will do, Rook. I was talking to McMonigle and he told me you ran that five hundred I gave you up to three grand. Well, I will take that three grand and call it even."

"George told you that, did he?" I says. I ought to known I could depend on friend George. I've trained with that fat snoozer off and on for fifteen years, man and boy, and I could tell you things he done on me that would make you break down and cry like a child.

Well, I still had the business and a good name, and I could come back. And didn't I have all the profits I made on my good days? They might tot up a couple of thousand, all made in three weeks, with time before me yet if I kept my health.

"I'm hooked, Mr. Coppering," I said. And I gave him his money back and a check for eighteen hundred dollars, and he lammed downstairs with it, although it was after banking hours in regular banks, and Tite Brothers gave him the jack.

Then I got to thinking. That's me, friends; my hindsight is something great. I got to pondering and I couldn't see where Mr. Coppering could pick those three winners on the strict up-and-up; and yet there was no other way to do it, because the stocks were on the big board and I seen them come under the wheel myself. There was nothing wrong with the ticker; the ticker people are absolutely on the level, and they make every effort to keep one from getting in the hands of such a grifter as Mr. Coppering, and such as him might get a ticker for a while, but he couldn't control where the quotations come from.

It beat me. I took this problem down to Tite Brothers, and I told one of the wise men down there about these three dogs taking such a bound. How come?

"What were they?" he says. . . . "Pink Front, Unsinkable Submarine and Staten Island Mining? Never heard of them, Mr. Rook. Excuse me." And he gets out the book, and there they were. "Hah, inactive stocks," he says. "I see it now. In stocks that are traded every day, the Bid and Asked is very narrow—maybe a quarter of a point apart—but in these stocks that nobody trades the Bid and Asked are maybe five points apart; so that the last sale might be at 10, but if you will buy at the market you will have to pay the Asked, which might be 15 or more. Come to think, we bought some US today ourself."

Well, that helped me some, but it didn't quite explain yet. How come that somebody bought those stocks and made them jump? If it was just luck, it was not very good. You see, friends, when you buy a stock off one of the regular-way brokers, that registers on the ticker and bulls the stock, but when you buy off a broker that is out for himself, like Mr. Coppering or me, the stock is not bought at all and it does not register. But this was something I could not go into with Tite Brothers, because these regular-way brokers are in a union and they are always glad to know of anybody that is scabbing it, so they can have his ticker taken off him and hand him over to the constable.

As I am going out the door, this informer calls after me, "By the by, Mr. Rook, we sent you a statement of your account, and I wish you would come in and take care of it."

I seen where the statement must have gone up to the old residence on One hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, and I went up that night to get it. It couldn't amount to much, since Mr. Coppering had cleaned me, but there might be a little interest coming. I mean on my investment account. "Of course," thinks I, "I have that couple of thousands profits from the business of Peter Rook & Co."

Well, friends, the rest is soon told, though it took me upward of half an hour to read it all over. Did I have a statement waiting for me up at the old residence? Oh, yes, indeed. I had a statement a foot high. There was about a hundred and sixty letters acknowledging my valued order to buy and sell near every stock on the big board. And I did not have any two grand with Tite Brothers; say, they claimed that and said I still owed them money.

I couldn't figure it, friends. I got dizzy trying. I decided finally to put this thing in the hands of somebody could investigate right, and the first thing I done I called up Mr. Coppering, and I said to him, masking my feelings:

"Mr. Coppering, I see where I better quit this stock game. You can have the business back, Mr. Coppering, if you'll call around tomorrow morning."

He said, "Rook, you done wise. It is a business you can't learn right off the bat, but there is no hard feelings, and if you will call around tomorrow morning, too, Rook, you will find your old job waiting for you. You got some swell experience now, and I will make you head customers' man, but don't take any play on a stock that's in the back of the book."

Well, that was all right, and I didn't say a word to friend George. I knew his fat Italian mitt was in this somewheres, and I would send him along with Mr. Coppering. The next morning I went down to the office, but first I stopped into Tite Brothers on the street floor, and I said:

"I got your statement and I will settle it up today. Meanwhile do you know what Coppering & Co. is, upstairs right in your own building? It's nothing but a bucket shop."

"That so?" they said. "We had our suspicions, but we thought he was just an investment broker, and he gave us quite some business. That office used to be part of our own premises, but we wouldn't ever have let him take it over if we thought he was a bucket shop. You used to be up there, weren't you, Mr. Rook?"

I went upstairs, and Mr. Coppering couldn't tell me enough of what he was going to do for me. I hung around and watched the customers' feet and very soon in came two pairs of No. 12 in plain clothes. They made a couple of investments and Mr. Coppering relays them to friend George.

With that the two strangers say, "Are you the proprietor of this establishment? You're wanted. Come with us. Also that dicker that done the telephoning."

"Me?" says George, turning yellow. "Oh, Peter, I knew how it would be if I done what you said. First you will make me rich and great, and then somebody says, 'Come with me.'"

"Who's Peter?" says the big feet. "Well, Peter, you better ride too. We got the wagon around the corner."

There was the wagon, according to their promises, and they rode us around to the court and lined us up. The judge looked over at us and said, "Charge of being a common gambler. . . . Who is the big bucketeer?"

"Yonder he stands, judge," said I, pointing at Mr. Coppering. "And that stout party is his accomplice. The way I know is I used to work for these disorderly characters before I found out the kind that they were. It is all a mistake, me being here, judge."

"Maybe you will tell His Honor," said Mr. Coppering, getting sore, "that you ran that place for three weeks yourself, and I can prove it."

"But I never done any bucketing, Mr. Coppering," I says, pulling out all the letters I got from Tite Brothers. "You look them over, judge, and you will see every order I ever took in while this man left me in charge, I put them in Tite Brothers regular way, and nobody can say anything different."

I didn't know how those orders got in Tite Brothers, but there they were with my name on them. They had nothing on me.

"This man seems to speak truth," said the judge, shuffling all those buys and sells. "What are you got to say for yourself, McMonigle, if you want to make a statement?"

"I only done what Peter told me, please, judge," said George, wanting to cry. "He would give me the orders and I would telephone them."

"Why, judge," I said, "that wasn't a real telephone. It wasn't connected up, and you can have one of these gentlemen step over there again and try it for himself. What would I want to tell him to do a fool thing like that for, when I was putting the orders in myself down in Tite Brothers?"

"That's right," said the judge. "This man sounds honest. He only got among bad companions, I think."

"When they go there," mumbled George, always saying the wrong thing, "tell them to push the button under the desk."

"Hey?" says the judge. "Don't talk like a liar, McMonigle."

"There is a button under the desk," says George. "And when you push the button, somebody says, 'Hello,' but if you do not push the button, it is dead. I found that out. So when Peter would give me the orders I would push the button."

"Oh, I see how that is, judge," said I. "Sometimes an investor will come in who wants to buy some stock outright and take it home, and then the instructions would be to push the button and give the order to Tite Brothers downstairs, because Mr. Coppering would not want any of that kind of business. It used to be part of their office, so it had this private wire. It stands to reason, judge, and I give you my word I never heard of that button before."

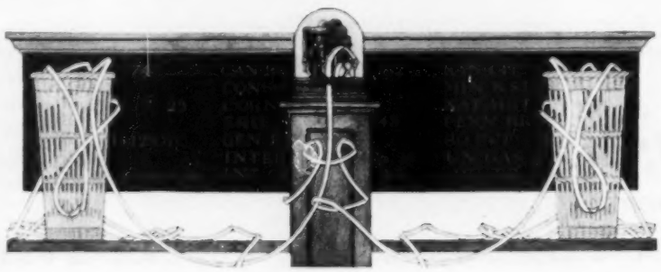
"And that is how all these orders got down to Tite Brothers?" says the judge. "But what I don't understand is why Tite Brothers executed all these orders for Peter Rook when he wasn't putting up any money."

"Oh, sir," said George, "he was putting up lots of money. He had three thousand dollars down there to go off with, and then he would pay in the money he took every day. . . . No, Peter, don't look so cross at me; I got to tell the truth."

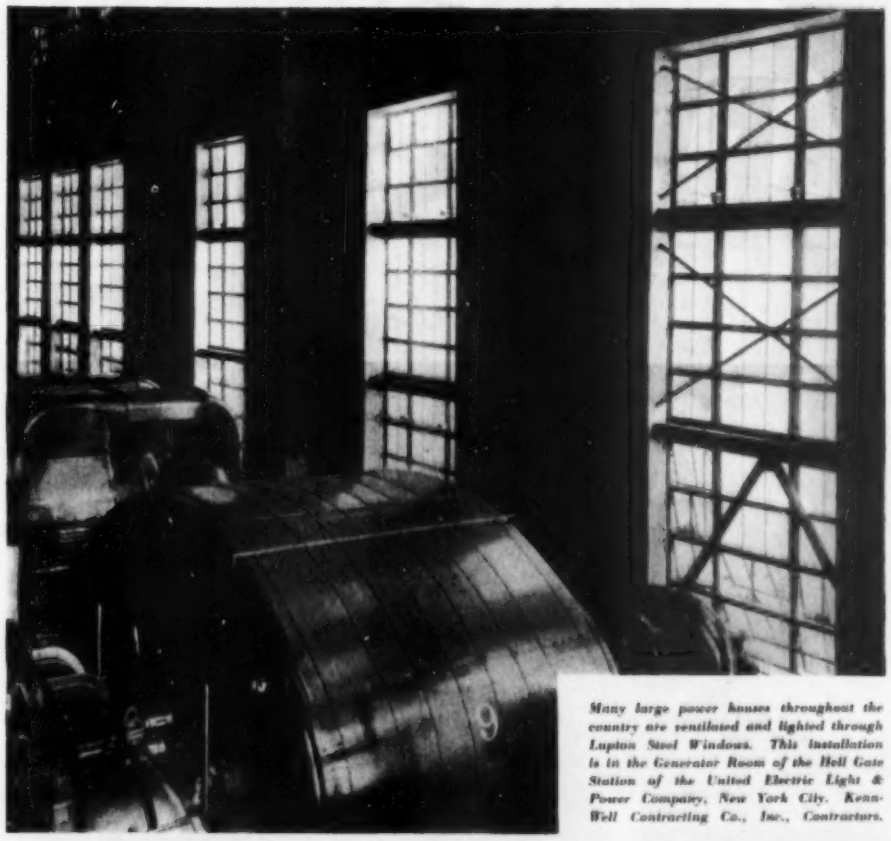
What a break—what a break. Do you see how this thing happens, friends? Here I am, taking in money from the investors and giving the orders to George, and thinking his telephoning is only our little joke, and the fat snoozer is telephoning all the orders downstairs to Tite Brothers. And nothing will do me but I must deposit all my winnings with Tite Brothers. So what I win upstairs I lose downstairs. And then Mr. Coppering comes back and uses his knowledge of his foul trade to clean me out of my own three grand. I figure he bought US downstairs himself.

"Peter Rook," says the judge, rounding on me most unfriendly, "I am deceived in you. You know how this man Coppering done his low work, but you don't know what you been doing yourself. You've been doing an honest business, but you meant to bucket and live by common gambling, and you are a vagrant. As to you, McMonigle, you have been an honest workingman in very questionable places. As for you, Coppering, the officer got you dead to rights and you have been running a bucket shop. So, by the best judgment of this Court, George McMonigle is discharged with a warning, Peter Rook gets six months on the Island, and Coppering is held for the grand jury. Attention; by the left flank, march!"

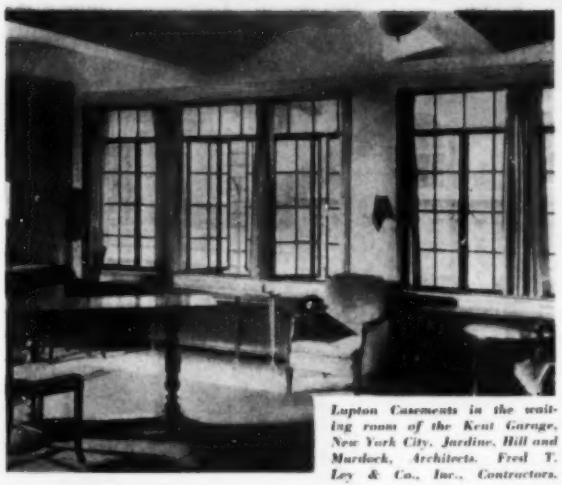
Which is why I say, friends—and I know whereof I speak—you can't make a living in that Wall Street game—not if you're too honest. Right?



LUPTON LOOKS BEYOND THE BLUE-PRINT

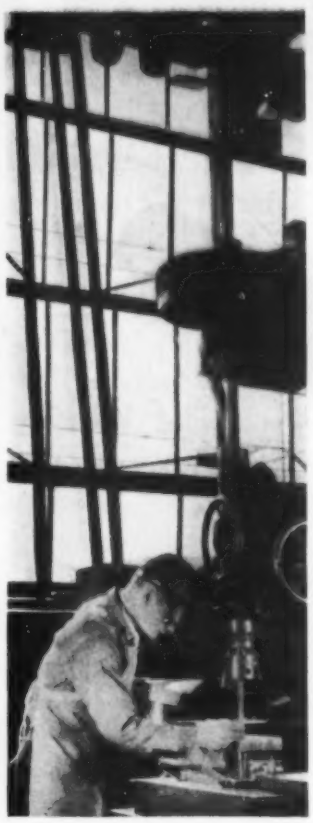


Many large power houses throughout the country are ventilated and lighted through Lupton Steel Windows. This installation is in the Generator Room of the Hell Gate Station of the United Electric Light & Power Company, New York City. Kenn-Well Contracting Co., Inc., Contractors.



Lupton Casements in the waiting room of the Kent Garage, New York City. Jardine, Hill and Murdock, Architects. Fred T. Ley & Co., Inc., Contractors.

Lupton Steel Racks and Equipment are used in the leading accessory stores throughout the country.



Lupton maintains a large machine shop, especially for making the tools and dies used in various Lupton processes. It is aired and lighted through Lupton windows.

SPECIFICATIONS can be accurate—but bloodless. It is not their function to indicate the plus service that has been poured into a product by human hands. But the swift years will tell quickly enough.

Repeatedly, Lupton Products, built for one purpose, have achieved a much larger usefulness. For example, in providing America's factories with maximum daylight and air (through Lupton Windows), the health of thousands of workers has been improved. Production in these mills has naturally increased. Labor turnover has lessened.

Again . . . the slender lines of Lupton Home Casements have brought windows up to the standards of other modern home decoration. Lupton auto-parts storage-systems have cut down the dealer's work, and saved the motorist's time. Lupton hardware shelves and counters have given this hard-pressed storekeeper modern merchandising weapons to combat competition.

We have tried to look at the 77 Lupton Products through the customer's eyes. We have ventured to anticipate his demands, to offer him equipment that will surpass even his own standards of practical service over the years. 59 years of satisfactory contacts make us believe that we have succeeded in doing just this. May we help you? David Lupton's Sons Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

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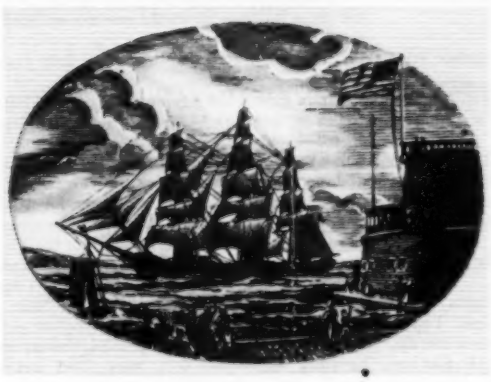

All America once thrilled to the record-breaking swiftness of the clippers. Only a few of the products which these noble ships transported are still in existence—and Dill's Best is one.

Pipe smokers of today praise Dill's Best Tobacco just as their fathers and grandfathers did before them, as far back as 1848. For 82 years, smokers have been partial to the honest, unadulterated, natural-tobacco taste and delightful fragrance of Dill's Best. They said *then* and say *now* that Dill's Best is America's Best because *it can always be depended on*—morning, noon and night—year in and year out!

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SINCE 1848

Best **15¢**

AND A PIPEFUL LASTS LONGER

C C O

NO STEMS IN DILL'S

MUSIC AT RAGUSA

(Continued from Page 25)

then someone told me he was an uncertain sort of officer, and then I heard he was slightly gassed." McLarney laughed. "I suppose he had shell-shock too. Fellows like that usually had."

"That's where you're mistaken," I said. "Fellows like that usually hadn't—not until afterward. They waited until after the Armistice. It was the big stupid brutes who let go when they were needed. Look it up. Men like Darter waited for their shell-shock until they got out of the Army. Lots of them are just beginning to get it now. . . . How does Emily take it?"

"Also as you would expect. There's no nonsense about Emily. She's settled down very pleasantly to being a young grass widow in Washington. She'll undoubtedly marry soon again. She has a charming little house of her own. You must look her up when you get back East."

I did. A year after my conversation with McLarney I returned to the East, and the first time I was in Washington I looked Emily up and had dinner with her. I didn't repeat the experience. It was like the news of her divorce; it was exactly like the death of an old friend. Like meeting a changeling or an Undine. As if, that is, a personality you had known had gone out from a body you had known, leaving the body even more alive than before, but filled with an altogether strange personality that had rushed in to fill the vacancy. Too eerie and too baffling for my further contemplation.

Physically, Emily was even lovelier than before. She had filled out, in both mind and body; had become rounder, smoother and harder. But there was a deliberate lack of depth to this roundness and smoothness. The effect was like copper; shining and filled with surface high lights. Her golden hair was no longer smooth and young, but classically waved in bronze ridges along her head. Her actual expression had retired behind painted lips and cheeks and penciled eyebrows. Furthermore, and astonishingly, she had become animated and awakened, but her animation seemed to have no particular direction and, as far as I could make out, what she had awakened to was exactly nothing. She gave you the impression of a glistening leaf drifting steadily before a wind with an intentness that had no purpose back of it.

Numerous sleek young men, foreign and domestic, beautifully dressed and with just the right sort of bad manners, haunted her house and followed her about. There was one in particular—Nason, a rich young New Yorker, who seemed to be a trifle more insolently at home than the rest. He was there that afternoon at tea, and came back for dinner, and he had a way of sitting on the arm of Emily's chair and breathing down her neck that led me to suspect that Emily had perhaps hinted to him that some day, when she had nothing else to do, she might marry him.

Everybody talked a great deal. The conversation was amusing in a Washingtonian way, which means that a great many anecdotes, covering the entire world, and in a very worldly fashion, were told—anecdotes that had all the trappings of humor, and which sounded as if they were going to be humorous or important, but which never quite were. The technic was superb; only the context was lacking.

I flattered myself that I still understood Emily. I saw nothing about her to indicate that she had not loved Darter as much as I had imagined, or that she still didn't love Darter. My only surprise was at the way she had taken the ruin of this love. I was disappointed. After all, Mrs. Worden had been right; Emily had been too young to marry.

I saw where eventually Emily had married Nason; I saw where, in a year or so, Nason had died. I saw where Emily had married another man named Turnbull, and in two years had divorced him. It was all running true to form. How can people resign themselves to a succession of husbands—or wives? Once you start that sort of thing, you never end. It becomes not a habit but a series of fatalities.

And then I heard no more of Emily until last summer, when, suddenly, and in the way you do in this liquid age of constant travel, I saw her again intimately for three days, and in the most unexpected place. A great white yacht, flying the American flag, slid into the harbor of Ragusa, and a launch filled with gay people in flannels put off from her side and landed at the wharf. Emily was the second to step ashore. A large blond man with a mustache, who seemed to be an Englishman, assisted her.

I had been in Ragusa a couple of days and had come down to the wharf to rescue a trunk from a steamship agent who seemed to speak every language imaginable except the two or three I spoke badly.

In the hot, bright, blue afternoon, with the hot, bright, blue sea back of her, and the shining treeless mountains coming down to the sea, Emily looked like some cool Greek goddess rising from the waves to refresh the dusty sight of man. When she saw me she gasped.

"Dar-ling! Where did you drop from? This is Lord Willetts."

"From Italy. I flew to Trieste and then came down in a Jugo-Slavian steamer."

She held on to my hand. Willetts turned away to help the other people from the launch to the wharf.

"You haven't been very nice to me lately. I haven't seen you for years. Why have you been so horrid?"

Her eyes had become a deeper blue—almost violet. There were tiny lines about them.

I hated her calling me darling. I don't like the sort of talk Michael Arlen started. "Darling" is a fine word; it should be used sparingly. And besides, if Emily, during all these years, had wanted to see me, she could have sent for me. And then, I dare say, being hot, and worried about my trunk, and dressed in travel-stained clothes, the sudden eruption of all these faultlessly gotten-up people, their high, deliberately unconcerned chatter, annoyed me.

I looked squarely at Emily. "You ought to know," I said.

Her mouth closed sharply and she gave a little quick breath, raising her head. The color of her eyes was even deeper. She made a gesture as if to turn away coldly and wearily, and then changed her mind.

"That wasn't very nice of you," she said. "It was taking advantage of a person who, despite all that has happened, still thinks of you as a dear friend. What does one know about other people and why they do things? Did you ever read The Hound of Heaven? Sometimes people run and run, and can't get away. It's a pity to know perfection too soon. Afterward you keep hunting for it and never find it, and it often takes you a long while to discover that you can't find it or repeat it. You haven't mellowed much."

Here was a new Emily; a grave, surprising third Emily—a grown-up Emily.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," I said. "Oh, I'm so terribly sorry. Forgive me."

She smiled. "Yes, I'll forgive you. That's about the only thing I've learned—forgiving people—including myself."

The others came up. Emily was the gay Emily I had seen in Washington, but her gayety was older and had more of an edge to it. They all wanted to know what there was to do in Ragusa; they were to be there three days. As far as I knew, there was nothing to do in Ragusa—that is, according to their meaning of the words. Ragusa is all views, and native life, and the wonderful little walled city. If you like views, and native life, and walled cities, you can be happy in Ragusa for weeks; if you're looking for dancing and games, and scandal and gossip, and ladies with backs out of their bathing suits or fronts out of their ball gowns, or whatever missing article of clothing the particular hour and pursuit call for, you have to go up the coast a day to Brioni, which is just like Palm Beach, but twice as hard for Americans to reach.

"But there must be some decent restaurants where one can lunch and dine, and that sort of thing?" suggested Willetts.

"Try them," I advised grimly. "There's a big rambling hotel where I'm staying, and surrounding it there's a wilted sort of garden where at night a jazz orchestra plays American tunes three years old. I think that's where the wealth and beauty of Ragusa comes and dances and drinks beer. I haven't been there yet, but last night the orchestra kept me awake until two. That's all I know, but then I've been here only a couple of days. But, of course, you can always hire a car and go skylarking over the mountains into Herzegovina and Montenegro. That's fun. I did that yesterday. You'll see Turkish ladies wearing veils and the shortest of Parisian skirts."

They looked blank.

"Well," I continued desperately, "there's a full moon just at present, and the sea wall of the old city is one of the most beautiful things by moonlight I've ever seen."

Emily laughed and looked at me with friendly, teasing eyes.

"I'll meet you there at twelve tonight," she said.

"You'll come on board and dine sometime, of course, won't you?" asked the owner—Horton, a plump, pleasant, bald American. "We'll be here three days. Engine trouble."

"Thanks."

I started to attend to my trunk once more.

"Oh, but ——" It was Emily calling me. I turned around. "Oh, but I'm going to see you again? You're not just going to disappear once more?"

"I'd love to see you any time you want."

"Tomorrow at tea? I'll have a boat sent ashore for you. They're such stupid people on the yacht. You wouldn't like them, otherwise I'd ask you practically to live on board."

"Are you going to marry Willetts?"

Emily made a *moue*. "Perhaps. That's the way all weary American women end up, isn't it—marrying British peers?" She became grave. "No, I think not. Marriage isn't much fun unless you're really in love. That's something else I've learned."

This was about four o'clock, and when I had started my trunk to the hotel I boarded a street car for the bathing beach and swam until sunset—swam or lay in the hot sun. Finally the sun went down behind the Adriatic—a great, red, wrinkled-paper lantern, striped with burnt-out brown. While I lay in the sun I thought of Emily and Darter, and men and women in general. You gave women complete freedom and everything they asked for, but they remained imperturbably women. They continued to bet all their spiritual capital on their personal lives. Men as a rule were able to turn more placidly to their careers, but even women with careers were more interested in their personal lives. Let those go wrong, and their careers were soured even if they seemed successful. Without Darter, Emily's ambition had amounted to nothing. Darter, dead or disappeared, continued to mold Emily.

Well . . . yes. But how about Darter? Without Emily, Darter apparently hadn't amounted to very much either. I gave it up. The ability to fall in love is a dangerous gift. All gifts are dangerous. The very talent that may make a man or woman great is the very talent that may ruin him or her if things go wrong. The parable of the stewards is an excellent one. People with a talent for loving—and a great many people haven't a trace of it—should guard it, and train it, and improve it as they would any other talent. They must do all this if for no other reason than to show people who don't believe in love that there is such a thing. The proof of real love is very important for the world.

Meanwhile you couldn't generalize about men and women. The principal difference seemed to be that women as a whole haven't as much to do as men, and therefore those who possess the talent for loving have more time to cultivate it.

The blank, mysterious night of the Balkans spread outward from the Dinaric Alps. Ragusa sprang into light. I went back to my hotel—such a strange hotel; a vast, rambling hotel where European improvements had been installed and then, the semi-Oriental mind meeting the Occidental, had been allowed gently to decay. Bathrooms apparently were looked upon as fountains. So long as they ran water, nothing else mattered much. In the long bare dining room I was given mutton that tasted of the Near East. Some English people near me complained loudly and bitterly. A bewilderingly cosmopolitan concierge, speaking every language with equal incorrectness, seemed to have the entire contrivance in charge. Having given me bath towels half an hour before, he now acted as supreme head waiter. I suspected him of being the proprietor in disguise.

I was annoyed because they had not let me dine in the garden, where a full moon was now up. No, the garden was reserved for the concert, which began at nine. Very well, then, could I at least have my after-dinner coffee there? Possibly, but it would be a separate arrangement. It would cost me extra money—it would cost me at least six cents.

I lit a cigarette and went out into the garden.

There were a few people already drinking coffee or beer at the small round tables crowded close together under the dusty plane trees. In the center of the tables was a dancing floor, and back of this was a raised, illuminated shell of wood for the orchestra. The orchestra were beginning to tune their instruments. Save for the violinist, who wore a beard, it looked as dance orchestras now look the world over. The same young, blasé trap-and-drum man, the same pallid, sophisticated saxophonist, the same overly proficient pianist, the same banjoist who, you felt, was filled with music, but really didn't care much about it. Modern dance music is a proficient international leveler. All the foreign musicians try to look like Americans, and all American musicians become slightly foreign. Modern dance music is the great miscegenation. You couldn't tell whether these fellows were American or not—except, of course, the violinist. He obviously was not American.

There was no one for me to dance with. I wasn't even greatly amused. The crowd, now occupying every table, wasn't especially colorful. There were a few fine-looking young officers in their white Russian blouses with big gold epaulets, but the people who wore native costume and crowded the streets of Ragusa didn't come to this garden. It was chic, you understand. Chicness is always just the opposite of interest. The evening wore on. I drank my stein of beer, and then there was an interval in the dancing and the orchestra scattered among the people sitting at the tables. The violinist with a beard came and sat down at the table next to me, where there were some men and women—Russians, I think. Ragusa is filled with Russian *émigrés*. He was a strange-looking man, this violinist; white-faced, with sunken eyes and a black beard. For a little while he was animated, and then he seemed restless and bored. He drummed on the table and looked about him. Finally he looked at me—without interest, as one looks at strangers.

You know how it is—how, suddenly, you realize something, and feel that all along

(Continued on Page 102)

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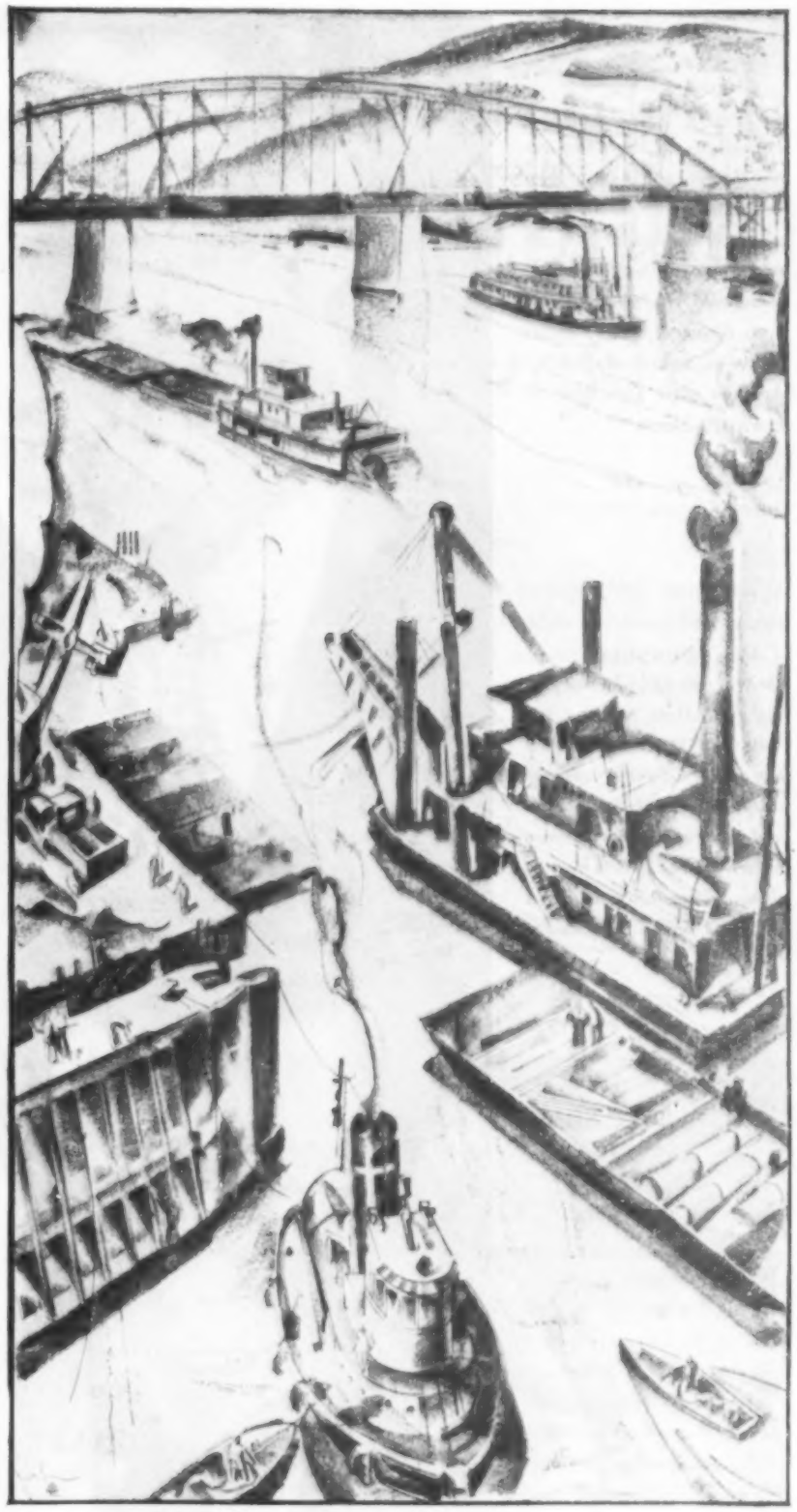
For industrial uses, such as roofing, siding, ventilators, ducts, hoods and tanks . . . for sheet metal work about the home and on buildings . . . in fact whenever you buy any product or equipment made of plate or sheet metal, be sure it's made of this rust-resisting material.



Whenever you see this Triangle on a product made of sheet metal, it means that the manufacturer of that product has gone to the expense of using special sheets designed to best serve that particular use.

ARMCO

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Executive Offices: Middletown, Ohio
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"BE SURE IT'S MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON"

YOUR HUSBAND

Frankly, is he sometimes less like the man you married than you could wish? Do his work-aday worries intrude upon the evening hours that he used to share with you? Has he, perhaps, become a man of moods —listless, weary, work-worn? Are you quite sure "the office" is to blame?

YOURSELF

Do you *ever feel like just giving up? Does running the household sometimes take it out of you till you're ready to* drop? *Do small things (human and otherwise) get on your nerves? Does the best man in the world actually* irritate *you at times?* We have a message for you!

YOUR CHILDREN

Are they, at times, fretful for no apparent reason? Do they seem bored with play—they who are usually so brimming-over *with get-up-and-go? Do they try your temper with their endless whimperings? Perhaps it's not naughtiness, Mother!*

POST'S BRAN

WITH OTHER PARTS

This flavorful breakfast dish has helped millions of families *back to normal buoyancy*

That's one *reason why more wives and mothers buy Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in the world.*

THE fagged father—the fretful child—the weary, worn-out mother—they are not so from *choice!* More often than not they are victims of that too common modern malady—*faulty elimination.*

For bodily waste-matter, that is not regularly *eliminated*—retards other natural processes—dulls the faculties—deadens—*devitalizes.*

Here's a Help toward Health the Family Actually Asks For!

Bran, the bulk-food, *Nature's own regulator, that's* what you all need! Natural, normal, unfailing, it helps to rid the system of poisonous wastes, day by day, as they accumulate.

And what more welcome bran-food than Post's Bran Flakes?

A shower of fragile, flavorful flakes, toasty crisp—a flood of milk or cream—*delicious!* And what a zestful thrust of flavor these same golden brown flakes add to a bowl of berries or fruit! What fluffy, flaky, melt-in-your-mouth muffins they make!

No wonder more mothers feed their families Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in the world, for no one, young or old, has to be coaxed into eating the necessary daily portion of *this* gloriously good food!

Serve Post's Bran Flakes *regularly*—and find out for yourself what millions of mothers have found—the old-time buoyancy back again!

Is tomorrow too soon to begin?

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

FLAKES

OF WHEAT

A Product of
General Foods Corporation

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(Continued from Page 98)

you have known it, when, in reality, you haven't. I was looking straight into the eyes of Eric Darter.

Instinctively my muscles tightened and I started to get to my feet, but just in time I controlled myself and changed my gesture into a search for matches in my trouser pockets. But all the while I was watching Darter. He did not recognize me. His eyes turned casually in another direction. Before long he went back to the illumined shell and the dance music began again. Every third tune or so, there was no dancing, and the orchestra played something by request. I could see the waiters handing up slips of paper. I ordered another stein of beer.

Here was a situation. What was I to do? Had I been alone I would, of course, have spoken to Darter. If he had chosen to maintain his disguise, well and good. That was his business. But I was not alone. Three miles or so away, out in the harbor, was a big white yacht, and on it was a woman who still loved Darter. Or did she? That was just the question. Love is difficult to diagnose. Was this love the love of a memory, or that rare, unbreakable love that persists through all change and all misfortune? The rare love that loves a personality apart from circumstances and despite all the permutations through which that personality may go? Did Emily love Eric Darter—black-bearded, sunken-eyed, white-faced; an unknown fiddler in Ragusa—or did she love only the memory of the man of that February day years before? The Hound of Heaven—she had said that to me that afternoon! But memory can be a Hound of Heaven as well as some god or some other person, and where the last is concerned, reality—the present—can send the hound—usually does send the hound—whimpering back for good to its restless kennel, no longer restless.

Should I let Emily know that Darter was here, or should I try to prevent her from seeing him? If she saw him, would memory and everything else vanish, leaving her not one solid plank to which to cling? Slowly, painfully, as I had just discovered, she was beginning to build herself some sort of a little raft, and the memory of Darter, which had first flung her into the ocean, was what was now dragging her up out of the ocean. And even if Emily would stand the test, what about Darter? Did he love Emily at all? And if he did, wouldn't this pulling of him back to a past he had deliberately abandoned be to him like the agony of the attempted suicide revived from drowning? Whatever had been his reasons for his course of action, they had seemed to him good ones. I couldn't quite believe that he had ceased to love Emily. I had always thought that he had had other motives. It would be difficult to cease loving Emily, once you had loved her. At least, it would be difficult to cease loving the only Emily that Darter knew—the Emily of seventeen.

I wrote on a slip of paper and called a waiter to me. For a wonder, he spoke French. I gave him a fifty-dinar note.

"Take this paper to the violinist," I said, "and ask him to play what is written on it when next he plays by request. That fifty-dinar note is for you, and here is another for the violinist. And see that you give it to him, and see that he plays what I want. I will be watching you."

I followed the waiter with my eyes as he threaded his way through the tables. He gave the violinist the slip of paper and the dinar note. On the slip of paper I had written: "Étude E Major. Chopin. Op. 10. Numéro trois." I didn't want Darter to know that I was an American.

I saw him bend over the slip of paper and read it; then he straightened up suddenly and looked around the audience. I thought he was frowning, although of course from that distance I couldn't tell. For a moment he hesitated; then nodded his head and thrust the dinar note into his pocket. He spoke to the orchestra. The trap player sank back into his chair, the banjoist put his banjo gently down beside him on the floor, the saxophonist rubbed his saxophone gently with a thumb and forefinger, and looked remote, as if he were the virtuoso if solos were what the audience desired. Darter got to his feet.

Ragusa, I imagine, is not a musical center, although I may be maligning it. I should be inclined to believe, however, that the Ragusans are a kindly people who like any sort of sound, harmonious or otherwise. They are near enough to the Orient even to like Oriental music. I am sure, anyway, that that particular audience did not appreciate the finer shades of violin playing. Darter sat down. The audience broke into tumultuous clapping. But Darter knew, for he sat bowed forward in his chair, making no move to acknowledge the applause. As for myself, I could have wept. Not only because of Darter's playing but because for a fifty-dinar note he had disclosed his tragedy.

Those beautiful fingers and the beautiful sounds they had once been able to make! Violin playing is like ice. Ice is either clear and blue and beautiful, or it isn't. There is no halfway ice. Any frozen water will cool a parched throat, but frozen water isn't clear ice so long as there is a single blur in it. Darter could still play Chopin, but so could thousands of other fiddlers in jazz orchestras.

I thought I knew, now, one reason why he hadn't gone back to America, or Emily, or the Wordens. Emily and the Wordens—up until the war, anyhow—had insisted upon their ice being clear. I remembered Mrs. Worden's distinction between a mere violinist and a great one; an insistence which Mr. Secretary Worden had shared. I had no doubt that on many occasions they had allowed Darter to read what was in their minds.

Well, I wouldn't tell Emily and I wouldn't let her see Darter. For the next two days I would take charge of her while she was ashore, and motor her into Herzegovina, or Montenegro, or even Albania, if necessary.

I could have saved myself these plans, for as I turned my head I saw Emily standing under an arc light, the people of the yacht around her. They must have just come in—just as Darter was finishing the Étude—for a waiter was hurrying toward them to find them a table. I wondered if Emily had seen what I had seen; knew what I knew. Of course. I jumped to my feet and hurried across the small pebbles of the garden toward her. She was standing rigidly, staring at the illumined shell of the orchestra.

"Emily!"

She started and turned toward me. Then she recovered herself.

"You weren't at the sea wall," she said banteringly. "You were to meet me there."

"It's a trifle theatrical," commented Willetts. "Looks like the ramparts where the ghost appears in Hamlet. It's Gordon Craig at his best."

"Let them sit down," whispered Emily, "and get me Eric. Get me Eric!"

I pointed to the balcony showing through the trees. "You'll find a door underneath that," I said, "and some stairs leading to a big old drawing-room that opens on the balcony. There will be nobody there. If there is, you can use my bedroom." Out loud I said to Willetts and the others: "Emily's had some news from home she wishes to talk over with me. She has to cable. Do you mind? We'll be back in about half an hour."

I saw Emily to the door under the balcony and then walked over to the illumined shell and leaned forward toward Darter.

"Darter," I said, "there's someone here who must see you. It's a matter of life and death."

He raised his head and spoke in French, looking at me with his haggard eyes.

"I do not understand you, m'sieur. You have evidently mistaken me for someone else. I do not speak English."

"No, I haven't mistaken you," I said. "You are Eric Darter, and you must come with me. It's a matter of life and death."

"All right," he said suddenly in English, and laying down his violin, got up and followed me. I led him to the door underneath the balcony and up the stairs to the huge old drawing-room, with its dim lights and grotesque red plush furniture. Emily was standing by a table.

"Talk sense!" I hissed at Darter. "Talk sense! Both of you are older. Talk sense. She loves you and you love her. You've all the time in the world. I'll see that no one disturbs you."

"I'm going," he said faintly, and started down the hall. I grabbed him by the shoulder, pushed him through the door, and turned the key in the lock.

I heard the orchestra playing dance music in the garden again.

At the end of about half an hour, the bewildering concierge, who, once dinner was over, seemed to become *maître d'orchestre* and master of the revels, appeared passionately out of nowhere and, with head down, attempted to brush me aside and break open the door.

"What are you doing?" I demanded.

He looked up at me with the expression of an interrupted bull.

"M'sieur LeConte, the violinist, whom I have taken care of and fed like a child when he had no place else to go, is in there with a woman. He is secluded with a woman. He is embracing a woman. I saw them from the edge of the garden. There are places properly arranged where one can embrace a woman. Not only is this a slight upon this most respectable hotel but he is needed in the orchestra. I have distinguished English guests. They do not like to see orchestra players embracing women. Tomorrow I shall discharge him. He is no good anyway."

"He is secluded with his wife, you fool," I said, taking him by the arm, "whom he has not seen for twelve years. It is a very beautiful story and will make your hotel famous. She is an enormously rich American princess and he is a duke. Go away before you ruin completely your reputation."

"There are no American princesses," he said sullenly.

"There is where," I retorted, "you show your ignorance of changing conditions. A law was passed two weeks ago creating them."

Emily interrupted us by knocking on the door. I turned the key. Emily stood on the threshold. She had been crying. The concierge, seeing Emily's gown and her jewels and her blond loveliness, made a deep bow, and then, smiling graciously, stepped to one side. Out of the corner of my eye I could see him waving an ingratiating hand to Darter in the background.

"Go away," I said.

"As m'sieur wishes. M'sieur and all will perhaps have a little cold collation afterwards?"

"No."

"Good."

The skirts of his frock coat disappeared down the hall.

I looked at Emily.

"Well?"

"It's all right."

"Everything?"

"Everything."

"What was wrong in the first place? . . . Or perhaps you don't want to say?"

"It wasn't anything. The serious things never are anything. The foolish things are what are fatal." She raised her arms and let them fall at her side. "Me, I suppose," she said wearily. "Me. Also my family. All these years wasted because he was afraid of me. I had to tell him how old and gentle and white my father and mother had become."

"But his playing's ruined."

"What difference does that make? He can still write music, can't he? And even if he couldn't write music, what difference would it make? Do you think I fell in love with a radio?"

"Surely that wasn't all."

"Oh, no; there was a court-martial and a lot of other things. It will take ages to hear them all."

"Did he get his medal before or after his court-martial?"

"After."

"Often that means the finest kind of war record."

Emily's lips twisted impatiently.

"And what difference does that make either? How stupid you all are! How stupid he is! I didn't fall in love with a musician, or a soldier, or anything but a man named Eric Darter. Don't you know what that means?" She smiled suddenly and put out a hand. "No, you're not stupid. You're a lamb. If it hadn't been for you, I would never have found him again."

"Emily darling," I said—I felt by now I liked Emily well enough again to call her darling—"just as you came in I was planning desperately how to keep you away from him."

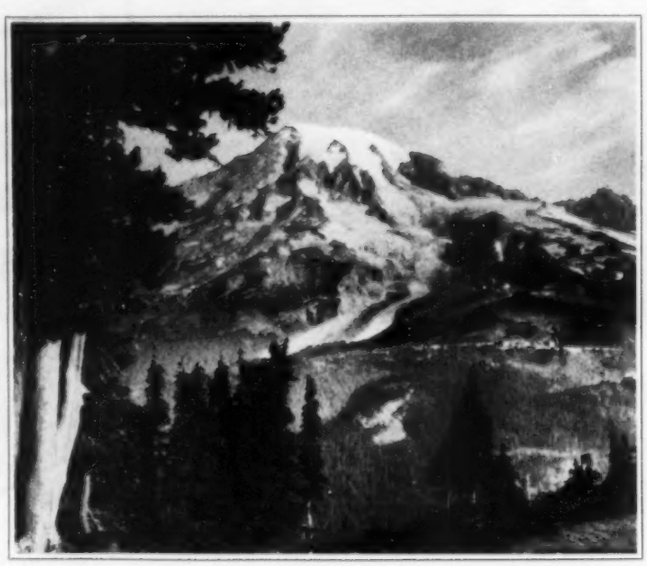
"Were you? Well, no matter."

"It's nice, anyway, he can still write music, isn't it, even adopting the most lofty attitude?"

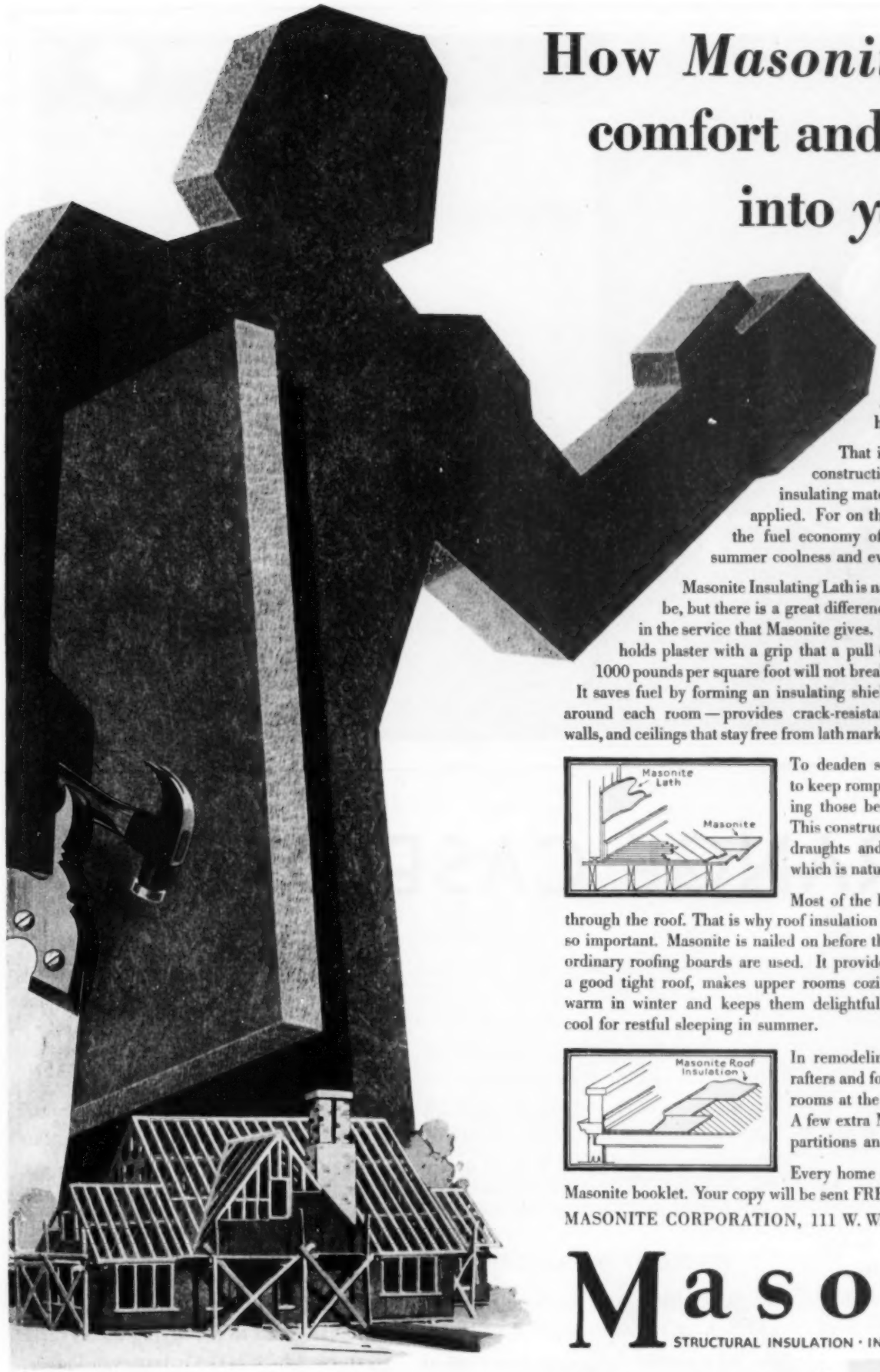
"I suppose so," Emily reflected. "I think perhaps he'll write beautiful music now," she said swiftly. "He's learned a lot."

I was silent for a moment, and then I said, "You've learned a lot, too, haven't you, Emily?"

Emily looked at me without speaking.



The Great Mountain and Southern Glacial System, Mt. Rainier National Park

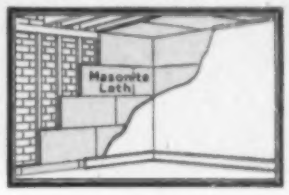


How *Masonite* builds comfort and economy into *your* home

You can never take the construction of a beautiful new home for granted, for so much depends on materials which cannot be seen after the structure is complete. And the same is true of an old home that has been remodeled.

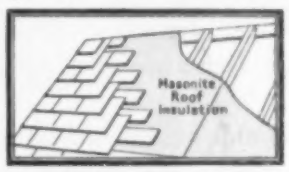
That is why it is so fascinating to watch construction work, to see where the all-wood insulating material, Masonite, is used and how it is applied. For on this sturdy insulating board depend the fuel economy of your home, its winter warmth, summer coolness and even its loan and resale value.

Masonite Insulating Lath is nailed on just as ordinary lath would be, but there is a great difference in the service that Masonite gives. It holds plaster with a grip that a pull of 1000 pounds per square foot will not break. It saves fuel by forming an insulating shield around each room — provides crack-resistant walls, and ceilings that stay free from lath marks.



To deaden sound in apartments or homes — to keep romping children upstairs from disturbing those below — use Masonite under floors. This construction makes floors warmer, reduces draughts and insulates the room at the point which is naturally the coldest.

Most of the heat your furnace makes leaks out through the roof. That is why roof insulation is so important. Masonite is nailed on before the ordinary roofing boards are used. It provides a good tight roof, makes upper rooms cozily warm in winter and keeps them delightfully cool for restful sleeping in summer.



In remodeling, Masonite is nailed under roof rafters and forms an attractive ceiling for upper rooms at the same time that it insulates them. A few extra Masonite boards are then used for partitions and this completes the job.

Every home owner or builder should have the Masonite booklet. Your copy will be sent FREE on receipt of the coupon.

MASONITE CORPORATION, 111 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois

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Kitchen cabinets, icebox paneling, desk tops, tables, screens, trunks, boxes, trays, camp furniture and scores of other things are made better and at less cost with Masonite Presdwood. This grainless wood board is smooth and strong; does not split, crack or splinter; is easily worked and can be given any beautiful finish. Presdwood comes in 4 foot by 12 foot boards; also in special shapes and sizes, cut to order at the mill. Check the coupon and get the Free Presdwood booklet.

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Mail the attached coupon today. It will bring you the interesting Masonite booklet every home owner or prospective home owner should have.

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THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. A

Mr. A is such a sensible fellow in most ways.

He wouldn't think of buying a suit or a pair of shoes that wouldn't wear well—just because they were low in price. He knows that good suits or shoes will give him more than twice the wear and satisfaction.

Yet there's one strange rift in Mr. A's logic and his thriftiness.

Each year for the past three years, he has bought a car on a low-price basis. He has put 10 or 12,000 miles on it and then turned it in. Each trade-in has cost him a depreciation loss of $400 or more.

Now, Mr. A doesn't consider himself extravagant. Quite the contrary. Here's his explanation: "All I can afford," he'll tell you, "is an inexpensive car. Such a car gives only one good year of service. I get that one good year. Then by trading it in, I avoid the heavy repair bills that follow after the first year."

Fallacious reasoning, Mr. A!

If only Mr. A would talk with Mr. B! Three years ago Mr. B also bought a car. His income is no larger—yet he paid half again as much as Mr. A did. He knew what he was doing! He bought a Reo Flying Cloud—a car that is good—*really* good—for 100,000 miles.

WHO GOT THE BARGAIN?

Mr. B has put 37,000 miles on that Reo and he hasn't even thought of trading it in. Why should he? That Reo runs as sweetly as it ever did. It still acts and looks the fine car it is.

And Mr. B's Reo has cost him far less than Mr. A's three "inexpensive" cars! His repair bills have been much less. He hasn't had to take a loss of $400 or more on each yearly trade-in. Instead of three years of monthly payments, Mr. B has been debt-free for the last two years!

WHY IS REO SO ECONOMICAL?

Reo's long life makes it more economical than any so-called inexpensive car. For Reo is *good* for 100,000 miles. That's not a claim—it's a fact. Several years ago an independent investigation of motor car life showed that Reo outlasted all other cars of American origin and manufacture—regardless of price. And since then, Reo has added to the Flying Cloud three features which make it last even longer!

One feature is the toughest cylinder block ever put under a hood. Made of chrome-nickel alloy, it has seven times the endurance of the ordinary block. The second feature is pistons made of Lo-ex—a new alloy so tough and with

such low expansion that it insures far better compression and far longer freedom from piston slap. The third and most important feature is the Reo Silent-Second Transmission.

• • • • REO SILENT-SECOND TRANSMISSION • THE GREATEST AUTOMOTIVE IMPROVEMENT SINCE THE SELF-STARTER

This new transmission cuts down engine speed. That means less wear and tear—and consequently longer motor life. But its greatest contribution is to the performance of the Reo Flying Cloud.

With this transmission, you can do 40 miles an hour in second—as smoothly, as silently, as in the ordinary high. Think of it! You can put the car in second and get through the worst city traffic swiftly, quietly—without shifting gears once! No more clashing, no more "feeling in" the gears, when you shift, either. You can shift from second to high at any speed—and from high back to second at 40—swiftly, surely, with one-finger ease.

BEAUTY—LASTING BEAUTY

Reo is a beautiful car that *stays* beautiful. For Reo doesn't believe in radical yearly changes. The Reo Flying Cloud you buy today will be a distinguished looking car three, four, five years from now.

So follow Mr. B's example. Get a Reo. It will cost you less in the end—and give you a thrill of performance, a pride of ownership, you've never known before. Visit your Reo showroom today.

..WHY REO IS GOOD FOR 100,000 MILES

Each Reo part is built to withstand a strain 50% to 100% greater than it will ever undergo in actual service.

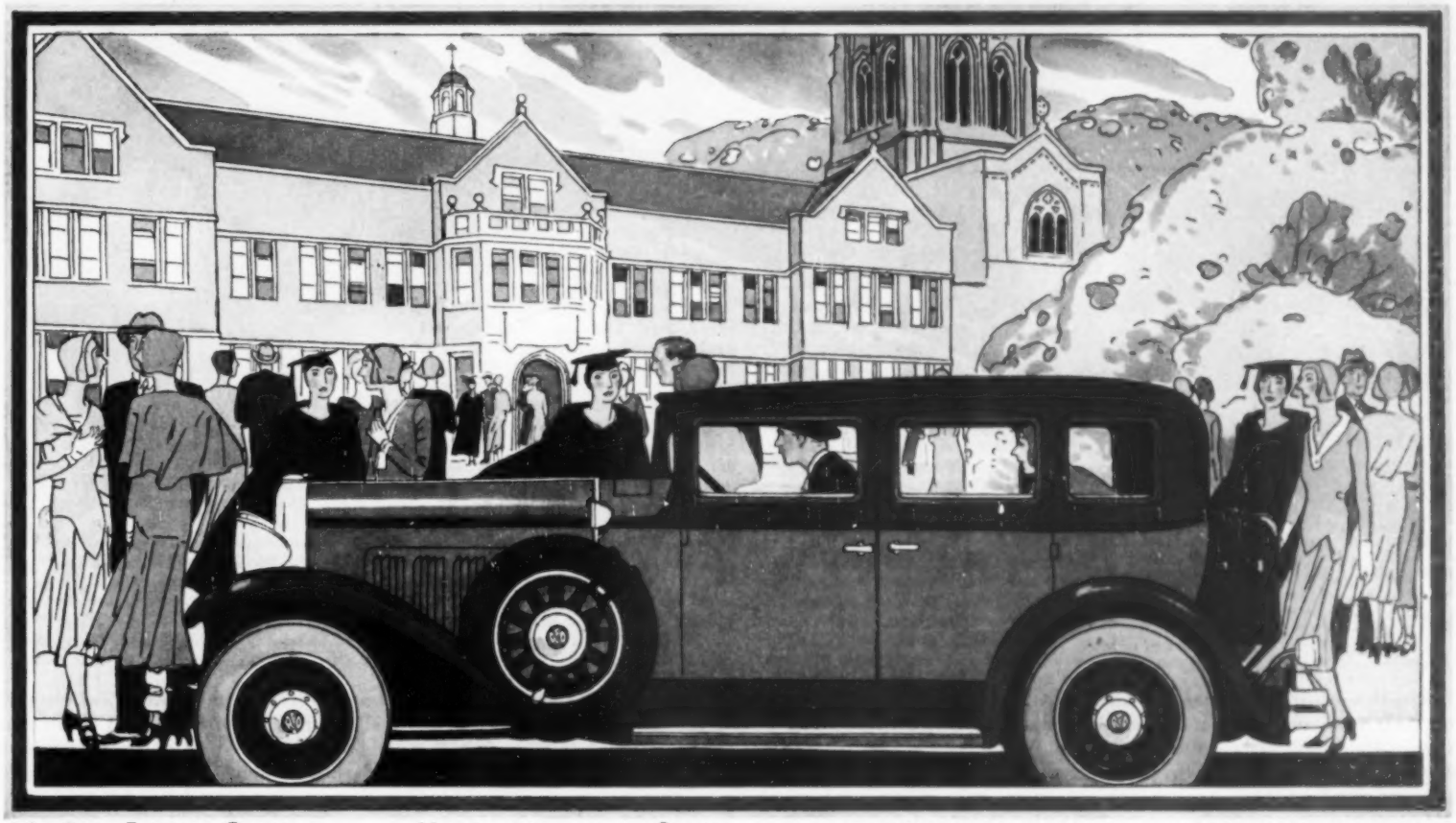
By spending from 10% to 25% more for parts, it is often possible to insure doubled life. It is Reo's unvarying policy to make that additional expenditure.

Reo uses only "live" metal in its malleable castings—no scrap—not one ounce of second-hand metal from which much of the life and strength has been sapped.

Reo has minimized vibration—the enemy of long life—by balancing every major moving part, from the 7-bearing crankshaft to the fan blades, with hair-trigger accuracy.

Reo's internal-expanding hydraulic four-wheel brakes are perfectly equalized—and stay equalized. Wet weather cannot affect them. And it's no uncommon thing for Reo brakes to go 50,000 miles without re-lining.

REO PRICES NOW RANGE FROM $1175 TO $1945



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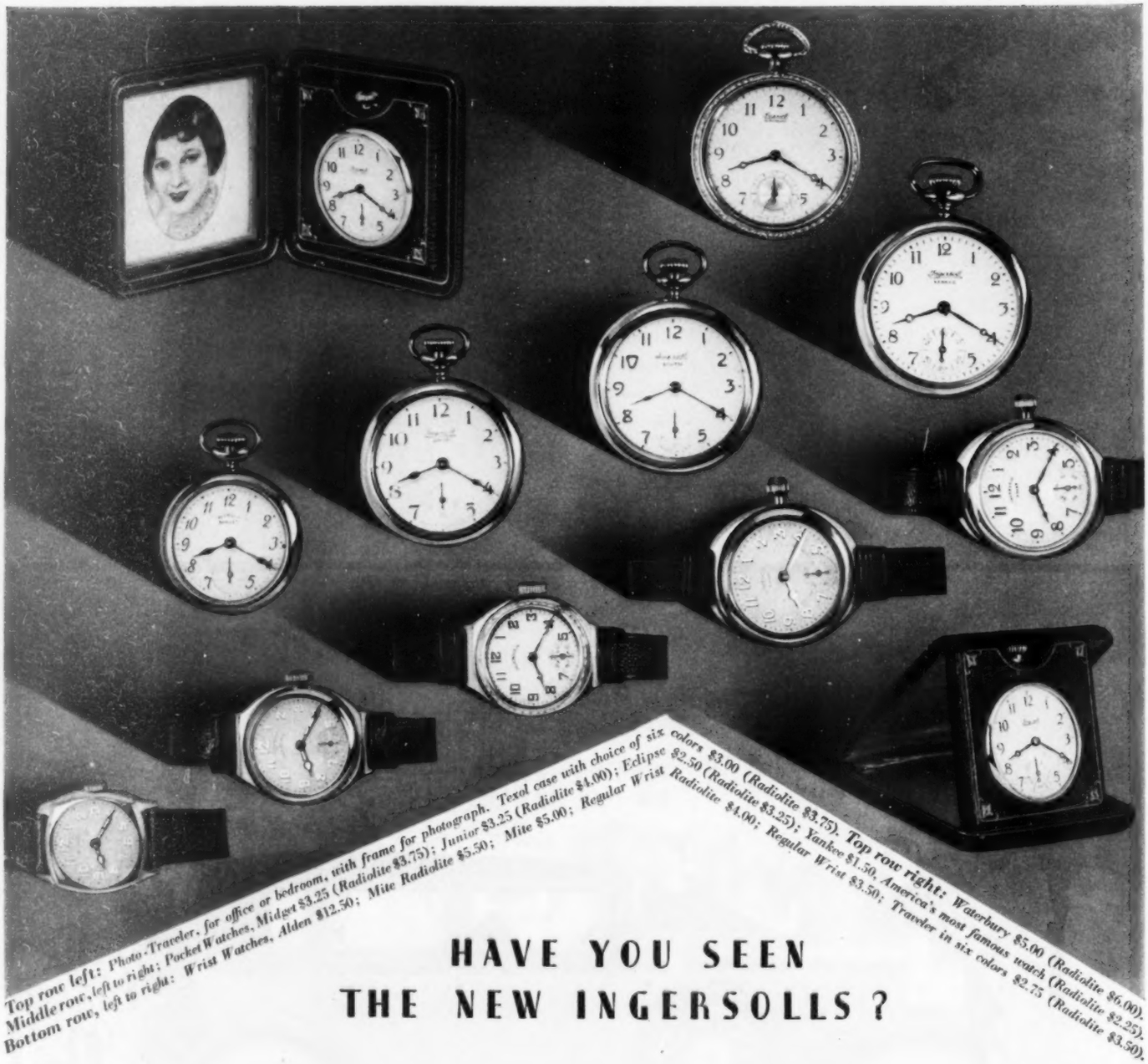

Top row left: Photo-Traveler, for office or bedroom, with frame for photograph. Texol case with choice of six colors $3.00 (Radiolite $3.75). **Top row right:** Waterbury $5.00 (Radiolite $6.00). *Middle row, left to right:* Pocket Watches, Midget $3.25 (Radiolite $3.75); Junior $3.25 (Radiolite $4.00); Eclipse $2.50 (Radiolite $3.25); Yankee $1.50, America's most famous watch (Radiolite $2.25). *Bottom row, left to right:* Wrist Watches, Alden $12.50; Mite Radiolite $5.50; Mite $5.00; Regular Wrist Radiolite $4.00; Regular Wrist $3.50; Traveler in six colors $2.75 (Radiolite $3.50).

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW INGERSOLLS?

Up-to-the-minute in time—up-to-the-minute in style—the only thing behindhand about Ingersolls is the price—and that harks back to the days of ground-sweeping skirts and peg-top trousers.

In the middle row, extreme right, is the Ingersoll Yankee—sire of the Ingersoll line, but grown considerably thinner and better balanced withal.

In the bottom row, second from the left, is the Ingersoll Mite, babe of the Ingersoll line—and verily a babe in size! We're mightily proud of the Mite—Ingersoll's answer to your demand for a sturdy wrist watch, a smart wrist watch and a small wrist watch, all for a small price.

To the right of the Mite Radiolite is the Regular Wrist—somewhat larger than the Mite in size—but fashionably up-to-date in its slim case with back of stainless chromium plate.

Now back again to the middle row next to the Yankee for the slender, smart Eclipse—narrower from crystal to back compared to the Yankee, but no less sturdy and dependable for a' that!

To the left of the Eclipse is the Junior—a still smaller and thinner pocket watch for the up-to-date boy. Next to the Junior, the Midget with its slim 1930 silhouette. And up in the top row, the Waterbury—the finest jeweled watch that $5 will buy!

Or, if your watch wealth runs to two figures, look at the Alden (bottom row, left), seven-jeweled aristocrat of the Ingersoll line.

A 1930 watch for every purse and person! Make your selection now.

We Service Ingersolls: Should any Ingersoll ever need attention send it to the Ingersoll Service Department, Waterbury, Conn., for prompt repairing or replacement at small cost.

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INGERSOLL WATCHES

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HARD MONEY

(Continued from Page 45)

the chief of these was vanity. He preened himself in the new clothes from the tailor with which his father had outfitted him for his enrollment in Columbia College.

"He is bigger than I am," Jan said proudly. "When he is through with his college he will be smarter. He is quick, Mary, as I am slow. . . . You will work very hard, son, eh? And learn your lessons well."

"How much money can I have to spend?" asked young Jan, ignoring his father's reference to studious habits.

"Eh?" Jan looked with almost comical surprise from his wife to his son. "Money? What has that to do with it?"

The boy turned sulky but kept persistently to his point. "Lots of young gentlemen go to the college," he said. "They have their own horses to ride. They ride to college in the morning and home in the evening. And their fathers make them allowances. A gentleman has got to have money to spend."

"So?" said Jan. "Horses and money. To be a gentleman you must have horses and money? It is not so, my son. A gentleman is not made by a horse or by a dollar. Also to this college go many who have not two shillings to rub together."

"Oh, them," said young Jan, with a curl of his lip. "I will have nothing to do with them. I would cut a figure making friends with the sons of a lot of parsons and shopkeepers."

Jan eyed his son in silence and drummed upon the arm of his chair. He was disturbed. Here was something unexpected and puzzling and disquieting. Presently he spoke gravely:

"I do not like what you say. Your grandfather baked bread and your mother delivered it in a basket. Another grandfather peddled from a pack on his back. Where do you get these ideas, my son?"

The boy's face grew longer, sulkier. "Anyhow," he asked tenaciously, "will I have an allowance?"

"It is not good for a boy to have much money. Enough I will give. Boys should learn to earn money. It teaches them the value of money."

Young Jan darted a glance at his father, sly and sullen and resentful; he looked at Mary to see if he might find support there, but in her grave, distressed eyes was no comfort for him. Then he glanced at a mirror, and Mary watched how he straightened himself and modified his expression and took pleasure in his reflected image.

"Your business now," said his father, "is to learn, not to spend. Not to have fine companions and play pranks."

"You're rich," said young Jan—"almost the richest man in town. It wouldn't be right for me not to have as much allowance as anyone."

"We talk about that no more," said Jan, and there was that in his voice which silenced his son. There was a point beyond which no man cared to argue with Jan Van Horn. So the boy flung pettishly from the room—pettishly, but without the courage to express his feelings by slamming the door behind him. Mary would have thought better of him had he slammed the door.

"Boys have foolish ideas," said Jan, as though in apology. "He comes fresh to the city, where all is strange."

"I think you should give him an allowance, Jan," said Mary.

"Eh? So? And why?"

"I think it would be better," she answered, but she did not give her reason. But her fear was lest young Jan, finding his pocket ill supplied, should set his adroit slyness to the task of filling it.

"Boys' foolishness," said Jan, but his eyes were on the door which his son had not slammed, while his troubled thoughts followed the boy whose acquaintance he was just commencing to make. This thought confronted him: That he did not know his son. He had met young Jan only as an occasional visitor in Anneke's Albany home. Between them no confidence had been established and neither had knowledge of the other as father and son should have.

"I will know him better," Jan said, half to himself. "That is necessary." And then: "How does Claas learn his lessons?"

"He is not quick, but he is steady," said Mary. "He studies hard when ——" She bit her lip, for she had been about to add that he studied hard when his brother did not meddle with him and entice him from his books. "He is very like you, Jan," she said. "I think he will grow into a man like you."

"He could do better," Jan said with a half smile.

It was thus, toward the end of 1823, that Jan Van Horn's life entered upon a new phase—a phase brought about by the birth of a daughter and a reunion with his sons. The auspices were not favorable. But for another phase, equally new and more revolutionary—that of business—the auguries were clement indeed. America took a gigantic stride, bridging a thousand miles at a step.

Though the Erie Canal would not be formally opened with appropriate ceremonies for two years, it was in use. At once it created a new city of New York, elevating it from a place as a market town for the Hudson Valley into a market town for a continent. And this was only a beginning. Until this hour it had required thirty days of time and five dollars in money to transport a hundred pounds of merchandise from Philadelphia to Columbus; now, by Erie Canal and from New York, it could be accomplished in twenty days at a cost of two dollars and fifty cents. So Philadelphia's glory passed to her rival; New York's population was racing upward toward the two-hundred-thousand goal and her wealth was increasing almost in direct proportion.

And in domestic politics and statesmanship the problem became the struggle for supremacy between geographical sections: Between New England and New York; between North and South; between East and West. Mr. Calhoun was declaring that so fierce was the struggle that a day approached which was to determine if they could be reconciled and the Union perpetuated. The black menace of slavery was lifting its head; Missouri had entered the Union through the door of compromise, with Henry Clay as her usher in chief; Maine and Alabama were states; and John Quincy Adams uttered the Cassandra prophecy that we were writing the title page to a great, tragic volume.

In December, Mr. Monroe, that uninspiring man, was to achieve immortality for his name—urged and abetted by the bulldog tenacity of John Quincy Adams—to write in his message to Congress, "that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

Great days, these, and pregnant. Jan Van Horn, with wise eye upon the expected offspring, took his measures. Build! That was his watchword. Construct roads, dig canals, annihilate distance, tie the straggling mass into compactness by highways. So he and his bank were ready, always ready, to throw the weight of their influence and the power of their money into any such legitimate enterprise. As Morris was the financier of the Revolution and Jay Cooke was to become the nation's financier of the Civil War, so Jan Van Horn is justly entitled to be known as the financier of the nation's highways—a not dishonorable title.

A time of great endeavor, of terrific risks and strain, of implacable concentration for Jan. Had he been less vigilant for the commercial welfare of the nation, less intent upon its travel and its transportation, he might have been more aware of affairs of less importance to the world but of supreme importance to his own happiness and the honor of his name. He might have kept a sharper eye upon the growth and the character and the escapades of his elder son.

XVIII

YOUNG JAN VAN HORN spent four years in college; he would not have done so had it not been for the prestige of his father's name and the glamour of the Phillipse name, which persisted into this republican day. Though the glory of the Hudson River nabobs had declined and they were no longer supreme in the state, they were far from negligible and the eyes of little men still observed them with awe. No connection of the Van Rensselaers and the Schuylers and the Livingstons might be expelled offhand from college.

There were escapades which Mary Van Horn concealed from her husband, escapades in which she intervened with purse and with influence: The affair of an unpopular instructor set upon and beaten in a cowardly, blackguardly manner; the affair of a butcher's daughter which was particularly flagrant; a couple of unsavory gambling episodes; the matter of the fund raised by the students and intrusted to Jan because his father was a banker. These were handled by Mary in such a way that they never came to her husband's knowledge.

Perhaps she was wrong, but her intent was not wrong and her hand was forced. For Jan was not lacking in a devious astuteness and a tricky diplomacy. Early in his days in New York he perceived the lay of the land; he was aware how his stepmother despised him, but saw how she was prepared to constitute herself a wall of silence between his misdeeds and his father's ears. So, when matters became too hot for him he took to the confessional. He would go to Mary, unrepentant, almost brazen, tell her his story and, in effect, blackmail her to pull him out of the mire.

She came to hate him, for she knew he laughed at her behind her back and almost to her face, realizing the strength of his position because of the falsity of hers. Nor was he grateful; he hated Mary because she was a Phillipse and he was a West.

"If you get into trouble again," she said to him, "I will go to your father."

"If you tell my father," he said, "I'll do something to make you all sorry. Just try it. You'll see."

She believed him, for she saw in him a capacity for baseness which was without limits and was held in check only by cowardice and solicitude for his own person.

"But understand this," she said, and he was wise enough to comprehend that she meant what she said: "If you entice Claas into any mischief I'll have no mercy on you. Keep your unclean hands off your brother."

"Stepmamma's pet," he said with a sneer.

"More than that," she said—and there was steel in her voice—"I'm saving Claas to fill the place in your father's heart and plans that will be left when you are hanged."

But there were things which even Mary did not know—which young Jan had found it unnecessary to confess—and among these were his relations with Abel Betts.

Betts, that shrewd, unscrupulous opportunist, saw and appraised young Jan. He knew the place the boy was destined to occupy in the banking house of Phillipse & Van Horn and saw, as no man save one destitute of ordinary moral inhibitions would permit himself to see, how he could be utilized to a profit.

Therefore he cultivated young Jan in back alleys and behind barns, as it were. He insinuated himself by adroit degrees, first as an amiable acquaintance with fascinating reminiscences of circus and drover days, then as sympathetic and genial friend.

(Continued on Page 111)

MILLIONS NOW SHAVE WITHOUT BRUSH OR LATHER

Physician Discovers a Totally New-type Cream That Adds Amazing Speed and Comfort to the Shave. Note How Results Are Guaranteed

A LEARNED physician—a skin specialist—has discovered and perfected a new-type shaving cream, called MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay).

It makes no lather. Requires no brush. It ends shaving discomfort. So outstanding are its advantages that the manufacturer guarantees you the best shave in all your life or your money back. Here is the guaranty:

"Buy a 50c tube from any druggist. If you don't get the best week's shaves you ever experienced, return the balance and we will refund the purchase price."

Apply With Finger Tips
No Brush — Remember

1. Wash your face thoroughly—leave it wet.
2. Apply soothing MOLLÉ over beard with finger tips.
3. Shave—with your favorite razor.

Simple—saves time—and the after-feel is delightful.

Great for Tough Beards!
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Tough, wiry, horny beards are removed like magic. No scrape, no pull. It's almost like wiping your beard off with your hand! MOLLÉ is the ideal beard softener. We *guarantee* it.

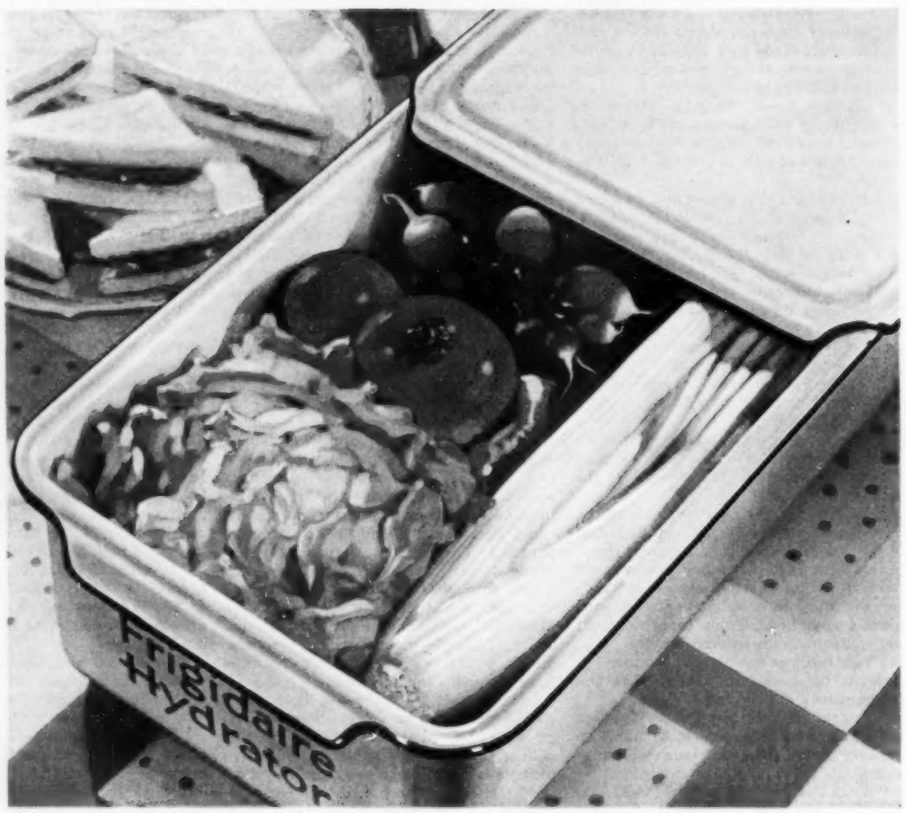
No more burning, stinging, itching, parched skins. No hot towels, no after-lotions, no balms needed after shaving. For MOLLÉ (Mō-lay) is a true emollient. Leaves face soft, smooth, refreshed—as if you'd had a head barber's massage. We guarantee it or money refunded. Your nearest druggist sells MOLLÉ.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

Now we announce

the new MULTI·COLD Frigidaire

Special nation-wide demonstration starts May 1st. See this remarkable new development at the nearest Frigidaire Showroom



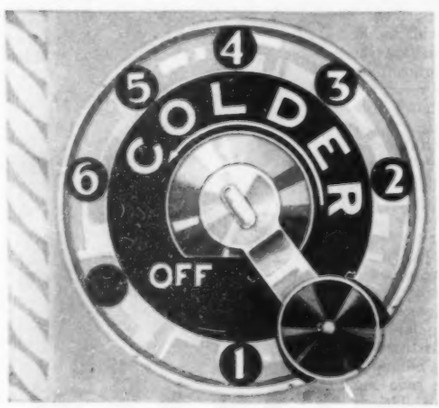
On May 1st, Frigidaire dealers throughout the country will be ready to show you the latest advancement in electric refrigeration—the new "Multi-Cold" Frigidaire.

There's no other refrigerator like it. It offers *moist* cold, *dry* cold, *cold storage, extreme* cold, and cold *just above freezing* —all within the same cabinet.

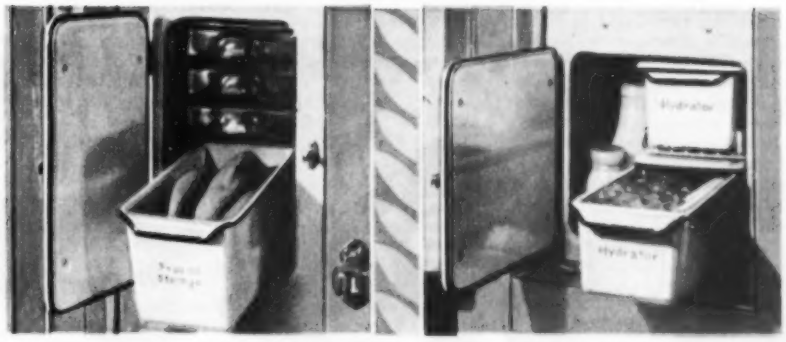
Look at the picture. Note the inner doors. Behind the door at the top, you'll find three trays for freezing ice and desserts. Just below you'll see a container marked "Frozen Storage"—a container that is big enough to hold a seven pound fowl or a generous supply of steaks and chops. Here you can keep your meats and the new packaged frozen foods *at temperatures far below freezing—indefinitely.* Here you can store ice cubes, ice cream or any foods you may want to keep frozen until ready to serve.

And behind the lower door is a compartment with two large Hydrators for keeping a peck and a half of vegetables fresh and full-flavored until used. This same compartment also provides ample space for milk and other bottled goods. And it maintains an ideal low-temperature range for both vegetables and liquids.

All of these features are included *in only half of the cabinet.* And you have the other half with convenient shelves for butter, eggs, bacon, lard and all foods that require dry *normal* refrigeration. Temperatures in this part of the



THE "FRIGIDAIRE COLD CONTROL"
Do not confuse the "Cold Control" with Frigidaire's automatic temperature regulator. The temperature regulator maintains an ideal temperature in the food compartment—without attention. The "Cold Control" enables you to control the temperatures in the freezing compartment, speed the freezing of ice cubes, and make a great variety of delicious desserts.



NEW FROZEN STORAGE COMPARTMENT

The "Multi-Cold" Frigidaire contains a special compartment for storing poultry, game, meats, fish, or the new packaged frozen foods—anything you want to keep frozen. It maintains temperatures far below freezing—always.

THE FRIGIDAIRE HYDRATOR

The Hydrator is a new moist-air compartment that makes vegetables delightfully crisp and keeps them that way until used.

The new "Multi-Cold" Frigidaire is equipped with two Hydrators which hold a peck and a half of vegetables.

5 *types of refrigeration in one cabinet*

cabinet are always well below 50 degrees.

And of course the new "Multi-Cold" Frigidaire has the famous "Cold Control" for faster freezing of ice cubes and desserts. Of course, it is operated by the extra-powerful, incredibly quiet Frigidaire power unit. It is quiet and it stays quiet. And like every household Frigidaire, the new "Multi-Cold" is Porcelain-on-steel inside and out—strikingly beautiful and easy to clean.

Send for descriptive booklet and free recipe book

Call at the nearest display room and see a complete demonstration at your first opportunity. In the meantime, mail the coupon. Let us send you our latest recipe book and full details about the new "Multi-Cold" Frigidaire.

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ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS FOR HOMES, STORES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS . . . ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS FOR HOMES, STORES, OFFICES AND FACTORIES . . . ICE CREAM CABINETS . . . MILK COOLING EQUIPMENT . . . ROOM COOLERS

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Please send me your free recipe book—also full details about the Hydrator and the new "Multi-Cold" Frigidaire.

Name.....

Address.....

BORN FIGHTERS!

ANY BARNYARD rooster or mongrel cur could be taught *how* to fight. But they wouldn't stand a chance against a thoroughbred game-cock or bulldog. For the game-cock and bulldog have more than fighting skill. They have the fighting instinct—inherited from generations of fighting ancestors. They are *born* fighters.

Birth—pedigree—is just as important to a motor oil as it is to a game-cock or bulldog. For there are certain qualities a finished oil should have which can't be "manufactured". These qualities must be inherited from the "parent crude".

That's why thousands of motorists insist on knowing the "ancestry" of a motor oil before they buy it. That's why they insist that their oil be made entirely from Pennsylvania Grade Crude!

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE

—the best "ancestry" a motor oil can have

No chemist can tell you *why* Pennsylvania alone of all the crude oils in the world has been favored with such superb qualities. That is a question only Mother Nature can answer. She made this one crude oil different from all others—just as she made some metals finer, and some climates more healthful.

Pennsylvania Grade Crude is remarkably free from impurities. It has a degree of "oiliness" found in no other crude.

Add careful refining to this "born" quality and you have lubricants that are known the world over for their long life—for their stubborn resistance to heat. Every day these oils tackle lubricating jobs that other oils would never dare to face—in automobile, airplane, tractor and motor boat engines; in locomotives, turbines and stationary machinery.

Give these oils a chance to show their quality in your automobile motor! Get the extra miles of super-lubrication they give—let them add thousands of miles of life to your motor. These oils will do it! They effect a better piston seal, too, give greater power, reduce dilution, minimize gasoline consumption.

The emblem shown below appears with many different brands of oil. It signifies that the oil is made entirely from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Every brand sold under this emblem is bonded to protect you. The individual brand or trade mark is your assurance of careful refining. Ask for these oils—insist on getting them!

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Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

This emblem guarantees the quality of the crude oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product

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Please send me the booklet, "$1000 Worth of Information on Motor Oil."
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(Continued from Page 107)

"Boys 'll be boys," he said, "and grown folks don't understand. But Abel Betts understands, for he hain't altogether got over bein' a boy. There's Scripture for it. King David that wrote the Psalms was up to his devilment and Saul became Paul. So I hain't inclined to be hard on young fellows that take their pleasure. But your pa, now—that's different. Your pa never understood pleasure nohow."

"My father is no friend of yours," said Jan.

"And I forgive him for it full and free," said Abel unctuously. "But that makes it just as well he didn't know you and me was acquaintances. He mightn't understand it."

"My friends are my own affair," said Jan.

"To be sure. Every man's got to make his own way and his friends. Every fellow for himself. But your pa sets store by you. He's goin' to take you right into the bank and make you his right hand. I bet you he talks a lot to you now, eh? Instructin' you and givin' you examples. I bet he tells you things about the business so as to have you fit and educated when you finish with this here college."

Young Jan shrugged his shoulders and sulked. "He pens me and talks to me for hours."

"And you listen and remember?"

"I just let him talk," said Jan, "and pay no attention. What does he want to bother me for now? There's plenty of time when I have to go to work. And I don't see why I should have to go to work. He's rich. I could be a gentleman."

"To be sure. To be sure. Yet, jest the same, you ought to listen and remember. No gettin' around that. You ought to listen and remember especial about deals he's in and what he's plannin'. He tells you such things, don't he?"

"Oh, he tells me everything, I guess."

"Anyhow," said Abel, with his calculating eyes on the boy's sullen face, "he gives you all the money you want to spend."

"Who told you that?" Jan demanded. "I might as well be some shopkeeper's son. There are men in college without a tenth of his wealth who have five times as much to spend as I."

"Now hain't that too bad! I never in the world 'ud have suspected Jan Van Horn of bein' niggardly. Not him. So he holds you down, eh? Don't keep you in ample spendin' money. Um-m. Now I tell you what: Friends is friends, hain't they? Well, if you was ever to come to a time when you needed a few dollars, I cal'late I could find 'em for you. As a loan, mind you, to be repaid when you git into your pa's business and have a-plenty. And no interest to pay neither. Just friendship like the Scripture friendship betwixt David and Jonathan."

Instinctively young Jan sensed some danger here and his eyes narrowed and shifted.

"If father ever heard of such a thing," he said, "I don't know what would happen."

"Would you tell him?" asked Abel unctuously.

"Not likely."

"Then how'd he ever find out? You tell me that. Because I wouldn't be apt to tell him, would I?" Abel grinned his most affable grin. "Now, I venture you could do with fifty dollars right now if you could lay hands onto it."

"Who couldn't?" demanded Jan resentfully.

"Then here you be, and anythin' in reason when you want it," said Abel. "And all betwixt you and me as good friends, and no tales told on either side."

This was an episode unknown to Mary, as was the development of it until young Jan was completely enmeshed, purchased for cash, and delivered by his own hand to his father's enemy. That final result did not come for months and even years, for Abel Betts was a patient man. It was toward the end of the youth's last year in college that the trap was sprung and young Jan found himself fast by the leg.

"I was kind of figgerin' yesterday," Abel said genially, "bein' a methodical kind of a man that keeps accounts, and I added up what triflin' amounts I've leant you, Jan. Can you guess what it comes to?"

"No idea," Jan replied carelessly.

"You come of age tother day, didn't ye?"

"Two weeks ago."

"Wa-al, here's the figgers and the dates and all," said Abel, "and I cal'late I hain't held back or stinted you."

"It's not possible!" exclaimed Jan, frightened by the staggering total of his borrowings.

"Hain't a cent been added nor a cent subtracted," said Abel, "nor nothin' to worry about. So, bein' a methodical business man like I said, and you comin' of age, I jest fixed up a paper—all betwixt you and me, but accordin' to method—for you to sign. Just a kind of a note promisin' to pay on demand." He paused and was very indulgent and genial indeed. "You know when I'll be apt to be demandin', don't you? So just write your name there, and then we can forgit it."

Jan signed.

He signed and he knew what he signed. He realized why he had been compelled to sign, for any illusions which he may have had in the beginning as to Abel Betts' disinterested friendship long ago had been dissipated. He knew why Abel had cultivated him and why his need for money had been supplied; he had known for a year the consideration in this contract. That consideration was information. It was a betrayal of his father to his father's enemy. For upward of a year Abel's astute cross-examinings had drawn from young Jan every item of value which the youth's brain had retained from his conversations with Jan Van Horn. To Abel Betts' considerable profit. Young Jan had been a conduit between the reservoir of his father's plans and the hungry ears of the man who hated Jan Van Horn. At first this had not been knowingly and consciously; latterly it had been with deliberation. Young Jan had found it expedient to question his father, to explore for items of interest and of value. For he knew that Abel's pocketbook opened more readily after some important plan or detail had been whispered in his ear.

Which searching for titbits delighted Jan Van Horn. It caused him to believe that his son's interest in the house of Phillipse & Van Horn was awakening; that the boy found the business to his taste and thirsted for knowledge. Jan spoke with delight of this change in his son, and Mary frowned and wondered what it betokened. One direct result it had: It moved Jan to greater confidences and wider disclosures to this son, so greedy for details. This, perhaps, was the happiest period of Jan Van Horn's life, because he saw his plans well in train, his first-born living up to his hopes, and the future of his house guaranteed. He expanded with pride and Mary's eyes darkened with apprehension as she saw this edifice of happiness erected upon such a foundation.

Jan was content with life; his wife, his children, his business gave him satisfaction and pride. His wealth increased, and his authority. It was a day when a banker, foot-loose, with capital and probity, could make money at an astounding rate, for almost daily there were bond issues for canals and turnpikes to be floated; corporations had become the fashion to such an extent that people believed they could make money in any enterprise which issued shares. There was magic in the word "share." One enterprising promoter even formed a company to drain the Red Sea to recover the wealth of the Pharaohs lost in the pursuit of the children of Israel. Exchanges were high and any man who could command gold was in a position to be envied. International banking had seen its dawn in America with the placing of a million-dollar loan with Baring of London, and New York City was entering upon an era of miraculous growth and prosperity. The great fur companies were fighting for the North and the Northwest, and young William Astor, with his dull face and his squint and his unappeasable ambition to become a literary man, was home from Göttingen University and his friend Schopenhauer to help his father. Among other things, he helped him to trade the Indian tribes into a burden of indebtedness amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, no minor part of which was for rum. But most important of all for Jan, John Marshall handed down his epoch-marking decision in the case of Gibbons versus Ogden, declaring that "the several laws of the states which prohibit vessels licensed according to the laws of the United States from navigating the waters of the state of New York, by means of fire or steam, are repugnant to the Constitution and void."

Thus Jan and the maturing Cornee! Van der Bilt won their long fight and the Fulton-Livingston monopoly was laid in a deep grave from which there could be no resurrection. It enabled Jan to complete his circle from New York to New York again, down the coast, up the Mississippi, through the Great Lakes, the Erie Canal and the Hudson River.

But even yet the crying need of the country was hard money; the nation had minted only some $37,000,000, or three dollars per capita of population, and not less than one-half of this had gone to foreign shores.

In September, young Jan, with secret reluctance, was inducted into his father's bank in the capacity of a minor clerk, and Claas, now a stocky, apple-cheeked lad of eighteen, matriculated in Columbia College—a replica of his father in build and feature and mental process; a sturdy, slow-moving boy, dependable as a grandfather's clock. Whether or not he was gifted with his father's imagination and sudden, startling perceptions remained hidden in the future, but Mary Phillipse believed the vein of gold to be present and was satisfied with him and with his progress. She was more than satisfied to observe that there was nothing in common between the brothers—that young Jan bore himself toward Claas with a contempt which he took no pains to conceal, and that Claas was at pains to avoid his brother's presence. She guessed this aversion to be instinctive—the intuitive repellence which the sound must feel for the rotten—and she was glad.

She was at infinite pains to put a polish upon Claas; to give him those gracious attributes which indicate a gentleman. Nor was she disappointed. He could not charm as his brother was able to do when he desired, but he possessed a dignity and a gravity and a natural courtesy which formed a natural foundation upon which she could affix such embellishments as she considered necessary. Also—and this delighted his father—he had a head for figures.

Young Jan expostulated petulantly when he realized the position his father had given him. He, the son of the head of the house, found himself in a position of inferiority to clerks and tellers, and compelled to take orders from men in his father's pay, social inferiors, people he would not meet at dinner tables or in drawing-rooms. This affronted his vanity and vexed his sense of importance.

The matter came to a head when one of the senior clerks directed Jan to carry certain papers to John Fleming, cashier of the Mechanics Bank next door to Mrs. Ludlow's residence in Wall Street. "And don't drag your feet," said the clerk with some failure in tact.

"Run your own errands!" Jan flared at him. "I won't put up with it! I won't be ordered around by a lot of rag, tag and bobtail!"

The room stopped work to listen, but as it saw Jan's father standing in his door it commenced busily to scribble again.

"What is this?"

The father's voice was not raised, but it fell upon a vibrant silence.

"I won't be ordered around! I won't stand it! You tell these clerks to keep in their proper place!" stormed young Jan.

(Continued on Page 114)

"In plain blunt words, Bill, your pipe smells like a 'Hot-Box'!"

ONLY an old and trusted friend would venture to speak so frankly.

A new pipe, or an old one carefully broken in with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture, changes everything. And why shouldn't it? Sir Walter is milder and more fragrant. And it has the body and flavor found only in the finest of Burley, skillfully seasoned and blended. What more could we offer any pipe-smoker? What more could he ask?

Tune in on "The Raleigh Revue" every Friday, 10:00 to 11:00 P.M. (New York Time) over the WEAF coast-to-coast network of N. B. C.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(Hint No. 5) It's not true that a thick "cake" makes a sweet pipe. A heavy cake makes a hot smoke. A cake is necessary, but in a pipe, as in a car, too much carbon makes heavy, hot going. A thin cake makes the coolest smoke. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 6.

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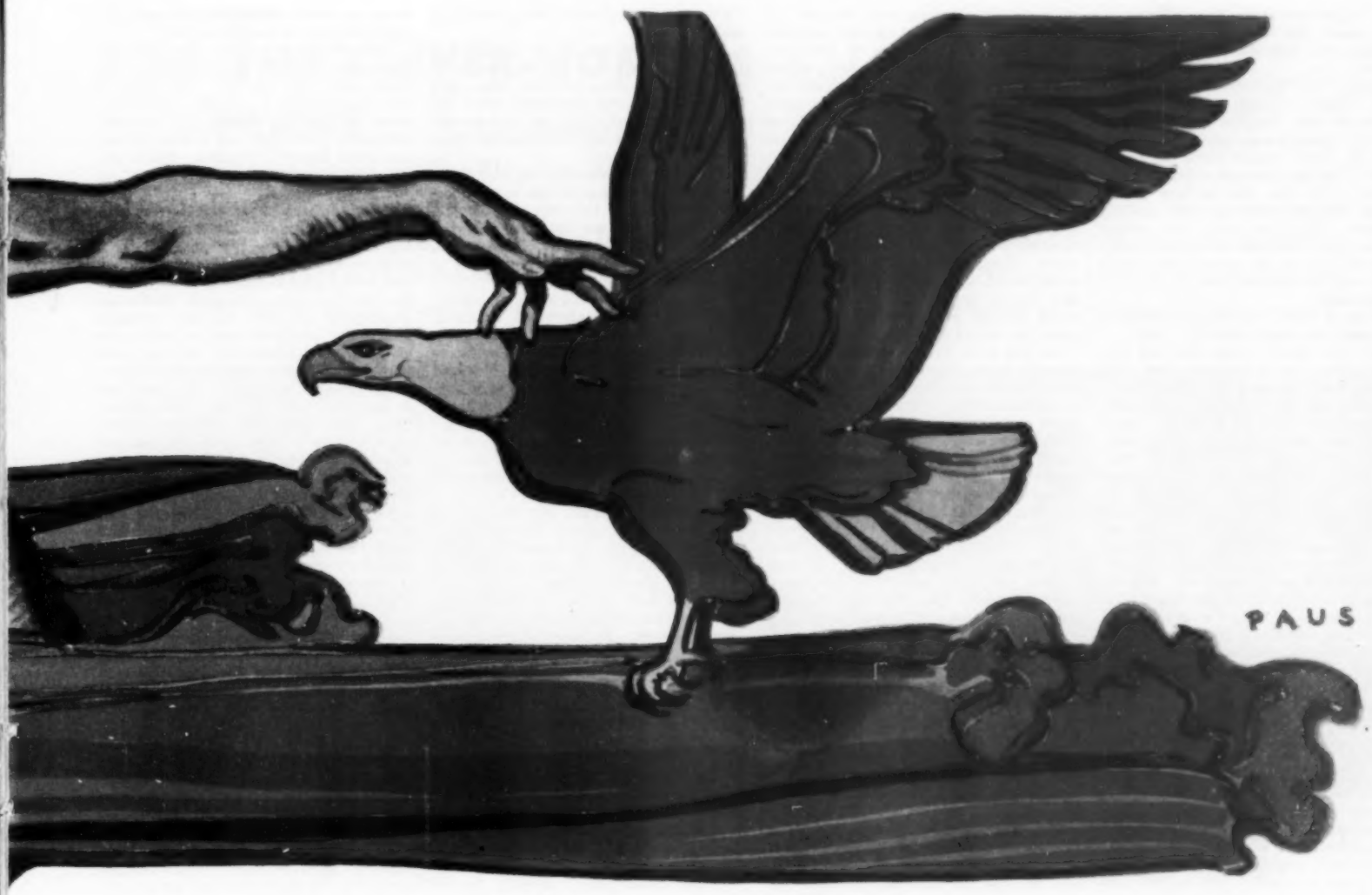

No man in the world can buy a better tire than you can—simply because no better tire can now be made than the Goodyear Double Eagle. It was designed and built without regard to cost, in order to show how much could be accomplished, when the science, skill, and resources of the world's greatest rubber company were focused upon a single aim. You can buy it today for much less money than we originally believed possible, purely for the reason that vastly more people are demanding Double Eagle excellence than we dared expect. It is the outstanding product not alone of the industry but of the company whose standard quality is so superior that "More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

YEAR

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(Continued from Page 111)

"I asked him to step across to Mr. Fleming with those Bulkley papers," said the clerk.

"Do it," said Jan with a touch of grimness. "Then I will talk to you."

Flushed with humiliation, young Jan snatched the papers and obeyed; he flung down the street, almost threw the papers in Mr. Fleming's face and strode back furiously to the bank. But his fury did not remain with him in militant form past the threshold. Young Jan lacked the courage for that, and there was nothing belligerent in his attitude as he entered his father's room—only a sulkiness held in check by apprehension.

"What is this?" his father repeated as the young man stood before the desk.

"It's not right," young Jan said pettishly. "I'm not an ordinary clerk. I'm your son and I'm going to be the head of this bank some day. You said so yourself."

"Some day," Jan said stolidly. "But I am alive yet. Also you are my son at home. Here, in this bank, you are a new clerk. That is all. Not anything else. You do not have a good attitude. You must learn and you must take orders from those who have learned. You are the last new clerk and your wages are eight dollars a week. To be worth eight dollars a week you must work. You must do what you are told. It is not for you to say what is important and what is not important. Whatever must be done in this bank is important. It must be done well. I do not like this that you have done today."

"It's not right for your son to be ordered around by clerks."

"So? What is this foolishness? I cannot give all orders. You will take orders from men I put in authority. When you are promoted to authority, then you can give orders. You earn that by learning and doing well, not by behaving like this. Go back to your desk and do not do so again."

"I can't go back out there," said young Jan. "They'll laugh at me now."

"It is you who make them laugh." His voice softened. "It is because you are young and do not understand well. It is not bad to take orders, no matter who you are, from a man who should give orders. How can you do work if you are not told what work to do? You learn by being told."

"I don't learn by being an errand boy."

"Errands are important. If an errand is not well done I might lose thousands of dollars. You must think and understand. The banking business is one of trust. It is one where all things must be done well. Here we handle the money of other people. To protect their money and to protect my money and make it earn more, then, every man must be faithful, from myself to the one who sweeps the floor. Everything is a part. If one part is badly done it spoils it all. See! When you handed those papers to Mr. Fleming it was the end of a transaction of seventy thousand dollars. If you had lost those papers or if you had not given them to him for a day, then that transaction would never have been done and money would have been lost. You cannot bring social matters into a bank. The only difference here is not who is your father but how well you can do your work." For a moment he sat silent, scrutinizing his son with grave, sharp, shrewd eyes. "That is all. After this you will behave better," he said, not angrily but in even, grave tones, punctuated by nods of his head, upon which the hair was commencing to gray.

At that moment was born in his clear, logical brain a doubt. But he refused to harbor it. He declined to admit to himself that his son had been guilty of more than an error of youth, a foolishness which time and experience would cure. The episode was not, he insisted to himself, a symptom of a gravely defective character.

XIX

IN 1828 farsighted Baltimore answered the challenge of Pennsylvania's canals and turnpikes with steam. Two years before, with Jan Van Horn's interested eye upon the experiments, John Stevens was running a locomotive of his own manufacture on a half-mile track in Hoboken. Peter Cooper pounded upon Jan's dinner table with inventor's enthusiasm and announced the dawn of a new era. Because man found in his pursuit of daily bread that he must span vast overland distances, there came into being the answer to his necessity; the legs of mankind and the legs of beasts of burden no longer sufficed; iron and fire, more tireless, more indestructible, endowed with swiftness and an incredible strength to carry burdens, were conjured from the secret, reluctant breast of Nature. So the world thrust open the door of the future and entered upon that Era of Speed to which no eye, even after these hundred years, can see the close or survey the limits.

Jan Van Horn, never neglecting the present with its canals and swift packet boats, and its oceans and rivers traversed by ships of ever-increasing magnitude and speed, threw himself into this new search for motive power with a fervor not unlike the fervor of a zealot. For the experimenter his money was always ready, and his faith was of that unfaltering sort which no failure, no discouragement, can dampen.

"It will go," he declared in his unpoetic way. "Today it fails. Tomorrow it fails. But the day after that it runs. If these engines can run a mile they can run a thousand miles. The difference between a mile and a thousand miles is only work."

"You're throwing away your money with these experiments," friends warned him.

"I throw away a dollar today," he replied, "but it will grow to a billion dollars in a hundred years." And then his eyes half closed and his round head lifted as he peered down vast avenues not visible to any companion. "You do not know. You do not understand," he said, and lapsed into silence.

The much-heralded Stourbridge Lion, constructed in England for the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co., arrived in July of 1829, and Jan took his elder son to witness its trial trip over the short line of track from Honesdale in Pennsylvania—the first steam engine to be operated with success in America. It was a hot August day when the dumpy little contrivance, with its tall stack and clumsy trailer, prepared for its epochal run. Jan, with the enthusiasm of a boy, begged Horatio Allen to take him as a passenger.

"I will go with you," he exclaimed. "I will feel it run. I will watch everything, Mr. Allen, because this is a great day and a great thing."

"No, no, Mr. Van Horn. No man shall take the risk but myself," he said emphatically. "We do not know what will happen. I will not have it on my conscience that I put any individual in jeopardy. And, sir, if you exert influence upon my superiors I will not attempt the trip."

"In that case, sir, I withdraw," said Jan reluctantly. "But at least I shall see."

And so the little engine started upon its impossibly light track, which carried at times over slender, curved, dangerous trestles. It puffed and snorted along under the summer sky, lurching perilously, seeming about to leave its rails, but never quite carrying out its threat, until it traversed the three miles of railway. Then Mr. Allen reversed and succeeded in returning to the place of starting.

At the end Jan was silent. He stood looking at the tiny mass of iron, hot from its historic run, and there were tears in his eyes for the first time in thirty years. Presently he laid his hand upon young Jan's shoulder.

"My son," he said solemnly, "you have seen a great thing. It will work. I am satisfied."

But young Jan was not satisfied. On his return to New York he laughed with his friends at the Stourbridge Lion and at his father.

"It's a stinkpot on wheels," he declared, "and my father is crazy. Who would ever ride on such a thing? You listen to me; I'll bet you ten dollars the thing never runs again."

And, pitifully enough, he would have won. The sturdy Lion was too heavy, the rails too light, the curves too sharp, and the experiment was abandoned while the engine was housed beside the track to rust for twenty years and to disappear from view.

As young Jan was leaving the coffee house, Abel Betts passed him in the doorway.

"Come to see me tonight," said the older man from the corner of his mouth, and passed on before Jan could ask a question.

The command was not unusual; indeed, there were frequent interviews, almost in the nature of weekly reports of the workings of Phillipse & Van Horn in so far as these came within the knowledge of young Jan. Unimportant usually to Abel Betts, but profitable in the long run, for Betts was a gleaner; but, as he well knew, the rich disclosure might come on any evening; the son might overhear some stray word, or his father, in those confidential moments in which he strove to mold his son's mind to financial matters, might give the key to some far-reaching scheme. To some huge plan which, with foreknowledge, Abel Betts might turn to his own advantage or to Jan V[illegible] Horn's disaster.

Betrayal had become habitual to the boy; not that he had gagged at it in the commencement. But the thing had gone on now for years without detection, until he was no longer apprehensive of detection. Indeed, when money needs pressed him, young Jan pried into affairs, that he might carry some choice morsel to Abel to strengthen his request for an additional loan.

He met Betts surreptitiously in a tavern on the Post Road and they sat with candle between them in a corner of the room. Betts was unctuous, his mouth full of texts and good advice upon the moral conduct of young men.

"I feel called upon," he said, "as an elder of the church and a Christian friend of yourn, to warn you against courses you're fallin' into. You're goin' unequally yoked with sinners, my lad, drinkin' and gamblin' with those young blades. I fear for you. But wimmin is the worst. I've seen you goin' sly as a cat after eggs. Wettin' your lips and rollin' your eyes after that ship captain's daughter."

"That's my affair," Jan said sulkily.

"Maybe it'll be hisn when he gits home from his voyage," said Abel. "I'd hate to see you smote hip and thigh."

"I guess I can take care of myself," Jan replied, and preened himself. This accusation of success with a woman was one which fed his vanity and brought him almost to the point of boasting. But Abel forestalled him with a question.

"What was Gerrett Yelverton doin' in your pa's bank today?"

"I don't know. He was in father's office more than an hour. The door was shut."

"Find out," snapped Abel.

"But how can I find out? I'm willing to tell you things, but I can't go asking questions or my father will grow suspicious."

"'Tain't anything to me how you find out, so long as you do find out," Abel said. "Maybe it would be better for your pa to get a mite suspicious than for him to be certain. As if I was to put that note of hand of yourn in an envelope and send it around to him some fine morning."

"Oh, you needn't threaten me," Jan said pettishly. "I'll do the best I can."

"And do it quick," said Abel. Then he grinned. "No cause for hard words, my lad. Not betwixt you and me. And what's this gossip I hear round and about of your settlin' down and marryin' a wife?"

"It's not public yet," said young Jan.

"But it's true, eh? Pretty cute of you, I say." And then, with a half sneer which the boy did not perceive: "You Van Horns got a way of marryin' above ye."

"I don't know that anyone is above the Van Horns," Jan retorted. "But, all the same, my father isn't the only one who can marry into one of the old families."

"The Woodhull girl, eh? Her folks was right up to the front way back in Colonial days. And rich, too, eh? All comes of bein' handsome, I cal'late. But say, sonny, don't let any Woodhulls or anybody else make you forget that I want to find out about Gerrett Yelverton. I'll be sittin' right here tomorrow night waitin' for you."

It was the habit of Jan Van Horn to walk to his banking establishment in the morning accompanied by his son. It was a progress which delighted the boy's vanity and he was glad to participate in it. For Jan Van Horn was a personage. At the age of forty-six his girth had not increased noticeably; his cheeks were as ruddy as in his youth, and unwrinkled; his gray eyes were clear and placid, of an excellent humor, though seldom humorous. His dress was immaculate—tall silk hat with narrow brim, dark coat with tails, and fawn-colored trousers. There were few men and women encountered on these morning walks with whom he did not exchange a friendly nod. Even the tiny girls, with their big hats, long, high-waisted dresses and pantalettes, knew the sturdy figure, and small boys in jackets and long trousers spoke his name as he smiled down at them. He would pause now and then to have a word with some gentleman who cantered up the cobblestones upon his nag. Young Jan basked in the respect which was paid by all to his father. It is true he would have preferred to ride down the avenue in coach or open carriage, but, after all, that would have shortened the pleasure, even if it increased the grandeur.

Just before they reached the lower stretches of the avenue Mr. Gerrett Yelverton passed on horseback and the gentlemen saluted each other.

"I saw Mr. Yelverton in the bank yesterday," said young Jan. "To borrow money?"

"To make a proposal which I am thinking about," said his father. "I have thought about it in the night and I am not yet of a satisfied mind." Then, as if to clarify his thoughts and to lay the matter afresh before his mind, he continued to speak of the matter. "It must not be spoken of abroad," he said, "as nothing from the bank must ever be spoken of."

"Of course, father."

"And it is well you should understand such matters—matters you will have to decide for yourself one day. See? I will put it to you and we shall see your decision. It is a matter of ships."

"Mr. Yelverton owns many vessels, doesn't he?"

"In the China trade and coastwise. But now, with the Fulton-Livingston monopoly dead, he wants steamships. He believes he can buy the lines that run to New Haven and New London and even Providence. It has come to his ears that Mr. Peter Schermerhorn would retire and will sell for a price his ships and wharves and warehouses. It is a big trade. So he comes to me because much money is needed. Will I become one of a company to do this thing, and will our bank handle an issue of bonds? That is the deal. He is sure Schermerhorn will sell, but not sure of the rest. So, very privately, he is making overtures first to the others. If they sell, then he deals with Schermerhorn, whose line is the key. But it must all be done quietly, so nobody learns and puts up the price." He talked on, forgetting, as he made his own analysis, that he had asked his son for an opinion.

"And will you do it, father?" asked young Jan.

They were just turning into Wall Street as he asked the question; they were passing the graveyard opposite the Old City Tavern as Jan reached his decision and made his answer. "I think I will do it," he said. And then, with habitual caution: "It must not be mentioned."

"No, father," said young Jan, privately wondering if this information would please Abel Betts to the amount of a hundred dollars. (Continued on Page 119)

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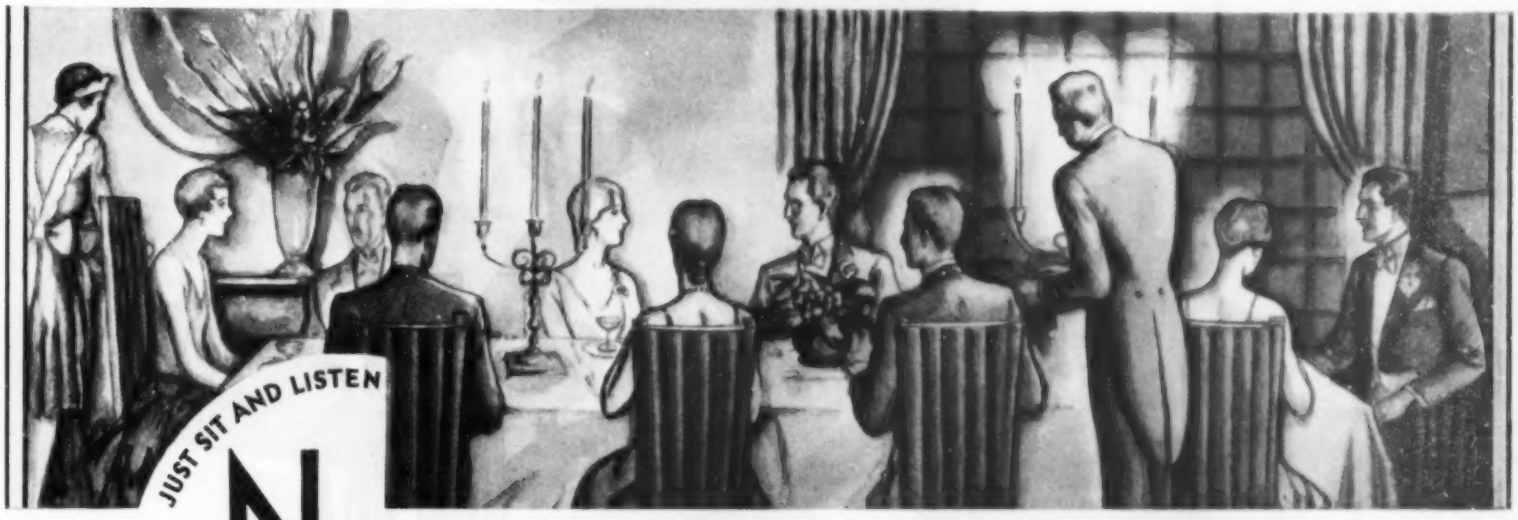

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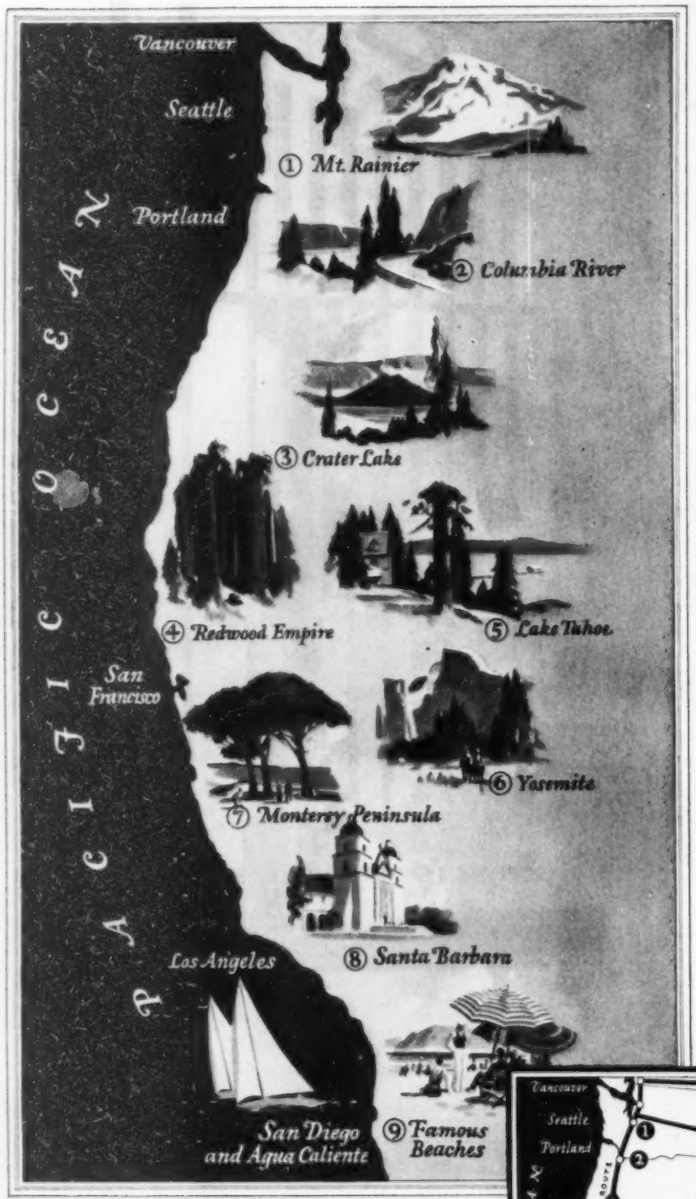

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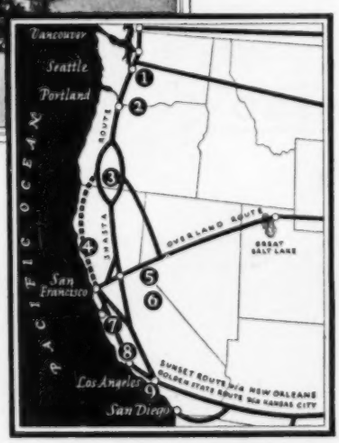

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Southern Pacific

FOUR GREAT ROUTES FOR TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAVEL

(Continued from Page 114)

"Good. I have watched you in the bank this last year. You have done better. I think on the first of the month I will give you more responsibility."

"And more salary, father?"

Jan looked up at his son's handsome face and paused briefly. "And more salary," he said at last.

Ten days later Mr. Gerrett Yelverton was closeted again with Jan Van Horn in that room which New York referred to as the Fort.

"I have reached an agreement with all the parties but Schermerhorn," he said. "All have signed agreements to sell. Schermerhorn I have not seen, as you advised, until we knew if we could make a success of the whole. But there will be no difficulty there. Indeed, I fancy I can name his figure within a few thousands. In the Tontine he has been heard to say he would be content to take a million and retire."

"Good. But he is the key. To the plan he is necessary. It will be very bad if he will not sell."

"He'll sell," said Yelverton, and then chuckled. "But how he could make us pay through the nose if he guessed."

"He could not guess. Only you and I know what is the plan. No other soul."

"Then we're safe enough," said Yelverton, "and today I'll see him and wind up the ball of string."

"And I will see you this evening, eh?" asked Jan. "You come to the ball?"

"My wife and I will be there," said Yelverton. "Yes, indeed. So your son has found a wife. Well, well! How the children do come on. This, I understand, is to be the announcement of the betrothal."

"A fine girl. A good girl," said Jan.

"The Woodhulls are a splendid family, Van Horn. Both families are to be congratulated upon the alliance." He arose. "I think I will have final word for you tonight."

As young Jan left the office at the noon hour he felt a heavy hand drop ungently on his shoulder.

"I got business with ye, young whippersnapper," growled a heavy voice, and the boy swung about, startled, to look up into the lowering, whiskered face of Captain Roulet, master of the ship Princess of Japan and father to the young woman with whom Abel Betts had accused him of philandering. He paled in sudden terror and Betts' words about being smitten hip and thigh flashed through his mind.

"I got business with ye," repeated Captain Roulet menacingly, "and I fetched along my mate in case ye held back. I cal'late the pair of us kin drag ye kickin' through the streets, if you're hungerin' to pervide the city with sich a spectacle."

"Take your hand off me," said young Jan. "What do you mean? What have I to do with you?"

"Plenty, young whippersnapper, as you'll learn afore the clock strikes." The whiskers under his chin seemed to bristle. "You're comin' along with me 'n' my mate, and the least said the soonest mended." He snorted loudly. "Givin' a ball tonight, your folks be. To tell all the city you're goin' to marry a Woodhull, eh? Um-m. Cal'late I got back from my v'yage jest in time. Grab hold of him, Simon, if he drags back."

"Where do you want me to go? What right have you to threaten me? I'll call out for help."

"Do so," said the captain. "No, young whippersnapper, you won't call out. And you'll right the wrong you've done or me 'n' Simon'll take ye to the wharves and slosh ye in the water till you're drowned like a kitten. Mebby the's fathers that'll stand by whilst sich as you tamper with their daughters, but not Dan'l Roulet, eh, Simon? You've seen me on my quarter-deck, man. Be I one to temporize with?"

"You ben't," said the salty Simon.

"So move your pegs," ordered the captain. "The's a gal and a parson a-waitin' fur ye."

Young Jan, dazed, terrified by these determined, dangerous men, allowed himself to be conducted to Captain Roulet's neat little house, where a frightened woman, a weeping, pretty girl, and a much-perturbed parson awaited his arrival. Captain Roulet thrust the boy into his tiny parlor.

"I fetched him," he said. "Here's the bridegroom, parson. Splice 'em and be done with it before I lose my temper and take a marlin spike to the lot of ye. Tamper with my daughter whilst I'm where I can't keep a weather eye onto her, will ye? Not Dan'l Roulet's daughter—not by a jugful. Git out your book, parson, and see the splice is bindin'."

Thus young Jan Van Horn, without courageous resources of his own, went to the altar—not at high noon in Trinity Church, but shortly after high noon in a less socially exalted spot and with less socially exalted witnesses. But the marriage was as binding; the bonds were as secure and permanent, and as holy.

"There's a job done satisfactory," said Captain Roulet when the final word was pronounced, "and much obleeged to ye, parson. The bridegroom'll hand ye your fee."

The perturbed minister of the gospel departed, leaving young Jan alone with his wife and her parents.

"Set down," ordered the captain, "and give ear to me. My daughter's a capable gal, raised and taught by her mother. She's made a mistake others has made before, and it's been righted. You hain't no better'n her for all your father's money, and she hain't no wuss'n you. But, mind ye, you're a-goin' to treat her fair and square. There hain't goin' to be no desertin' at the altar nor at no other time. Or you'll wish you hadn't never been born when I ketch ye. Is your mind clear on that p'int?"

"You've ruined me!" wailed young Jan. "You've ruined me! My father will—oh, I don't know what he'll do. And tonight!" He buried his face in frenzied hands as imagination painted for him the scene of the ball at which the announcement of his engagement to Miss Woodhull was to be made. He could hear the excited clacking of the town when it awoke to the scandal on the morrow; he could see his father's face and the scornful eyes of Mary Phillipse.

"I'll—I'll drown myself," he muttered.

"Your folks should 'a' done that when ye was a puppy," said the captain without sympathy. "Now I cal'late you 'n' me'll take a walk and talk things out with Jan Van Horn."

"No, I won't see him now! I won't! I tell you I won't!"

"The quicker ye face it the sooner it's mended," said the captain. "But 'tain't no affair of mine. Foller your own inclinations, in so fur as they don't run counter to my daughter's rights."

Jan lifted his head and stared at Christine, his young wife, who sat with tear-streaked, terrified face. "Oh, Jan! Jan!" she cried. "We just got to make the best of it now!"

XX

JAN VAN HORN was in the nursery with little Anneke and they were playing bank. She sat behind a little table upon which were stacked worthless bank notes which her father had brought her to serve as toys, and actual pennies and shillings, and, very gravely, she carried on transactions with her father, who represented the customers of the institution.

Anneke was a lovely child. Her promise was of a beauty greater than her mother's—a more striking, startling beauty. Her hair, derived from some ancestor, hung in lovely bronze ringlets, but her eyes were gray as her father's, though larger, long lashed and deeper in their hue. Jan was very proud of her; he delighted to watch her as she went about her important affairs; and there already had been established between them confidence of a sort not often obtaining between a six-year-old daughter and her father. It was an instinctive understanding; the calling of like to like.

Jan approached the teller's table, hat in hand. "If you please, Mr. Van Horn," he said, "I want to borrow two hundred dollars to build a canal."

Anneke regarded him severely. "I just lend money to men who can pay it back," she said. "Are you an honest man?"

"I am very honest," said Jan. "Everybody in town will tell you I pay my debts; and if you will inquire, sir, you will find my business is making money so that I will be able to pay."

"I think I like your looks," Anneke said judicially. "You look very honest and so I will lend you the money. But if you don't pay it back the day you promise I shall be angry."

"I will pay on the dot," said Jan, and then watched with a satisfaction that was almost amazement as the little girl counted off the bills. Her deftness was startling. The little fingers seemed to fly and there was never a fumble, never an error. There was not a teller in Jan's bank who could count bills so swiftly or more accurately than little Anneke.

It was a curious sight and a curious aptitude. Sometimes it troubled Mary Phillipse vaguely, because the child seemed to love the touch of money, the handling of currency and coin. For a year now little Anneke had preferred these valueless bills which her father brought home to her over any toy or doll; she never tired of playing the banking game, and her mother would find her alone at the little table counting over and over packets of paper money as if the business of her life were to practice that art, as a musician practices upon a violin, until she became a virtuoso.

"It's not natural, Jan," she expostulated to her husband. "It's not normal for a baby to play with money as she does."

"I think we need not to worry," said Jan. "She is a banker's daughter. It is in the blood."

"I'd rather it was dolls," Mary insisted. But it was not dolls, nor could her mother lure her from her favorite game with any device. Her father, on the contrary, encouraged her.

Now, as she handed him two hundred dollars in bills of various denominations, he smiled with delight. She had counted them but once; a second counting was unnecessary. He knew the amount was correct and he sensed her pleasure in knowing the sum was not over by a dollar or under by a bill. It pleased her and it pleased him with the same sort of pleasure another father and daughter might have derived from the playing perfectly of a difficult piece on the pianoforte.

Mary came into the room and stood watching them, a matron of thirty-six, who seemed not to have known two-thirds as many years.

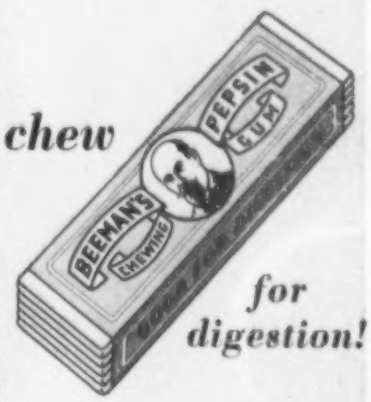
"It's time to dress, Jan," she said, and then her brows drew together. "Young Jan is not in the house," she said. "He has not returned from the bank."

"So," said Jan. "Well," he went on with a smile of satisfaction, "I think nothing is likely to keep him away tonight. I will come now and get ready and the banker will put up her shutters for the night." He lifted Mary's face and kissed her on the lips. "You have been good to my sons," he said. "I am glad Jan soon will be settled. He will be better for marriage."

But would his bride be better for it, Mary asked herself. From the commencement she had been troubled, perplexed as to her duty. Could she give her countenance and encouragement to young Jan's courtship of so splendid a girl as Jean Woodhull? Could she, in a sense, sponsor that young man as she was compelled to sponsor him in the society of New York which gave him access to Jean Woodhull and other young women of her class? It was a matter over which she had prayed for guidance, but no divine word having vouchsafed itself, she had been compelled to act according to her own light. So, perhaps as weakly as he, she followed the example of that Roman procurator who washed his hands of the matter and permitted events to run without her interference.

(Continued on Page 122)

Out of humor?



PERHAPS your food lies heavy . . . you worry too much . . . or you're out of humor!

Then look to your digestion! Chew Beeman's—the Pepsin Gum.

Perfected 30 years ago, this delicious pepsin gum is still the favorite of thinking people who chew gum as an aid to digestion.

Millions prefer the fresh, keen flavor of Beeman's, the smoothness of it, the quality of it, and the pleasant way it aids digestion.

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

When the Gods flung time into the laps of man and woman they bestowed their richest gift, so the ancients said. Yet time was once to woman merely another name for work. The rising sun saw her at her tasks — the setting sun found her still toiling. There was no time in her life for leisure — for the bright things leisure could have held. : : : But today's woman — demanding **LEISURE** — has *made* time for it where no time existed before . . . through fostering all those devices that remove unnecessary labor from her path. She goes shopping in her automobile, and saves an hour; she uses a vacuum cleaner, and saves half an hour; on each of dozens of household tasks, because of dozens of labor saving devices, she saves a few minutes. : : : She has *made* time for leisure. Now she plays in the sun where once she found time for work alone — she looks up, unwearied, to enjoy the moon and stars, the bright things of life, the good things. And leisure has taught her, and is ever teaching her, how to use leisure for the betterment of her entire life.

McCALL'S

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

We believe that one important reason why McCall's Magazine has found favor in 2,450,000 homes is because it is edited to present those helps which enable women to turn back the clock and create *leisure.*

(Continued from Page 119)

In an hour Jan was dressed and studying certain papers in his room when a servant rapped on his door and announced that Mr. Gerrett Yelverton awaited him in the drawing-room. Jan arose and descended, asking himself what had brought Yelverton to the house at this not seemly hour before the arrival of the expected guests.

The gentleman was pacing the room in agitation when Jan entered—agitation and anger. He paused for no amenities, but burst into excited speech.

"I demand an explanation!" he said furiously. "I demand to be informed if this is your habitual method of business. I have been tricked, sir—tricked! If this, sir, is the way of Phillipse & Van Horn, then I have only to say, sir, that it is blackguardly! I do not mince words, sir—blackguardly!"

"It is better we should be cool," said Jan, "and not call names until we know what has happened. I do not think Phillipse & Van Horn are blackguards, but if you convince me, then I am very sorry. What, then, has happened, Mr. Yelverton?"

"Schermerhorn has sold his concern for one million dollars," said Yelverton, "and he declines to name the purchaser. But I have discovered, sir. It is Abel Betts. And Abel Betts would not have bought those properties without a knowledge of our intentions. He has been informed, sir, and possibly used as an agent. Only two human beings were aware of our plans, Van Horn—you and myself. I have not disclosed them. There is but one conclusion to draw."

"Abel Betts has bought." Jan's face did not alter from its expression of solid calm though his gray eyes glinted and his muscles tightened. "Has Abel Betts been seen?"

"I have but now left him," said Yelverton. "He told me from beginning to end what we have proposed. He knows every detail. He has been informed, and he laughed at me, sir—laughed at me. He told me, and jeered at me, that he held the key to the situation and we should pay through the nose. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars he demands for his bargain, sir, and it is robbery."

"He knew the plan?" Jan was immobile now, and cold—cold with the chill of a dread apprehension. "He knew the plan which only you and I knew?"

"Minutely," said Yelverton.

"Phillipse & Van Horn do not betray confidences," said Jan.

"Someone has betrayed them."

"Search your memory, Yelverton. Have you consulted with any man?"

"On my word of honor, sir, I have not. Can you say as much?"

"I have, sir," said Jan, "but with one who would talk no more than myself. With my oldest son, who is to succeed me as head of the banking house."

"Ah!" said Yelverton savagely. "With that young wastrel!"

Jan did not challenge the epithet; perhaps it was unnoticed by him in his greater trouble. He did not move from the spot upon which he stood, nor did his expression alter, save that his apple cheeks were ashen.

"There will be no loss to you," said Jan gravely, "if it is proved that I or mine is at fault. That I promise. I, out of my own pocket, will pay Abel Betts this sum of money. It shall be my loss alone. That I give you my word now. Will it suffice until I question my son?"

Yelverton hesitated, gnawing his lip furiously.

"Or," said Jan gently, "if the word of Jan Van Horn is not enough as this matter is, then I will sit at my desk and write you an order upon Phillipse & Van Horn for this sum of money. It is better so. If a wrong is done, then the right cannot be done too soon. I give you this order, which you agree to use when it is proved that I or my son is to blame."

Yelverton peered at Jan, saw the grayness of his face, sensed that the man was standing up under the impact of a frightful blow.

"By gad, sir," he said impulsively, "I hold you personally absolved. You, sir, are an honorable man. I want no order. Your word suffices."

Jan nodded.

"I—sir, I trust it proves to be only the carelessness of youth," said Yelverton.

"Wait," said Jan as Yelverton moved as if to take his departure. "I will call my son. He is entitled to be heard."

Presently the servant who answered Jan's summons returned to report that young Jan was not in the house and had not as yet returned from the bank. "But, sir, there is a man who says he wishes to see you about the young master," said the servant.

"His name?" asked Jan.

"He says he is captain of one of your vessels—Captain Roulet."

For the first time uneasiness, uncertainty manifested itself in Jan's bearing. "I do not understand," he said slowly. "What has Captain Roulet to do with my son? . . . Wait, Yelverton. Maybe something has happened. Show the captain in, Abner."

Roulet appeared in the door, hard-bitted, belligerent.

"Good evening to you, captain," Jan said gravely. "You have business with me?"

"The business is done, and done firm and solid," said the captain. "But, bein' as he was afraid to report to the quarter-deck, I come myself."

"Who was afraid to come, captain?"

"That whippersnapper son of yourn," said the captain, "that come it over my daughter whilst I was a-sailin' distant seas in your ship. 'Tain't that I was eager to have the young slinker for a son-in-law, but there hain't much choice when the devil drives. I cal'lated it was better for a baby to have the name of Van Horn than not to have no name a-tall."

"My son and your daughter?" said Jan.

"Them two. So I took my mate and we lay alongside of him as he come out of the bank, and we convoyed him to my house, where there was a parson a-waitin' to tie the knot. Which he done all shipshape, the time bein' about one by the clock. And him not havin' the guts to come himself, I figgered it was my duty as man to man, so here I be."

"My son has married your daughter?" Jan asked with a queer note of strain in his voice. "On this day? On this day? Do you know, captain, that guests are about to arrive on the occasion of the announcement of my son's betrothal?"

"That," said the captain with grim satisfaction, "is why I acted quick and firm."

Jan turned to Yelverton with a vague, uncertain gesture. "You have heard?" he asked.

"I—Gad, sir, you have my sympathy."

Then Yelverton's eyes glowed with sudden admiration, for he saw the uncertainty pass from Jan's bearing, the momentary weakness and indecision from his face. He stepped firmly to the bell and summoned a servant.

"Ask Mrs. Van Horn to come to the drawing-room," he said.

"Shall I go, Van Horn, or can I be of assistance?" asked Yelverton.

"Stay," said Jan. "We have a thing to do."

Then Mary entered and stood just within the doorway, slender and beautiful and aristocratic.

"You sent for me, Jan?"

"There is work for you, Mary," Jan said in his voice of habitual calm. "A bad thing has happened. I must ask you to do a hard thing." He paused briefly. "This afternoon my son Jan married the daughter of Captain Roulet. It must be for you to receive and inform the guests and the family of Miss Woodhull. Because I must see my son without delay, because of this and of another thing that is important. For me, Mary, will you do this hard thing?"

She crossed the room swiftly and rested soft hands on his shoulders. "Jan, Jan," she cried, "if only I could have saved you this! Oh, I have seen it approaching—this or worse. I did my best, Jan, but nothing was to be done. He is bad, Jan—bad through and through! . . . If only I could have saved you from this!" She clung to him a moment and then released herself. "I will do what must be done," she said bravely.

"Then come, Yelverton," said Jan. "We will question my son."

The three men sat stiff and silent in the carriage which drove them to Captain Roulet's door. As they alighted Jan said to the captain, "We will see my son alone, with no women."

"Whatever you say, Mr. Van Horn. It's fur you to say."

The captain entered first and presently called Yelverton and Jan to follow. Young Jan was standing, red, half defiant, half fearful, in a corner of the room. He glanced up quickly as his father entered, started as he saw Yelverton, and then let his eyes fall while his long fingers twined and untwined at his waist.

"My son," said Jan, "this is bad. You have done a bad thing, but that has been righted as far as possible. It cannot be undone. Of that we will not speak. Of it we must make the best. But there is another thing."

Young Jan shot a sidewise, apprehensive glance at Yelverton.

"As we walk to the bank," said Jan, "I tell you, as my son and the future head of Phillipse & Van Horn, a plan that Mr. Yelverton and I consider. It is a secret. It is known only to Mr. Yelverton and myself, and to you. But the secret is told. Not by Mr. Yelverton and not by me. What do you say?"

"I didn't tell anybody. I didn't tell a soul. I swear I didn't."

"Sometimes young men talk without thinking," said Jan. "It might have been so."

"I didn't open my lips. I wouldn't. You know, father, I wouldn't talk about bank business."

"Do you know a man named Abel Betts?" asked Jan patiently.

"If he said I told him anything, he lies—he lies!" cried young Jan. "He would lie about anybody. He's a mealy-mouthed hypocrite, and he lies."

"So you know this Abel Betts," said Jan, and his jaw tightened as he took a step forward toward his son. "And now you will tell the truth. Why did you tell this Abel Betts?" There was that in his father's voice which turned young Jan cold with fear—a dreadful intensity, a hidden hatred, a force and a power which the weak will of the boy could not withstand. There were few men who could withstand Jan Van Horn when aroused, when he bore upon them with the full force of his will.

"I couldn't help it. He made me. He kept threatening me. I wouldn't have told him, but he saw Mr. Yelverton go into the bank and he made me find out why."

"So," said Jan, and even Yelverton drew in his breath as the voice fell upon his ear. "So Abel Betts threatened you. With what did he threaten?"

"That he would tell you," said young Jan tremulously.

"Tell me what?"

"About my note of hand," said Jan.

Jan nodded his head slowly. "A note of hand. So you borrow money from Abel Betts? So. But Abel Betts does not lend money for nothing. When did he lend you this money?"

"Oh, it was at different times for years."

"And each time he loaned you money there was something to tell him," said Jan. "That was it. Many times Abel Betts learned things he should not know. It was you who told him. And then he gave you money." The spectators could hear the breath in Jan Van Horn's nose, could see the slight tremor of his hands, could comprehend the tremendous struggle of the man to hold himself in repression. "Speak the truth," he said, and each word carried the force of the blow of an ax.

"Yes," said young Jan in a voice all but inaudible.

"For money—for little sums—you betrayed your father. You sold the honor of his bank to your father's enemy." Jan paused. "Do you know it was Abel Betts who stole your mother from me, and then she died?"

It was an old story, of unimportant, obscure young people, known by few at the time and forgotten now by those few. Yelverton gripped the back of the chair by which he stood. It was dreadful—this thing in which he found himself involved. It was a thing no decent man could bear to see or to know.

"God, Van Horn!" he exclaimed, and it was a plea to be released from that place and to hear no more.

"Stay," said Jan. And then to his son: "Abel Betts is a bad man. But that son who betrays his father is worse. It is better if you were never born. It is better if you are dead in the morning." For long moments he stood looking at the shrinking figure of the young man, a figure devoid even of the courage of a cornered rat. Then he turned to Captain Roulet.

"There is your son-in-law," he said. "You shall keep him. I do not know him." Then his control almost broke—almost, but not quite. He turned upon young Jan and blazed: "Tomorrow you leave this city. For where I do not care. You take your wife if she will go, and to her I pay money to live. If you come back, then I say it will be a bad thing for you and for me. For me, my oldest son died this night."

He turned away and walked slowly, but with a queer, dangerous resolution, toward the door.

"Wait, Van Horn," said Yelverton. "Wait. Where are you going?"

"I have business to do," said Jan.

Captain Roulet and Yelverton looked at each other. "We must stop him," Yelverton said. "He's going to Abel Betts. If he goes to Abel Betts now he will kill him."

Jan turned and faced them. "It is time he is dead," he said gravely.

Yelverton seized one arm, Captain Roulet the other, and they led him to his carriage, helped him to a seat.

"We mustn't leave him!" Yelverton said. "I'd rather have lost twice the sum than have seen this thing! We must prevent him from seeing Betts!"

Jan sat silent. It seemed as if he were deaf to their words and unaware of their presence.

"Drive," Yelverton ordered the coachman. "Drive and drive and drive."

So the three drove on through the night, wordless. They drove until dawn, when Jan spoke.

"I will go home now. My wife will worry," he said.

They escorted him up the steps to his door, which Mary opened, weary of eye from the night's long vigil. She took him into her arms and drew him into the house.

"Jan—dear Jan," they heard her say, and then the door closed behind them.

"Man," said Yelverton, "we must get to Betts."

"He better vamoose. I've seen men that was dangerous," said the captain, "but never one that was dangerouser."

"Betts must get out of town," said Yelverton. "We can't have murder."

So it was that Abel Betts disappeared from New York and was not seen for a year. He was upon his travels. But if he needed solace in his absence, he found it in the possession of a quarter of a million dollars of Jan Van Horn's money, for that sum had been placed in Yelverton's hands before noon of the ensuing day.

This is the true story of the disinheriting of young Jan Van Horn. Many versions are afloat and few of them reflect credit upon the father. It has become the fashion to regard him as a man capable of much ruthless evil in the prosecution of his schemes. But this is the truth. It is for posterity to say if he acted well or ill.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

"WHENEVER I FIND A MAN WHO'S A

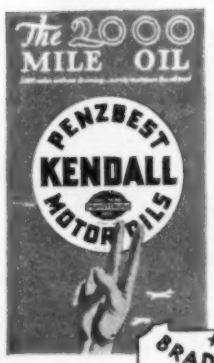
Crank about Oil I give him KENDALL"

KENDALL Oil satisfies the *crank on quality* every time. It is the *only* nationally marketed oil that is made entirely from Bradford grade crude, costliest of all fine Pennsylvania oils. And it's the only oil made by the original Kendall processes, which bring this rare crude to its highest lubricating perfection.

Motorists drive Kendall for 2000 or more miles and even then find it drains from the crankcase with the "look" and "feel" of an oil that has gone hardly 500 miles.

It pays to use Kendall even if at times you have to go a bit out of your way to get it . . . let the Kendall sign guide you to the man in your community who can serve you.

KENDALL REFINING COMPANY, BRADFORD, PA.



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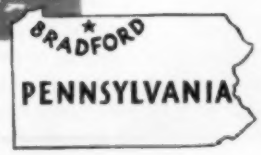

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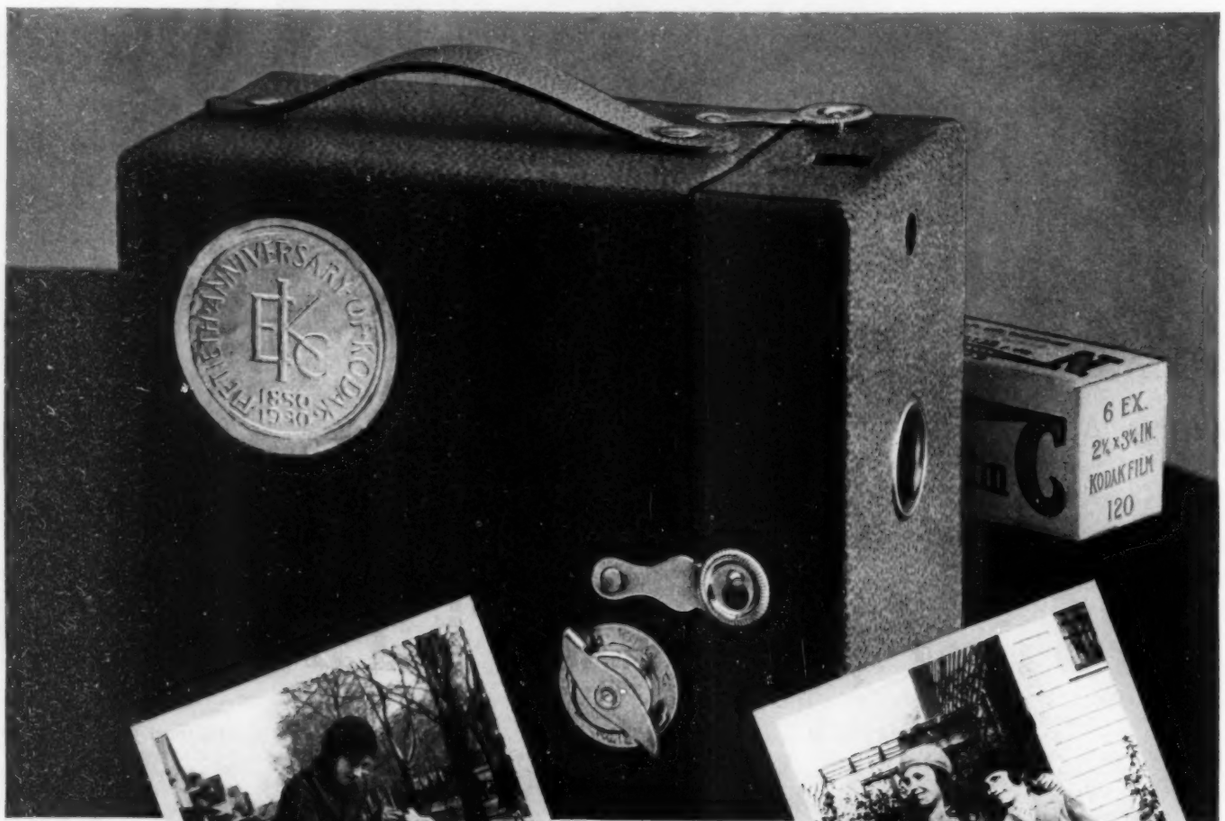
Merely maintain the proper oil level

There's always one best in everything—even among all the admittedly fine Pennsylvania Oils. Up in the hills near Bradford, Pa., is Nature's richest oil field producing the crude that brings the highest market price*—plus an extra premium on every barrel. *Kendall Oil is the only nationally used motor oil made* wholly *from this finest Bradford Grade Crude.

Have you a child born in 1918..?

(A child whose 12th birthday falls in 1930?)

Then accept this Special Anniversary Camera and Roll of Kodak Film as a Gift. Get at Kodak Dealers' without cost or obligation



ANGELO PATRI, *famous educator and authority on child problems*

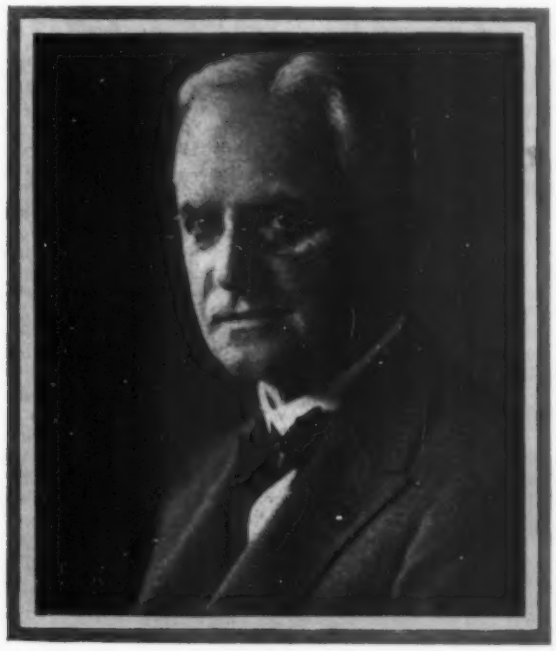
"No Parent with a Child Eligible Should Fail to Accept"

No parent with a child eligible should fail to accept for his child the Eastman Anniversary Gift Camera and Film.

For, as a factor in developing observation, amateur picture-making is probably second to no other as an educational adjunct.

A Patri

Typical pictures, actual size, 2¼ x 3¼ inches, taken with the Anniversary Camera and Kodak Film.



GEORGE EASTMAN
Creator of Kodak, which celebrates its 50th Anniversary by giving away 500,000 Cameras to American Children

"A Gift to the Children of America

in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of Kodak"

Geo Eastman

IF you have a child—boy or girl—whose *twelfth birthday* falls in any month of the calendar year 1930, go to an authorized Kodak dealer's and accept the camera illustrated on these pages—complete with one roll of Kodak Film—without cost or obligation.

It is a gift, made with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board of the Eastman Kodak Company, to the Children of America, in celebration of the 50th anniversary of Kodak.

Editors and educators pronounce it one of the most unique public gifts in the history of American industry. *Five Hundred Thousand* cameras are being given to children, beginning May 1, 1930, under this plan.

There are no reservations to the gift, except that no cameras will be distributed *after* May 31, 1930, and *none* after the original supply of 500,000 is exhausted. Do not criticize your dealer if you delay till after his supply is exhausted.

Simply take your child to an authorized Kodak dealer's, on or after May 1, and get the camera—complete with one roll of Kodak Film. You pay nothing, you buy nothing. This is a gift.

Why the Gift is Made

The gift is made for two reasons.

From a sentimental standpoint: As a token of appreciation to the grandparents and parents who for 50 years have played so important a part in the development of amateur picture-taking in America, and of the Eastman Kodak Company. To place in the hands of their children and grandchildren an admittedly important educational and character-building force.

From a business standpoint: As a means of interesting hundreds of thousands more children in picture-taking. And thus to raise amateur photography, among the coming generation, to even greater heights than its present remarkable peak. For, as amateur photography increases in popularity, the use of Kodak products will naturally increase with it.

A GIFT OF 500,000 CAMERAS

The Camera—complete with one roll of Kodak Film—is given absolutely WITHOUT COST to any child whose twelfth birthday falls in any month of 1930.

500,000 Cameras, as illustrated, are to be given children who reach the age of twelve this year.

The gift is from the Eastman Kodak Company, with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board, in commemoration of Kodak's 50th Anniversary.

Gift Cameras will be distributed May 1, 1930, by authorized Kodak dealers, and continued until the supply of 500,000 is exhausted. None after May 31, 1930.

To get a Camera, simply take your child to an authorized Kodak dealer. Pay nothing. Child must be accompanied by either parent or guardian.

A Parent's Duty to Accept this Important Character-Building Aid

Before this gift plan was definitely decided on, the opinions of educational authorities were sought.

Many hold that the acceptance of this gift is a duty parents owe their children—*as a definitely important character-building aid.*

For, as a factor in developing character, observation, appreciation of beauty and a depth of human understanding, they point out, amateur picture-making is probably second to no other as an educational adjunct.

It brings a child in touch, they say, with every phase of life and nature, and implants a clean interest in the formative mind, during the dangerously impressionable years, when a wholesome pastime is most needed to safeguard the future of the growing child.

That is why amateur picture-taking is widely advocated by educators today, why many hold that providing a child with the means to practice it is a praiseworthy benefaction. And every day, more and more, thinking parents are viewing it in that light.

Accept Today

The Anniversary Cameras are now at authorized Kodak dealers', ready for distribution.

Take your child to one of these stores. Get the camera. No red tape, no delay, no cost.

The gift-giving period will extend into the month of May, 1930, only as long as the supply of 500,000 cameras holds out. *To avoid disappointment, act now.* Be sure of getting one of these cameras for your child.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

* * *

NOTE: In appreciation of their coöperation and loyalty through the years, this special Gift Camera will be distributed through stores of the nation-wide network of active, authorized Kodak dealers. Authorized Kodak dealers are located everywhere. Step up to the Kodak counter with your child and ask for the Gift Camera.

Only KLEINS for me—

When delicate work demands accuracy—where quantity production demands speed—where close inspection demands precision—on the production line—you'll find Klein pliers.

WHEN you throw your weight back on a strap of leather, there's a certain peace of mind when you realize that your belt carries the Klein trademark. Some folks say I'm too fussy about my equipment, but I've learned through thirty years of experience that there is no such thing as too much care when your life's at stake. A lineman's job is a tough one—made easier and safer by Kleins.

Distributed through jobbers

Four pamphlets of interest to you if you are a lineman or responsible for the safety of linemen. Check the ones you want.

- ☐ Safety for the Pole Climber
- ☐ Specifications on Linemen's Belts and Safety Straps
- ☐ The Safety Factor on Linemen's Leather Goods
- ☐ Pocket Tool Guide

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HAPPY LANDINGS

(Continued from Page 38)

rich red mouth, and when she smiled she looked like the Shulamite—with a notebook under one arm.

"Gosh!" she said. "The boy can sing, he can fly, he's not hard to look at! Wait till his publicity gets loose! Len says he's going to burn up New York for the première."

Eve said, "Do you really think Traill's good-looking?"—delicately doubtful.

"Do I think? Oh, lady, lady!" said Jo-Jo. "Don't tell me you've overlooked that mouth? Just a natural—that's what Jed Traill's smile is!"

Eve saw Traill's smile in the glittering lobbies of moving-picture theaters from Maine to Oregon, or whatever geographic boundaries indicate the widest popularity. Outside of thousands of box offices, she saw Traill's wry-lipped grimace, set up for women to stare at and conjecture over covetously, as his singing had already made them wallow, nation-wide, in morbid emotionalism.

She said, "This is a disgusting business we're in, Jo-Jo, isn't it?"

"Don't worry," Jo-Jo consoled her. "You're hot enough yourself." She added, departing: "I wish we had a name for that picture that was as good as you and Traill. No foolin'!"

Eve, of course, had not been worrying over Traill's stealing the picture, but no good telling that to a sophisticate like Jo-Jo Blaine. Even if she hadn't already gone; tearing along between foxgloves and Canterbury bells on her way to something mysteriously vital.

Timberlake came in a moment or so later, saying he was sorry to have kept Eve waiting. He was in dark tweeds with a brown pull-on. His red hair was rumpled in a way to suggest he'd been tugging at it, and Eve thought, not for the first time, what a strangely splendid-looking man he was. Michelangelo might have modeled his deep-set, frowning eyes, the grim but ardent curving of his mouth.

She thought: "He's the insurgent, successful; he's always a little drunk with knowledge of his own power."

"Hello; what's the matter?" he inquired tenderly. "Can't you keep the rabbits off your grave?" Because Eve had shivered slightly. He put his hands on her arms. "Got something to show you," he said. "Later on, got something I want you to do for me."

He took her out into the clear gold of the sunshine; he took her from that into the dim and chilly darkness of the projection room.

"Let me see those rushes again," he called to the man at the machine. The chairs in the projection room were of leather, deep and comfortable. Eve, sinking down in hers, felt Timberlake's shoulder warmly near.

"What rushes?" she said. But she knew, before the first flicker of shadow touched the screen; she winced to know—shell holes and barbed wire growing out of darkness.

Eve thought: "I will not cry. I will not let him know what it does to me." She laid her hands together in her lap and locked them. She withdrew a little from the contact of his heavy shoulder, at which he only leaned nearer.

"Beautiful stuff!" he said.

"Beautiful!" echoed Eve.

She had looked for the single plane floating against a cloudless sky, but at first there were planes in squadrons, like wild geese flying.

Timberlake said, at her ear, "This isn't the usual flying circus. What we want is the man and the girl. Flying's incidental."

Presently, there was Traill, fastening his helmet, climbing into the cockpit of his Spad. "Nice shot," said Timberlake.

Eve's hands tightened like steel claws upon each other. But at first she had no need for courage. The plane climbed, banked and was off. A close-up showed Traill—Traill and no double—goggled and helmeted, sending his ship along with a reckless grin on his face, zooming and swooping like a madman, going over on his back in mid-air, grinning.

"Got this stuff just yesterday," said Timberlake. "Swell character for the picture, isn't it?" He crushed Eve's arm in a conquering hold. "We've got a show, darling!"

Eve melted to that invincible chuckle.

She thought, with a long shaken sigh, "He's magnificent. Why am I afraid of him?" . . . The next moment she had jerked herself free, watching Traill swooping out of the sky with a dead stick. Terrible to see—ten times more terrible to see than in reality—because the camera had not for one moment closed its eye.

She saw him dive, she saw him roar along not ten feet over ground, she saw him strike—and she took the impact in her heart. Repetition could not stale that agony.

She thought: "I won't speak; I won't cry"—and not speaking nor crying, she sat there with a faint but frightful sickness at the pit of her stomach.

Timberlake felt her silence. He slipped a hand under her arm—this time no conqueror—all tenderness.

"Oke!" he called to the man showing the rushes. "That'll do. Much obliged, Jimmy."

He said to Eve, "Come on over to the set."

Eve said, holding herself very straight, feeling her hands cold and her treacherous mouth unsteady: "Are we working today?"

"We're going to do a retake of the hospital scene," said Timberlake. He led the way into the sunlight again.

She thought: "The hospital scene was always rotten. . . . He thinks, now that he's ripped the skin off my nerves, I can do it; like Jimmy Valentine sandpapering his fingers to open safes."

She said to Timberlake, "Did you ever do Jimmy Valentine?"

"It's still a good system," said Timberlake pleasantly.

They understood each other, she thought, with an incongruous sense of satisfaction. They had come to an amazing knowledge of each other's souls.

She resented his exposing her to the shock of the crash picture. But she understood why he did it.

She said, "Is Traill waiting for us?"

Timberlake said, "I sent him a call for three o'clock." It was then a little after half-past two.

"It won't take me long to change," said Eve. She thought: "I'm doing pretty well. In another minute or so I'll be all right. I don't mind making his scene for him; only I wish I didn't have to see Traill again." She felt laughter at the back of her mind—jeering laughter: "Yes, you do! That's why you don't mind making the scene—you'll see Traill!"

The hospital set was ready—bare white walls, narrow white cot; a girl in the costume of a French nun, humped over a magazine, in a chair in a corner. Microphones were ready, cameras wheeled into place. Light men and carpenters and sound men waited. Everything waited for Timberlake.

He said: "Come over here a minute to your dressing room. There's one thing more." At the door of Eve's dressing room, he handed her a page of typewritten lines. "I'm going to change your part a little. Here's an insert."

"Good Lord!" said Eve. "As late as this?"

Timberlake leaned against a post, watching her; she held the page to the light. She saw why he hadn't given her the script sooner.

"You know I wanted to go with you, don't you?"—that was the first line. The second read: "You know I knew this was going to happen. I'd have been glad to go, instead of you. You know that ——"

Eve lifted her eyes to Timberlake's face. She said, when she could speak quietly: "What do you think I am?"

"Just a minute," said Timberlake. "We're going to talk that over."

XXVIII

HE SAID, "You'll admit that the scene, as it was shot a week or two ago, was pretty poor?"

"Rotten," said Eve. "Couldn't have been worse. That doesn't mean you can use my private life to revamp it."

Timberlake said, "There is no privacy in art."

"Certainly," Eve returned, "you don't make an art of privacy, do you?" She laughed with tears of rage in her eyes.

"My darling," said Timberlake. She put up a sharply protesting hand, and with a gesture of impatient concession, he switched to: "You little fool, then! Don't you realize that those lines have a simplicity . . . they have the beauty of authentic emotion?"

Eve said, "You were listening, you were taking it all down in your mind, weren't you?"

"I expect Turner," said Timberlake coolly, "occasionally made notes on a sunset."

"And D'Annunzio," said Eve, "wrote the Flame of Life when he'd got it from Duse! Well, I'm no Duse, and any flame I've got is my own. You can keep your hands off it."

"You ought to be honored ——" said Timberlake.

"Honored?" said Eve. "You'd take a death mask of your own mother."

"I'd take a life mask if I could get it!" said Timberlake quickly. He put a hand on Eve's arm. She shook it off, and he put it there again. The second time he tightened his fingers so ruthlessly that she had to let it stay. "Eve," he said, "listen to me. Since the night I first saw you in New York, have I done what I could to give you a place at the top of your profession, or have I not?"

Eve was silent a long moment. That night in New York—the utter weariness of failure that had obsessed her then. Her courage had been far gone . . . sometimes almos' los' an' gone . . . the Death Song . . . Git on the Wall an' Blow . . . driving back from San Pedro . . . driving on, she and Jed had both believed, that night, to some exquisite solution of living—that was a long time ago. Traill had climbed his wall since then; his trumpets now sang another tune, while Eve was still digging her fingers into crannies, clinging to toeholds. . . .

She said, "I do appreciate all you've done for me."

"I'm not bribing you," said Timberlake.

"It can't be done," said Eve.

"Don't I know it?" said Timberlake. "What I'm trying to make you see is—if you were a writer and some day you took a terrible beating from life, you'd write a novel or a poem or a play about it—oh, slightly disguised, maybe; but you'd write it! Wouldn't you?"

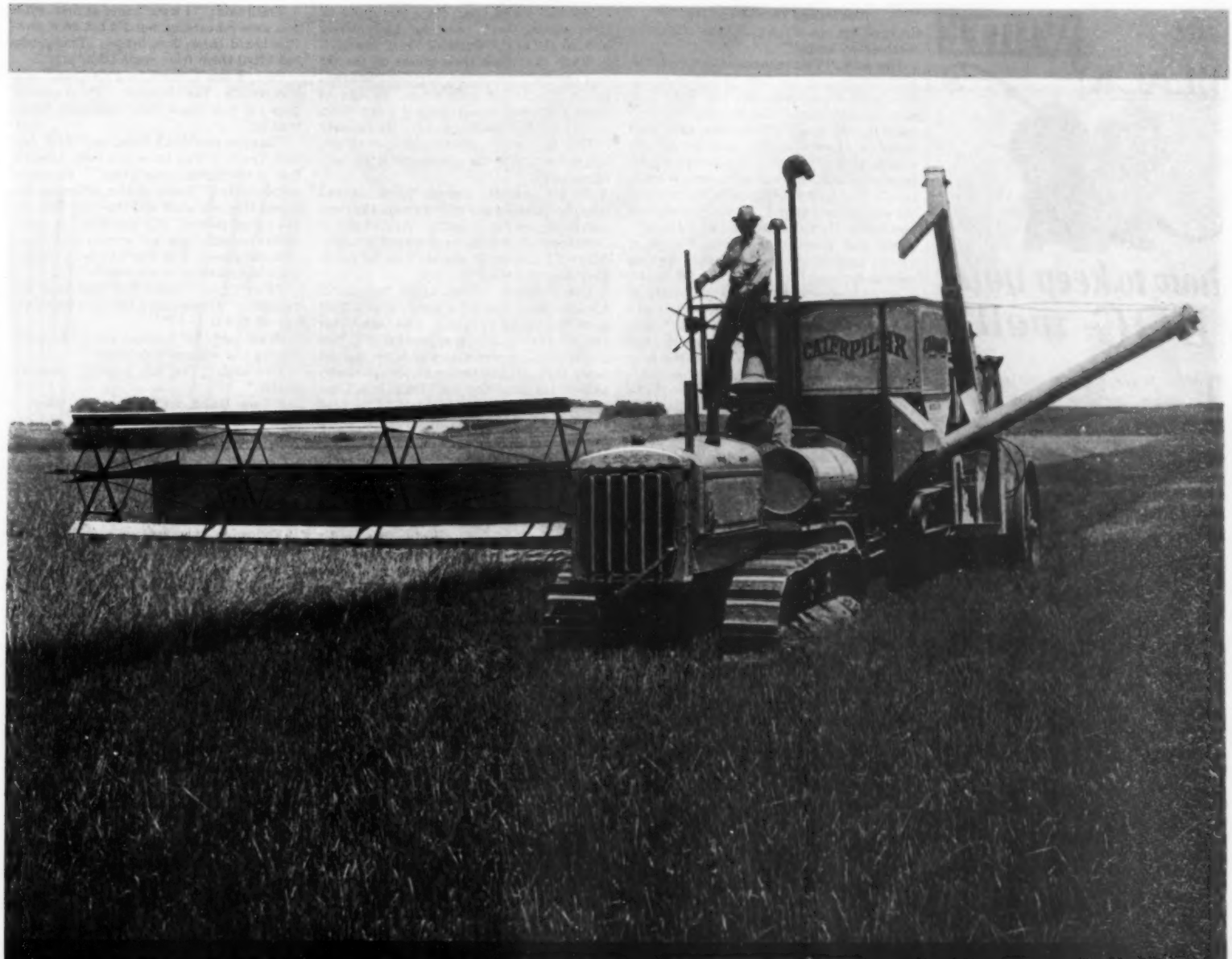
"I dare say," said Eve slowly. She thought: "It's true."

"Life is the artist's material," said Timberlake.

"Hyenas open graves too," said Eve, eyes wide with scorn she could not make sincere.

He said—as he had said that night at the Ambassador—"Eve, you're a beautiful woman and you've got a mind to think with . . . that's the incredible part of it! Use it for me now, will you? Tell me, is there any reason why you can't write your own lines for this scene—when it means you can make that girl a living woman? Not just one more actress spouting words that have been fed to her by a playwright who

(Continued on Page 128)



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(Continued from Page 126)

dragged 'em out of the dust heap of his own moth-eaten brain!"

Eve said, "You're incredible!"—slowly, with her eyes on his face. His look drove into her consciousness like the flame that eats through steel. She thought: "If he could lay my heart, still beating, on a table under a camera and a microphone—he would. He's a fanatic." She thought: "All artists are fanatics—or they're only second-rate." The high heavily curtained walls of the studio grew misty. The ceiling showed dustily far. Unreal, shafts and arcs of light—unreal and ghostly, occasional clamor of voices; nothing remained but that frowning reddish-browed face, that vibrant voice. Eve was conscious, in that moment, of actual contact with another soul. She thought: "He's somewhere off the norm; that's why he's an artist, and a fanatic, and a great man; that's why we're touching now—because I'm only half woman myself; the other half of me is actor—that's artist too. We want the same thing—he and I—we want to put life behind footlights."

She had deep within her, fleetingly, a sense of understanding, of seeing where the thread of the pattern began. "I was born to it; so was he. It'll torment me to the day I die. Maybe, together, we could ——"

The high moment turned her toward him as a wave tosses driftwood ashore.

She said, "If no one else knew ——"

Timberlake clinched that in three words: "He was unconscious."

"But there were people all around."

"No one else near enough to hear."

The high moment waned, leaving her committed. The ceiling and walls of the studio grew once more wood and fabric. Reality settled back into place. Realest of all, Timberlake's lips on her two hands, lifted and crushed to his mouth.

"Get into your make-up now. We'll rehearse it; then shoot. I'll get you starred for this, so help me!"

As she turned to go into the dressing room she saw Traill come down the studio in pajamas under an old flannel dressing gown.

She thought, "If we were married, that's the way he'd look, reading the Times on a Sunday morning."

XXIX

REHEARSING the change in Eve's lines, Timberlake was aloof and casual.

"Just for the words," he said. "I know you'll get the feel of it, once we begin shooting."

The scene was a brief one, as happy endings are. Eve, in the dark street frock and close, dark hat of the night-club girl, on her knees at the side of the bed, in a French hospital behind the lines, where Lieutenant Noel lay, supposedly, dying.

There was a bit of the dialogue with the white-coifed sister—unchanged. The change in Eve's lines began directly she was left alone with Noel. At the end of the insert—on her heartbroken cry: "There's nothing left—there's nothing any more now—ever"—Noel was to open his eyes, lift a feebly yearning hand. Eve was to kiss him, and the scene to iris out in an atmosphere of release from all temporal care.

Timberlake said: "I want to cut just as you stoop to him, Eve—not the usual clinch. . . . Traill, I'm going to throw this scene to the girl."

"O. K. with me," said Traill pleasantly. His head was bandaged—part of Noel's make-up. He seemed entirely fit. In manner, amiably detached. The perfect portrait of a gentleman engaged in winding up a not too interesting, nevertheless obligatory affair.

"I think," said Timberlake, "we'll use the back of your head; show only the look on her face."

"Sounds a good idea," said Traill. "I'll try to keep the back of my head impassioned."

He had said nothing much to Eve beyond a polite "How are you?"

She had asked him: "Are you quite all right again, Jed?" and he had merely nodded and said, "Quite all right; thanks."

When they took their places on the set and the lights went on, she felt confident the change in her lines meant nothing to him. Not even the changing of a cue; in as much as he had nothing to say. Had merely to lie there passive, opening his eyes at last, but presenting to the camera only the back of his head.

He got onto the narrow white cot and stretched himself out with a yawn, the cameras being not yet in action. As Eve slid to her knees beside him, he observed thoughtfully: "I suppose it wouldn't do for me to sleep through this?"

Eve thought: "He's wiped me out of his life like a sum on a slate—a sum that gave the wrong answer." She turned her entire force toward the night-club girl. She threw all the power that was in her toward being that girl and seeing under the neatly turned blankets not Jed Traill but Lieutenant Noel. She thought: "I've been tearing across England and France to get to him. I think I've lost him for good. I think I've got nothing left."

"Camera!" said a voice brusquely. The other voices, the antiphonal chorus of synchronizing motors and red lights coming on, had gone by her unheard.

She felt the silence, now familiar and in no way disconcerting, settle about her. When the sister spoke, she answered in a low sweet tone which she knew would reproduce beautifully. When the sister had gone, she bent over Traill—over Noel—only Noel was irretrievably and incontrovertibly Traill—nobody else in the world. And Traill didn't want her there. Wasn't even listening to her; just waiting to be through with the thing and go.

Eve thought, while she spoke her lines with every delicacy of inflection at her command: "Rotten."

"You know I knew this was going to happen, don't you? . . . You know that now ——"

She thought: "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers—that's how it sounds. I've sold myself for nothing."

"There's nothing left. . . . There's nothing any more now, ever."

At the correct moment, Traill stirred. She stooped above him with a breathless murmur of caress. She slid her arm under his head. In his black eyes—derisive laughter. His mouth twisting. She felt her own mouth stiffen, felt her rapt smile fade.

"Cut!" said Timberlake with uncontrollable annoyance. He added: "We'll see the playback."

Traill got up off the cot and put on his dressing gown leisurely, courteously disinterested. Timberlake spoke to Eve for a moment.

"Don't worry," he said. "We'll shoot till we get it."

The playback was bad, of course. No more fire than wet ashes. Eve's voice, soft and pleasing—without soul. She might have been reciting The Wreck of the Hesperus or The Shooting of Dan McGrew.

She thought: "I'm always being fooled into thinking I have the spark. My high moments—just delusions of grandeur. Maybe the thing I'm looking for doesn't exist. How can I kid myself any longer?"

"Take it again," said Timberlake, when the playback was over.

When Eve turned back to the set, to her incredulous amazement, Traill caught up with her, walked beside her.

"Look here," he said abruptly. "Those new lines of yours ——"

"What about them?" Eve asked. In one breath she shrank from and leaned to him. She dreaded unspeakably what he might be going to say, but to have him say anything at all, uncoerced, was like a cool cloth on a hot wound.

He said, "Haven't you noticed anything?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Eve. In critical moments, she thought, women never knew what men meant. The oldest profession of unfaith in the world.

Traill said: "I wasn't sure at first, while you were rehearsing, but I'd bet on it now! I've heard those lines before. Timberlake has lifted them from some other play."

"Oh, I don't think he'd do that," said Eve weakly. She thought: "From another play—if you knew how hideously funny that is!"

"Maybe you don't think so, but I do," said Traill. "You know it's been done before in the movies, don't you?" He added surprisingly: "Look at the difference between this new stuff and the old. This has got actual poetry; it's beautiful; it might have been said by a real woman under such circumstances. You don't have to disjoint your imagination to see her."

"Don't you?" asked Eve recklessly. She thought: "He wouldn't take the trouble to say all this if ——"

Traill said, "If I were you, I'd insist on having the original lines again."

Eve said, "You say yourself these are better."

"They stand out like a sore thumb in that mess of tripe," said Traill, "but just the same you'd better get the old ones back."

Eve thought: "I love his funny old dressing gown." She thought: "In another moment he'll be ten million miles away again."

Following her onto the set, Traill said stiffly—the first of the ten million miles: "I merely thought you might not care to assist in a rank piece of plagiarism. That's all!"

XXX

TIMBERLAKE drew Eve aside before they shot the scene again. "What's Traill's trouble?" he inquired briefly.

Eve said, "He's sure he's heard the new lines before. He thinks you've lifted them from another play." She felt numb and tired. She did not trouble to put Traill's suspicions prettily.

"Thinks he's heard them before!" said Timberlake. He whistled to himself. Stroking his chin, he indulged in a grunt of amusement. "Ain't nature grand?" he said. "He must have been half conscious, then. . . ."

Eve thought: "Who was it used to say that?"—pink cheeks, blue eyes, work-reddened hands smoothing down an apron; a hearty Irish voice droning on: "She used to say to me, 'Anne, ain't nature grand!' then she'd give me a hat she'd bought and didn't like." So that much of Timberlake's wife had survived a broken neck—her silly little catch phrase, still on Timberlake's lips. Surviving her kisses.

"All right," said Timberlake briskly. "We'll try it again. Now, this time let yourself go! Remember, you'll have your name up in electrics." He added in a lowered voice: "You wouldn't let me down, would you?"

Appeal, from him, always dangerous.

When he snapped, "Cut!" at the end of the scene, Eve got up from her knees and walked leadenly over to a chair—lead in her feet and in her heart.

"Terrible," said Timberlake. "We won't hear a playback on that. Once is enough."

"I'm sorry," said Eve tonelessly.

"After ten minutes, we'll shoot it again," said Timberlake. He stated with bitter calm, "We're going to shoot till we get it." He walked over to where Jo-Jo Blaine sat, with her notebook in her lap. He took the notebook from her and glanced down a page. He nodded and gave it back. He patted Jo-Jo's shoulder before he turned away.

Eve thought: "Jo-Jo's in love with him. The way she looked at him then. Funny, I never noticed before."

"Ready!" said Timberlake. Lights went on.

There was no playback after that shot, either. That time, when she rose from her knees, Eve put out a hand and caught at the foot of the bed as she passed it. When a carpenter dropped a hammer she started and quivered.

She thought: "I can't go through with it again. He ought to be cracking a whip

(Continued on Page 131)

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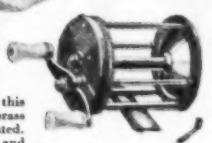

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(Continued from Page 128)

over the backs of an ox team. He's driving me too hard."

"That's three times, I think," said Timberlake. "And worse each time, Eve, if you'll excuse my saying so. It's such a simple little scene too." He inquired with elaborate politeness, "Is there something about it you can't feel?"

Eve only shook her head.

"Take a turn around the place and come back," said Timberlake, "and I hope you'll snap out of whatever's afflicting you!"

His eyes burned redly. His mouth was like iron. He ran a hand through his hair and tugged at it vehemently.

Eve walked off to another corner of the studio. Once more Traill followed her. They stood just within a modernistic set, full of sharp lines and drunken angles. Tawdry and cold, unlit.

Traill said: "Why don't you refuse and let him use the old shot?" He seemed a bit tired himself. Lines from his nostrils to the corners of his mouth. His eyes looked heavy. He said: "I can't tell you where, nor when, but I am absolutely certain, in my own mind, that the lines he's given you have been used by someone else. I tell you I've heard them!"

Eve's overstrained nerves cracked in a hysterical laugh. She said: "Of course you've heard them. They're my own!"

Traill said, "You wrote them in? Is that what you mean?" frowning at her intently.

"I mean," said Eve, "it's what I said to you on the field the other day when I thought you were killed."

Traill said, "I don't believe it."

Eve said, "I'm too tired to care whether you believe it or not."

"Do you mean to tell me ——" said Traill; cut that question short and flung another: "How did he ——"

"He was leaning over you and me," said Eve.

Traill cursed Timberlake quietly in no uncertain terms, calling him ghoul, among other things. He said: "It's revolting! It's indecent! . . . Is there anything you wouldn't do for that man? I should be interested to know."

Blood burned in Eve's face. She shut her eyes and opened them, looking straight into Traill's. She said: "I'm still saying it to you, you know. I suppose that's why I can do it."

"Tell me what you mean," said Traill. He folded his arms tightly. Once before, Eve had seen him do it in just that way—the night on the train, when he had told her why he wasn't flying any longer. She had thought then: "As if he had a wound there." She said: "Do I have to tell you that I love you? That's what I mean. What do you suppose?"

"I supposed," said Traill, "you cared for me a little, but for Timberlake more—and I don't take half loaves."

"Do you care whether I care for you or not?" said Eve.

"Don't be a fool!" said Traill.

"Do you love me, Jed?" asked Eve.

Traill said, "From that day in Chicago—and you know it ——"

Eve thought: "Does he know how far he's come since then?"

In the moment of Eve's silence Traill took his eyes briefly from her face and saw Timberlake waving them to come back.

"I'll be damned if he will," he said violently.

"Will what?" asked Eve. She turned and she, too, saw the signal. "You can't do that, Jed!" she told him. "You can't walk out on him. You've got to stick till the picture's finished."

"You've got show business in your blood, haven't you?" said Traill.

Eve said, "I've got *you* in my blood, I think. Sometimes I wish I'd never seen you, you've hurt me so."

Traill said "Darling"—abruptly and low.

Everybody in the theater said "darling." The most shopworn word in Eve's life. But when Traill spoke, it fell into her heart like a shooting star into infinity, leaving a lambent trail.

"If I can stand it," she said, "I should think you could."

They went back to the set together. In Eve's breast the old ecstatic stir, as of wings.

She thought: "Now when I say it he'll be hearing me. What do I care who else hears?"

"Rested, Eve?" said Timberlake. "Let's go, girl."

Lights and silence once more—silence that swelled and subsided like an ocean. Lights shutting out the dark which was the rest of the world. Of the words she spoke, Eve, kneeling beside the bed, told her soul clearest in three: "You know now!" When Traill stirred, when he opened his dark eyes and looked at her, she slipped an arm that shook beneath his head . . . she bent to him eyes misting . . . lips trembling divinely. . . .

"Cut!" sang out Timberlake, triumphant at last.

Noise flowed back into being. Lights dimmed. Traill put out a hand and pushed Eve gently away from the bed. She sank back on her heels, then stood. Timberlake was coming toward her with a conquering smile, with both hands out.

"That's what I wanted!" he said as he came.

All at once Traill threw himself off the bed. He met Timberlake halfway and sent his fist into Timberlake's face. The smile faded as Timberlake, rocking slightly before that furious onslaught, came back with a vicious swing that landed on Traill's mouth and drew a thin scarlet stream to trickle down his chin.

"Jed!" cried Eve wildly—his beloved crooked mouth.

Cameramen and light men rushed headlong over the set. There was suddenly outcry. Hands on Timberlake's arm, hands clutching at Traill's shoulders. Timberlake shook the hands off. Traill wrenched himself free.

The two men stood glaring at each other, breathing hard.

"All right," said Timberlake. "All right!" to those on either side of him. "I'm not getting into a fight with a man that has a couple of broken ribs." He gestured the rescuers aside. "Get back to your stuff, boys. This is no mob scene."

Presently there was only Traill and Timberlake and Eve. Traill shrugging himself back into his dressing gown, wiping the blood from his mouth with a handkerchief he took from the pocket of his pajamas. Under Timberlake's left eye a red mark, swelling, deepening in color.

"Very well, Traill," he said brusquely. "You can go now. If I want you for any retakes, I'll let you know."

Traill said in the same tone, "If you want me for anything at all, you can get me at the Maddern Flying Field."

Eve said "Jed!" again, but quieter. She asked, holding hard to her left hand with the cold fingers of the right one, "What are you going to do?"

"I've got a job," said Traill. He smiled at her tenderly above the blood-stained handkerchief.

"Flying?" asked Eve. She thought: "I've been through it once. Do I go through it again?"

"What do you think?" said Traill.

"Eve," said Timberlake, "I want to talk to you."

"What about me?" said Eve to Traill.

"You can come with me if you like," said Traill. His smile broadened into a delightful grin.

Eve thought: "He knows now—he can handle his ship—and me. I'm swinging around in a circle. I know wings buckle, but I never learn!" She said: "I'll get my make-up off and meet you at the gate."

She thought: "Get my make-up off . . . for good . . ." and she looked at Timberlake. Over Timberlake's shoulder she saw her name in electrics, tall letters, blazing gloriously. In Timberlake's eyes she saw herself as Traill would never know her. As she might never be . . . if Timberlake were not seeing her.

"Eve . . ." said Timberlake . . . his eyes scorned and drew her . . . "you're a fool for punishment, aren't you?"

She thought: "Punishment maybe . . . but oh, I'm happy!" She looked away from Timberlake. She looked at Traill. She said: "If I am . . . I'm a fool in heaven." With a reckless laugh.

Timberlake turned on his heel. He snapped his fingers.

"Jo-Jo!" he called sharply. . . . "Come here, will you?" Jo-Jo, the Shulamite, with a script in her hand.

Timberlake said to her: "I knew we'd get it sooner or later . . . there's the name for your picture!"

We—and *your*. Eve heard—what she was meant to hear.

"What is it?" asked Jo-Jo, breathless.

Timberlake said: "A Fool in Heaven. How's that?"

"That's an inspiration!" said Jo-Jo, lifting reverent sultry eyes.

"Let's get out of this madhouse!" said Traill to Eve.

Eve thought: "All the world is mad but thee and me . . . and love is our keeper."

She went with Traill. Hearing Timberlake's deep laughter, suddenly, at her back. Hearing, in that laughter, sharp bitterness of an old defeat recurring. Timberlake, who had said to her: "You are the instrument I need . . . leave yourself in my hands and I'll give you everything on this earth a woman could want. . . ." More than letters of fire, more than all the kingdoms of the world was for her at that moment in Traill's eyes. Dark hunger—and denial—that she must answer.

She followed—as women always would—the fighter and the lover in Traill's voice.

Going, she thought: "So this is the way!" As if she followed in her own footprints.

(THE END)

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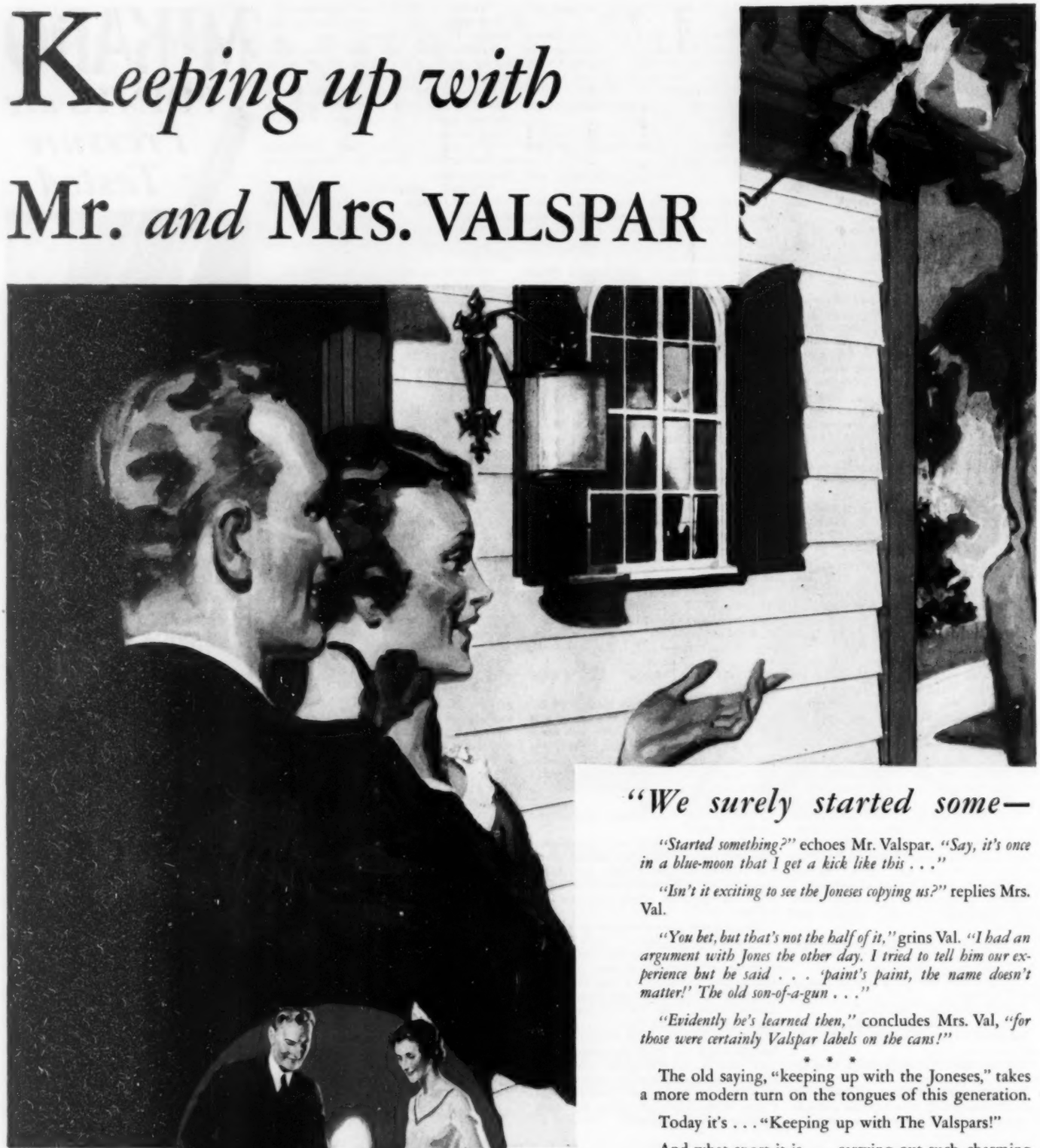

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thing, didn't we, Val?"

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THOSE OLD PALS OF HERS

(Continued from Page 23)

"Uh-huh," he said, and when he got it he left.

I didn't know exactly what to say to Syl then. I was sore a little, because I'd got all dressed up for that dried-up little runt; and I sort of felt maybe she wasn't convinced she'd showed me anything that Rudy Vallée might view as a rival. So I played safe.

"Your friend Elbert," I said, "he ain't an orator by any chance, is he?"

"He's all right," she said, "only he's shy."

"I could see he'd probably be a whirlwind once he got started," I said, "but ain't he a little peaked?"

"He's fell off some."

"Well, he don't have to worry any more along those lines," I said, "because there ain't any further in that direction that he can go."

That made her mad and she got a headache.

Marvin stared moodily at the door again.

"Well," I said, "you ain't jealous of him, are you?"

"Jealous?" He looked at me like I must be nuts. "What kind of fellow is that to be jealous of?"

"Wasn't he her best beau?" I said.

"I hope he wasn't!" Marvin said fervently.

When I saw Joe Copps and Larry Smits, who worked in the news bureau, I tried to get a line on this Elbert, but they never heard of him. They never heard of Sylvia either.

But when Pete Taylor blew in from New York a few days later, he knew her. He remembered her from school days.

Pete was a fine, handsome Irishman, full of blarney and trouble, and all day and half of the night the telephone was ringing for him. It was girls, all kinds of girls, who never had anything in common except that they had met Pete and wanted to speak with him. And Pete, I may say, never turned one down. He was a sucker for a woman—any woman.

"That girl!" he said. "She was the school nuisance. She was a pest, she was; always trying to play she was the popular baby. And did she hate me!"

"Yeah?" I said. "That ain't what I heard."

"She hated me like poison," he said. "Once, when I got awful sore at her, I called her Yellow Teeth. She made me sore and I called her Yellow Teeth."

"What for?" I said. "Her teeth ain't yellow."

"I don't care," he said, "but that always makes a girl red-headed. Girls get nuts if you say their teeth are yellow. I called Sylvia Yellow Teeth, and she never spoke to me again. She hated me."

"With tricks like that," I said, "you must have been a general favorite with the student body."

"Some didn't like me," he admitted handsomely.

"Well, that ain't what I gathered from Sylvia," I said, just kidding, but he looked around so quick I couldn't help building it up a bit. "The other night," I said, "when your name came up, she wanted to know how you were, and how you looked, and were you married, and if you had a girl, and did you ever speak of her. She may have hated you, but that wasn't the way it sounded to me. After I mentioned you she couldn't hardly speak of anything else."

"No kid!" he said, looking a good deal interested.

"I wouldn't kid about a thing like that," I said.

"As a matter of fact," he said after a minute or so, "Syl wasn't a half-bad sort. She just got off on the wrong foot. Maybe I'll give her a ring."

"I would," I said.

Saturday afternoon there was nothing to do, so I got into my bathing suit and strolled around to the beach for a dip. I hadn't hardly got on the sand before I stepped right into young Mr. and Mrs. Cotton, who were stretched out under a thick blanket of gloom. At the sight of a male, Sylvia made a splendid effort to recapture her old charm of manner, but it was a little ragged around the edges. Marvin just looked at me morosely.

"Always glad to see people enjoying themselves," I said, all in good fun. "May I sit down?"

"Do," Sylvia said, "but you'll have to excuse me. I have to go in; I've got a headache."

"I'm sorry," I said.

She got up and I looked at her. She tried to smile, but her eyes were very tired and sad and hurt, and for no reason at all I felt quite sorry for her without knowing why. Marvin said nothing at all, and after a look at him she walked away.

"Too bad," I said to him.

"You got any influence with the judge here?" he asked.

"In trouble?"

"Not me," he said. "You know a fellow named Ted Bowker that lives here?"

"Never heard of him," I said. "Why?"

Listen—he said—it's getting very funny, this thing is. Very funny indeed. First it was this Elbert and now it's this Ted Bowker. A girl in her home town has got to have a lot of old boy friends around, of course, but it seems to me ——

Listen here. You know what I told you about that half-witted Elbert. Well, in my family his name ain't mentioned any more, for the good of all concerned. Anybody's liable to pick a bloomer now and then; I've fallen for some pretty wet darbs myself at times.

But yesterday the phone rang, and when Sylvia came back after a half hour of punching the bag over the wire, we got another on our hands.

"That was Ted Bowker," she said.

"All right," I said, "but I ain't going to dress up."

"If you said that once," she said, "I'll bet you said that a million times. Anybody'd think you wouldn't even wear your shoes and socks unless the President was going to call."

"Leave the President's name out of this," I said, "and let's hear about Ted."

"Well," she said, "Ted's a very good-looking boy and he was one of my best boy friends. He's heard we was in town and he wants us to come right over and join him in the Roman pools and we'll all have a swim together."

"That sounds more like it," I said.

What I mean, Ted sounded more like the goods, being good-looking and having money enough to get into the Roman pools, and enough sense to think of a little swimming party together. I hate to admit this, but I went and put on my camel's-hair sport coat and white flannels and a new shirt and tie and socks. I wasn't going to let a palooka like that Elbert throw me off-guard. You can't take any chances when you're meeting your wife's old flames. You got to always look your best.

We nearly couldn't get to the entrance of the pools because of a big crowd that was standing around one of the longest automobiles ever heard of. Fine cars, of course, ain't any rarity in Miami Beach, but this one had even some millionaires looking at it, especially on account of its paint job, which was a delicate red and silver. We had to stop ourselves to look at that car.

"There's a automobile," I explained to Syl, "that's got big money behind it."

We got through the crowd and walked around the beach and over to the pools. It was a big day, it seems, and there was a mob there in both these ponds. We was looking around for our Mr. Bowker when I noticed a crowd down at one end was all watching a fellow on the springboard. This guy was cutting up and everybody was laughing.

At first I thought he was just pretending he was drunk, and then I seen he really was fuller'n a goat, and he'd spotted these people laughing at him and he'd got the notion he was quite a clown, the way stews do sometimes, and he was just outdoing himself, as you might say—trying to put a heel behind his head and standing on one leg and making faces, like a little boy that's decided he's a scream. I honest had to laugh myself, the way he was making a public spectacle out of his self.

"Will you look at that sap!" I said to Syl and she looked, and screeched.

"Ted!"

"Ted!" Then I just looked at her.

At the same minute he seen us, and stepping out of character, he straightened up and bellowed: "Sylvia! All hail to the sweetest li'l' gal that ever ——" And at that point he lost his balance and toppled into the drink, and everybody shouted and laughed and clapped, and then turned to look at us. The comical Mr. Bowker came to the surface and made like he was a whale and spouted water up, and that got him quite a hand too. Then he climbed out in front of us on his hands and knees and made like he was a St. Bernard dog and barked and shook his self so the water flew all over my white pants, and that brought the house down—all but me and Sylvia.

"Are you sure this is the man you're after?" I asked her. "Because this fellow seemingly ain't got full intelligence."

"He's under the influence," she whispered, about to cry.

"I got half a mind to boot him back in the water," I said.

Then the goop came out of his didoes and shaken hands with us, and everybody still watching to see what he'd be up to next, and it was just like being in the middle of the Hippodrome stage and a good house out front. The water had helped a little, but he was still a little unsteady on his pins, so he put out one of his wet mitts and laid it on the shoulder of my camel's-hair sport coat, and I don't have to tell you what a hit that made here. But I wouldn't do nothing to draw any more attention than he was already drawing his self.

"By the way," he yelled, "did you happen to see that car of mine when you come in?"

"You mean that calliope?" I said.

"Big red-and-silver car," he said. "That's mine."

"Where'd you get it?" I said. "Steal it?"

"Marvin!" Syl gasped. "What on earth do you mean, saying such a thing?"

"Listen," Ted said, "what's the idea of a crack like that?"

"My goodness," I said, "can't anybody take a joke around here?"

"But such a joke, Marvin, I never ——"

"You ain't got any call to make cracks like that," the guy said. "After all, that's a serious thing to say—I mean, to say a fellow stole a car. Fun's fun, and all that, but ——"

"All right," I said, "you didn't steal the car. All I was doing was just kidding. If there ain't anybody here got a sense of humor, very well, you didn't steal the car, and I'm sorry I said so."

"Apology accepted," he said. "But to accuse somebody of stealing ——"

He apparently had something else to say, but a crowd of men that had been in a huddle near the exit came up to us at that minute, headed by the doorman of the Roman pools and a policeman. The doorman pointed at Ted.

"That's the man," he said.

The cop walked up and grabbed Ted by the wrist.

"All right, fellow," he said, "you better come with me. No fuss or anything, either, or I'll crown you. Tell your pals good-by, because, if I recollect rightly, you're the same guy I took in last summer, over near Hialeah, and on the same charge too."

(Continued on Page 137)

IF
you think there is NOTHING under you . . . reach out your hand

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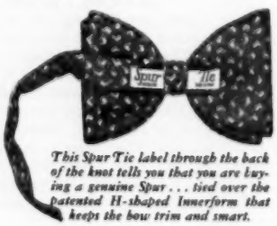

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(Continued from Page 135)

Half the people in the pool was rushing up, by sea and land, and this Ted wasn't saying a thing—just grinning like a sap at the constable.

"Wait a minute, officer," I said. "What's the charge?"

"Stealing that car out there," he said, and hauled our Ted off.

I looked at Syl. She was crying a little, with her handkerchief to her mouth. People was all staring at us, so we moved out. We didn't say anything all the way home. We didn't say anything at dinner. Afterward Syl went to bed early and I sat up and smoked a pipe and thought. It all made me feel very funny.

He wound up this unhappy recital in a kind of low moan, and then just lay flat on his back and stared up at the sky, like he was waiting for the end. It was the kind of spot where I had a fair glimmering of what he meant, but I just couldn't admit it to him. It didn't seem delicate. All I could do was stall.

"Well," I said, "there's one thing you can be thankful for, and that is that you're sitting pretty."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," I said, "nobody couldn't be better off. You got a wife that is nuts over you and you ain't got a lot of good-looking rivals hanging around to plant a dagger in your back."

"No," he said, "I certainly ain't got any good-looking rivals hanging around. Those that I seen, I don't even know they're rivals and if they are, still they look like Airedales."

"You're sitting pretty," I said.

"The trouble with you, Willie," he said, "you ain't ever been in the position of a husband."

"No, not exactly," I granted, "but if I was a husband I do not feel that it would make me any happier to know that every time I walked in the front door three guys dived out of back windows."

"Just one guy ——" he started. "Oh, you don't understand. You ain't ever been a husband."

"What in the world are you driving at?" I hedged.

"Look," he said. "I ain't saying a thing against Syl, and I ain't saying anything against the youth of Miami, but if you was to get married and your wife's old fellows came around and the first one was the village half-wit and the second one was the town stew and stealing red-and-silver automobiles at the same time, what would you think?"

"I would thank Heaven," I said, "that it was not some sheik that showed up."

"You see?" he said. "You can't get the married man's point of view."

"Oh, very well," I said, "but what about the judge? Want me to ask him to get your guy off?"

"No," Marvin said; "ask him to keep him in."

A couple of afternoons later, Larry and Joe and I were sitting in Artie's pleasuring ourselves with soda water, and I told them about Marvin and Syl and these two observation-ward cases that had turned up to curdle their outing.

"A little thing like that," Larry said, "is liable to destroy a man's entire confidence in himself. I mean, winning the race, feeling very cocky over it, and then finding out that all he was up against was a lot of selling platers. His ego begins to crumble, the old eye grows a little dim, the old touch a little faulty. A crisis comes up in his business, he hesitates, and it catches him one on the potato. The next thing we know, he is on the curb, diving for cigar butts and getting his fingers stepped on. A victim, as it were, of fate."

"My very words," Joe agreed, "if I had spoken first. I'm sorry for the poor mug."

"That's the thought I intended to convey," Larry said.

Pete walked in then, for his after-lunch lemon phosphate, and stopped at our table. It was some business he had with Larry. Then he started away, stopped, and spoke to me.

"Seen Syl again?" he asked.

"The other day," I said. "Why didn't you call her?"

"She say something else?" he asked quickly.

"Not straight out," I said. "She just asked me if I'd told you she was here, and where she was, and when I said I had, she just looked hurt and said she guessed you were so busy with other girls you couldn't remember—well, certain things. That's all."

"Syl was always a great kid," he said, looking at his cigarette thoughtfully. "A lot of people never understood her, but she and I, we always got along well together."

"That's what she gave me to understand," I said.

"She and I'll have to get together soon," he said at the door. "We probably got a lot of things to talk over."

He left.

"What's the idea of all that?" Joe asked.

"I don't know," I admitted. "I just thought he'd like to hear it."

The end of this thing was very funny to me. The next afternoon, there being no captain of industry at my hotel to corroborate the generally unanimous opinion that the business conditions of the country were fundamentally sound, I went home and took a nap on the couch out on the front porch.

I don't know how long I slept, but when I waked there was Marvin sitting there. He was sitting there smoking a cigar.

"How long you been here?" I said, sitting up.

"Not long."

"Why didn't you wake me?"

"I just come to say good-by," he said. "I'm getting out of this dump of a town—back to Bensonhurst for me. I ain't going to stay any place where everybody is demented."

"What you mean—demented?" I demanded.

"Everybody I met, anyway," he said bitterly. "You would think my wife was brought up in Bellevue, the kind of people that shows up out of the past, as you might say."

"Look, Marvin," I said, "you're taking all this too seriously. Syl's had a bad streak, but everybody's got a lot of false alarms on their string."

"We got 100 per cent," he said. "If one fellow ——"

The phone rang. I went to it and it was some girl that wanted to speak to Pete. I told her to try around midnight, as he wasn't expected in for dinner.

"This Pete Taylor," Marvin said when I came back, "he's quite a fellow for the girls, isn't he?"

"The darling of the beach," I said. "He can't get any rest from them."

Marvin sighed.

"Anything new happen?" I asked cautiously.

"Listen, Willie," he said, "I ain't going to bore you with any more of that stuff, but I just want to tell you that two more of my old competitors showed this afternoon. They got themselves invited to tea, and just because I'm crazier than any of them, and I must have fallen on my head from the top of the Woolworth Building when I was a baby, I dressed up again, put on my camel's-hair sport coat and white flannels and everything, just in case, and waited to see what jolly little surprise fate had for me this time.

"There ain't any use of going through it all again, but up comes a couple of grinning fellows with two big, queer-shaped suitcases, and I thought to myself, 'Oh, well, what's the use! Now we have got two book agents, or else they are some of these brush men, and I am going to have a large delightful evening being argued into buying a forty-two-volume set of Oriental-mystery classics, or we're going to have a jolly time inspecting brushes designed for the sink, the mustache or the bathroom.'

(Continued on Page 139)

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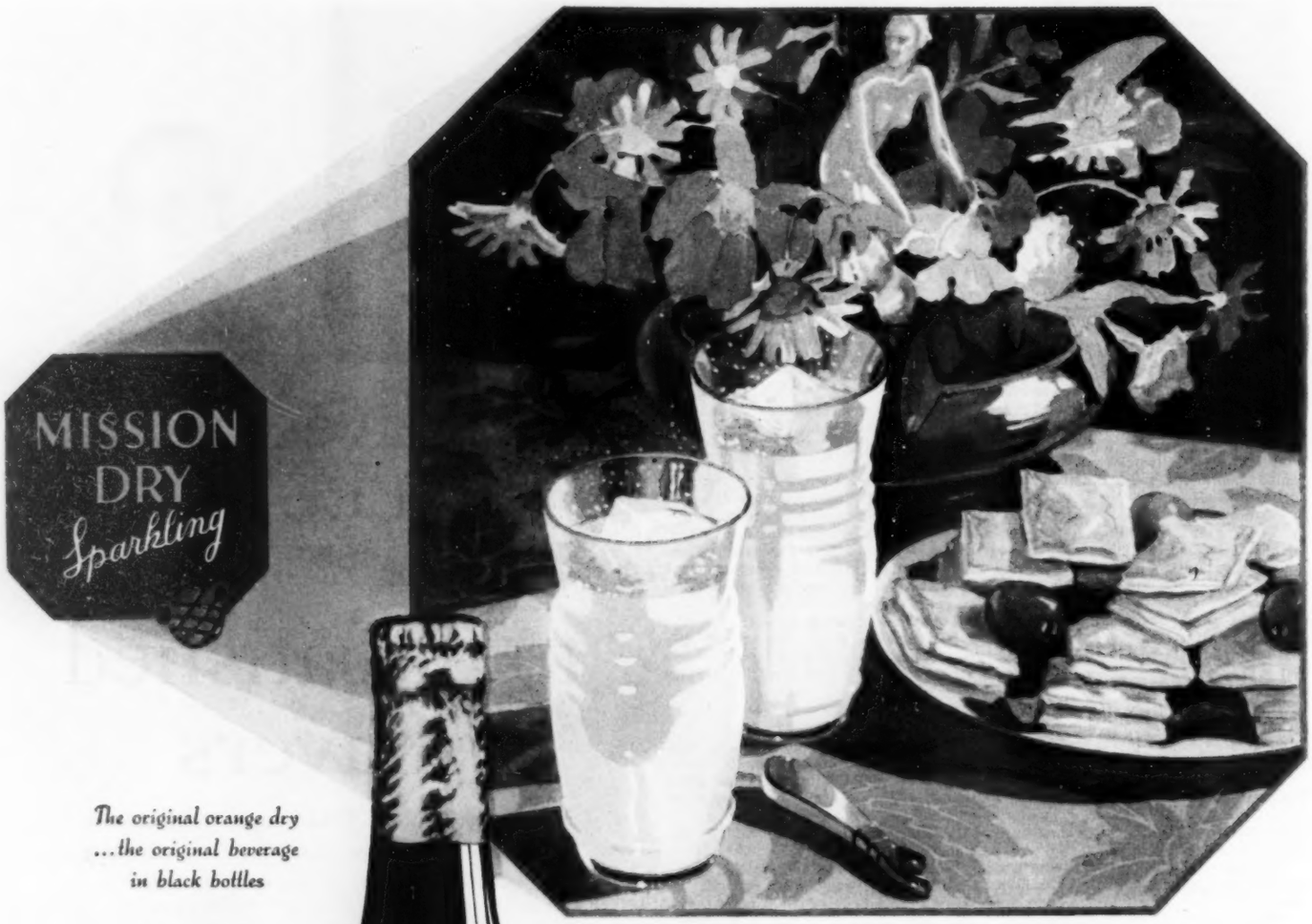

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CHICAGO *LOS ANGELES* NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 137)

"Well, what they turned out to be," he said, "they were musicians, loosely speaking. They opened these suitcases and brought out a saxophone, a banjo, a new kind of bugle, and a few drums. It seems they are the kind of boys that always go out together and with their instruments, so they can be a kind of little orchestra for their hosts and hostesses, if they have got any left by now.

"I know I wasn't polite," he said, "because my nerves are beginning to lose their grip, but after these two Paderewskis had played Your Mother and Mine for the fourth time, trying to iron out a little imperfection in the chorus, I got up and put on my hat and blew, and I am not going back until they are gone. And what is more," he said, "I am going to get out of this town where everybody I've seen is more or less unbal——"

The phone rang again, and when I answered it, who should it be but Mrs. Marvin herself, wanting to know if her man was there. I called him and left him to his own resources with her, and when he came back to the porch he was wild-eyed.

"Something's happened," he said excitedly. "I got to beat it right away. That was Syl and she said come home at once, something terrible happened. 'By!"

He slammed open the door and rushed out, and at the sidewalk ran slam into Pete, who took one look at him, let out a whoop and dashed into the house like he was being shot at. Marvin paused long enough to stare back and then set out at a steady lope. Such phenomena being beyond me, I returned to the couch and sat down, figuring that time would unfold all mysteries to me. Presently Pete stuck his head out of the door cautiously.

"Is he gone?" he asked.

"He's gone," I said.

"Wasn't that Syl's husband?" he asked, coming out slowly.

"Yeah. How'd you know?"

"I guessed," he said. "Did you see me? I ran square into him! Right slap-bang into him!"

"What of it?"

"Listen," he said, "there's been a big mistake made around here. Somebody's got everything all mixed up or something. I'm liable to lose my life!"

"What is this?" I said. "Have you gone nuts too?"

"Is this guy short-tempered?"

"Marvin?" I said. "Well, I should hope to die! He's positively poison, Marvin Cotton is. If I remember correctly, he shot a fellow once. Just some fancied slight. Marvin pulled down on him with a forty-fo' gun and went toot-a-toot-toot. Why?"

He groaned.

Listen—he said—something's very wrong around here. Remember what you told me about Syl—about how she was asking did I remember her, and all that? Well, I decided—well, I'll drop around to see her and talk things over—you know?

Having nothing else to do, I went around there this afternoon. There was a couple of book agents or something with big suitcases that were leaving when I got there, and when she got rid of them, there we were together, alone. So we sat down.

"Well, Syl," I said, "this is like old times."

"Listen," she said, "I don't want to seem impolite, but the sooner you get out of here the better I'll like it."

To say that I was surprised at this attitude, after what you told me, is to put it mildly. All I did was look at her. Then I got it—she was trying to hide her feelings.

"Baby," I said, "you don't have to pretend with me. You don't have to pretend at all. You can just be yourself, and I'll understand. I understand anyway."

"I don't know where you got the nerve to come here," she said. "You know I loathe you."

I laughed. I had to, honestly.

"Poor little kid," I said. "You and I, we had our little tiffs, but you know I always had a warm place in my heart for you. I always liked you, Syl, but you never gave me any chance to show it."

"I could kill you," she said.

"Now, Syl," I said, "you and I don't have to pretend like that. All you're doing, you're just pretending. You're just letting a foolish pride stand in the way of happiness—that's all you're doing. If you was to speak your honest thoughts ——"

"If I was to speak my honest thoughts," she said, "I wouldn't be a lady. So get out."

We stood up. For a minute she looked like she wasn't more than a half minute short of leaping at my throat, and I'll admit I got a bit skeptical. If it hadn't been I remembered what you had told me, I'd have sworn she meant it. Then I realized she was holding back on account of pride, so I gave her the works.

"Syl," I said, "I'm taking a chance, I know, talking to a girl that's married, but I just want you to understand. I'm lonely, Syl—awfully lonely. I laugh, I run around, I play about with the girls, but that's just on the surface, Syl. Actually I'm a lonely man—a very, very lonely man."

I stopped, but she didn't say anything. She just stood there looking at me. So I went on.

"Once," I said, "I loved a girl. I was just a kid—a high-school kid. I thought it was puppy love. And like a kid I was ashamed of it. I didn't have the nerve to tell the girl I loved her. She went away. Then I realized how much I loved her, how much she meant to me. Almost insane with grief, I threw myself into mad pleasures—to forget, Syl, just to forget!"

I stopped again. Still she didn't say anything; just stood looking at me. Things began to look up.

"Now, Syl, she's back," I said. "Back—but married. I don't want anything, Syl," I said, "but just to let you know, so you'll understand, so when you're happy, when everything is brightest for you, you'll give a thought to the fellow that never forgot."

What I mean, Willie, I didn't think that was bad. She stood there like she was hypnotized, and I saw you hadn't been wrong. She was absolutely stood on the spot. I stepped forward.

"Syl," I said, putting a hand on each arm, "from that day to this ——"

"Look!" she said suddenly, shoving her face right up into mine and parting her lips. "Look!"

"Syl!" I said.

"Look at these teeth!" she said. "Look at 'em, close!"

"But, Syl ——"

"Are they yellow? Were they ever yellow? Have I got yellow teeth? Look at 'em!"

"Of course not!" I gasped. "But, Syl ——"

"Now get out!" she said. "Get out and stay out! The idea of you coming here! The idea of you putting your hands on me! Get out of here or I'll ——"

She wrenched away, by George, and was looking around for something to grab, and I got out. I don't mind telling you I got out in a hurry, because the woman was crazy. You can't argue with a crazy woman. I grabbed my hat and beat it. And until I reached the corner I could hear her shouting, "Yellow, are they!" I ran.

Pete wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"So you see," he said, "there's something wrong here. Either you got her wrong or her pride is still pretty high. I'm liable to lose my life out of this if her husband is bad like you say."

"I couldn't have got her wrong," I said.

"Well, there's something mixed up ——" He leaped to his feet and peered out through the vines. "Isn't that her fool of a husband coming back here!"

I looked. It was.

"Hold him!" he said at the door leading to the rear of the house. "Hold him or something! Try to get the gun! But hold him anyway until I get a good start!"

Then he was gone, and the next minute in walked Marvin, his straw hat on the side of his head, and whistling.

"Well, well, well!" he called cheerily. "I'm back again. Just wanted to say we're not leaving after all. Great place, Miami Beach. It's got everything. Never saw a pleasanter place in my life. Never happier than I've been since I've been here."

"Yeah?" I said, wondering.

"Finest place in the world," he said heartily. "I love it. Bit of a risk for me, of course"—he laughed modestly—"because Syl used to live here. Got a lot of old flames here. Makes me run a little risk, being compared with the lady-killers that used to be after her." He laughed again happily. "However, have to take that chance."

He lighted another cigar.

"Matter of fact," he said, puffing, "this Pete Taylor—this lady-killer friend of yours—he was one of them." He blew out the match. "Good-looking fellow, isn't he?"

"A regular Richard Dix," I said.

"Yeah," he said casually, "he was over this afternoon. Still crazy about her. Made quite a scene, I understand, poor fellow. Still got it bad, I suppose. Syl had to send him away. Too bad."

"So I heard," I said, watching him curiously. "He just ducked out of the back door; he was scared you'd be sore."

"Sore!" He looked at me, astonished. "Sore about what?"

"Well," I said, "after all, telling your wife he loved her ——"

"Oh, I see." He smiled comfortably at his cigar. "But I look at those things in a rather broad way," he said. "Syl was always a bit of a belle, kind of popular favorite. Having fellows around, that's the penalty. Matter of fact, I regard Taylor as a mighty fine fellow—a mighty fine fellow indeed. Like to meet him myself sometime. From all I hear, he's very attractive to the ladies, but"—he leaned back and blew out a column of smoke—"Syl apparently liked me better."

He smiled happily.

DRAWN BY P. WEBB

"Pardon Me—Have You Mummies?"

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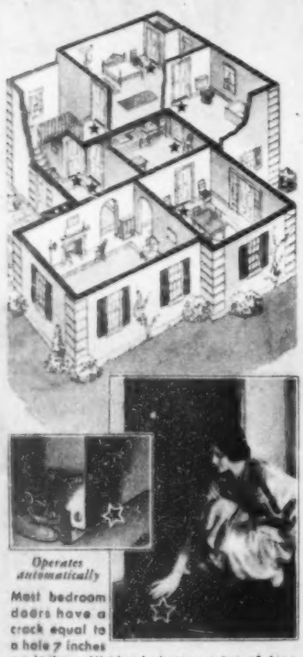

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BAD PENNY

(Continued from Page 5)

even get down to dinner. Thinks she'll do better to fight it out by herself tonight. . . . Come along, Tom, and I'll show you your room!"

They left Ben gravely inclining his head. Beth, who had always run upstairs, ran now. Burr followed with more deliberation. She waited in the upper hall, tapping an impatient foot. She put her arm around him and led him—in a silence that struck him as unlike her—to a door near the rear of the house, which she quietly, carefully closed on them.

"Why, bless your heart, child," said he, "this is your own room!"

She nodded. "I'm up on the third floor, right over you."

She plumped down on the window seat and patted the cushion beside her. "Sit down," she commanded. "Sit here. I've got to talk."

Burr drew up a chair.

With an impatient little sniff, she came over to him and snuggled up on an arm of the chair. "I put you in here for a reason."

"Perhaps," observed Burr, "we'll have a chance to talk a bit this evening. For the present—quite frankly, Beth—I don't want you shut up with me here."

"Don't you think I'm nice enough to be shut up with?"

"I think you've grown into an extremely fascinating young person."

"Oh, Tom! Do you think so?"

"And that's one reason I want you to get out. I'd just as soon avoid the reputation of a cradle-snatcher."

"Don't be silly! I know exactly when you were born. Looked you up today in Who's Who. You're not so old. Not in spirit, anyhow."

Burr rose. "Come, Beth; get out! I'll see you later on."

"Oh, shucks! I'll go in a minute. But I've got to talk with somebody. We have to keep things from dad, you know. Any excitement might —— Aunt Alice is perfectly helpless, of course, and she couldn't possibly understand. Now, you've got sense. You wouldn't just be shocked ——"

"Thank you for those kind words. But ——"

"Tom, listen! It's funny, but I've got an idea you know something of it. You looked queer when you came in—as if you'd seen something."

"Nonsense! If you'd had the tumble I had ——"

"Anyway, you know the world. You can keep your mouth shut. Dot's got me rattled! She isn't in love with Ben, Tom."

"Oh, really, Beth!"

"What's more, I don't think she intends to marry him."

"Now you're being just an absurd little girl. What on earth do you think we're all here for?"

"I know all about that. And I know Dot. She's never been in love with Ben. I don't think she's ever been in love at all with anybody. Up to now, I mean. You know why she finally gave in to Ben, don't you?"

"Can't say I do. And now, Beth ——"

"You're not being frank, Tom."

"Really."

"You're simply not. Now please!"

She couldn't keep her hands off him. He felt ill at ease. Suddenly, with a chuckle, he pushed her away and moved the chair in between them, standing behind it. She promptly knelt on the seat and made a comic face at him.

"I'm going to tell you. I think you'd better understand, because something may have to be done. And it'll be up to us—you and me."

She controlled, with an effort, a quick little sob. There were tears in her eyes. She brushed them away. "Here's how it is: She was tired out. She has been running this house since she was eighteen. Running us all. And that hasn't been so easy." A mirthless giggle escaped her. "I suppose anybody's hands would be full just running me. But she has done it through her best years. Given things up and all. And—here's the point, Tom—she isn't that kind. It has all been against the grain, every bit of it. You see, she feels everything. Now, I don't. I think. But she doesn't think—not really—except when she makes herself do it. See what I mean?"

"I see that you've grown in discernment, my dear."

"I've had to. Oh, I used to take everything for granted, but—at that, I've always had a trick of standing off and looking at myself. Ever do that?"

"Of course! Every writer does."

"I knew you'd understand. Now listen! I'm independent and I'm cold-blooded."

"Get out!"

"I am. Dad's got money, but the man I marry has got to have a lot more. He's got to have ability too. I want position and things. I'd have grabbed Benny quick if I could have got him."

"You're making my blood run cold, Beth."

She caught the veiled mockery in that remark. "Oh, why not talk sense! I'm telling you I mean to marry well—well enough to be a personage in New York and abroad. I believe I'm smart enough to get away with it. But Dot, now—she just wants to be married. Oh, a home and babies and all. I suppose your generation didn't talk about these things, but ours does. Anyhow, there poor Dot was. She'd lost those years. In her middle twenties. With all the feelings she'd been inhibiting and ——"

"In what?"

"Inhibiting."

"Oh!"

"Benny was around. They're not the same type at all. Trouble is, they don't know it. Or they didn't. Either of 'em. Benny doesn't suspect yet. I doubt if he ever will. And here's Dot, who's been living a faked-up life for years—making herself live it—lots of character there, you know—fighting herself every minute. Oh, don't I see it! I tell you she's romantic. All emotion. Just bottled up. You can't win at that game, you know—fighting yourself—fighting your real nature, I mean."

"See here, Beth; you're impressing me enormously. You're growing into a beautiful and devilish and quite irresistible young woman of the world, but ——"

"But time is passing and you want to dress and you don't intend to be gossiped about, and why the devil don't I come to the point! Well, I will. Benny was up, you know, three weeks ago. Everything was lovely. Dot was happy, or thought she was—same thing, I suppose. Then she went down to New Rochelle to bridesmaid at Harriet Hills' wedding. She came back completely changed. Nervous and tired and just all strung up. A man, of course. Somebody that hit her on the romantic side. It tore her all up. Sort of freed her—freed her real nature, don't you see? Her *libido*."

Burr swallowed. "I see."

"Well, there's been something doing every minute since. Every day a telegram or a telephone call. Every day a letter. Dot getting fussed; she could never help showing such an upheaval as that, you know—not Dot! Anyhow, you can't fool your own sister. Shucks! She takes all the telephone calls on the upstairs phone. It's right opposite my door here, in the hall closet. The latch doesn't catch firmly and the door swings open a little. You can't help hearing part of it. And believe me, it's the real stuff. Dot doesn't know whether she's afoot or on horseback. She's been trying to get her nerve up to tell Ben—oh, I've heard things!—and she's terribly worried about dad. Afraid of the effect such an upset might have on him. So am I. You see, the man's an out-and-out adventurer."

"Do you know that?"

She nodded briskly. "I wrote to a girl I know that was down there at the house party. He's a foreigner—fascinating, but queer. Fools people. It just breaks my heart to hear the things Dot says over the phone; begging him to stop calling up. One night I heard her say, 'Even if it breaks both our hearts'—I heard that! Then she found that the door had opened, and held it shut, quick. And the flowers—orchids!"

"Mightn't Ben have sent these?"

"Ben? Never! He sends roses every Saturday. Standing order at the florist's. Wonder where he picked up the quaint idea that cut flowers will last a week. Dad thinks they're all from Ben. And I know he thinks her funny moods are just nervous excitement over the wedding."

"Hasn't he heard the telephoning?"

"No. He's sleeping downstairs. We made over his study into a bedroom, so he wouldn't have to climb the stairs so much. And then there's today. The thing has come to a climax. It had to, of course."

"Even so, Beth, you simply must get out and let me dress."

"In a minute. Listen! She said she had to go shopping today in the city."

"Isn't that natural enough?"

"She took a suitcase."

"Probably to bring things home in."

"Rot! She carried it out after lunch and parked it in her car. It was heavy. I saw. And she wouldn't let me go along. Maybe you think that wasn't queer, but believe me, it was. She got back late—just a few minutes before you and Ben came. I met her in the hall and she rushed off upstairs. She looked terrible. Left the suitcase in the car. I saw it there, not half an hour ago. Now, what do you make of that?"

Beth rushed on with it: "I can't help believing they'd planned a get-away this afternoon and something went wrong. Maybe she'll try it again tonight. There's that suitcase, waiting out there. And she's leaving her car outside the garage to make room for the Deevers' car and yours. There's a slope in the drive, you know. She could slip out without so much as starting her motor—just let the car run downhill a way. Anyhow —— Listen! That fellow calls up about eleven. He may call tonight. The party 'll break up early, you know, on dad's account. Benny 'll be gone."

"Ben? Isn't he staying over?"

"No, his brother's running out to drive him into Boston. He's staying at his mother's and going back to New York tomorrow. Said he had a lot of things to clear up before the wedding."

"Naturally."

"The Deevers 'll be up in the big front room where they can't hear a thing. I want you to slip up here before eleven. Don't use this door! Come in through your dressing room, around the corner of the hall. Then prop this door open a little. Stick a book in. And listen a while."

"Really, Beth, I should feel a little—well, I'm not in the habit ——"

"Do you think it's a time to stand on etiquette?"

"Perhaps not. Though I confess I don't see what I could do. Dorothy's of age."

Beth moved slowly, thoughtfully, toward the dressing-room door. There she paused, saying simply, "I'll slide out this way." At least, she wasn't pawing him. That was something. She leaned against the wall by the door. "I think," she remarked, with a recurrence of that suppressed sob, "that if we've got to have this sort of jam—everything going to pieces, sort of—it will kill father. And he's such a peach!"

Burr walked over to the window. He turned to speak, but she had vanished. He heard the hall door, beyond the dressing room, softly closing.

IV

WHEN he went down to the living room Mr. Deever was there with his plump, complacent wife; he was Dorothy's

(Continued on Page 144)

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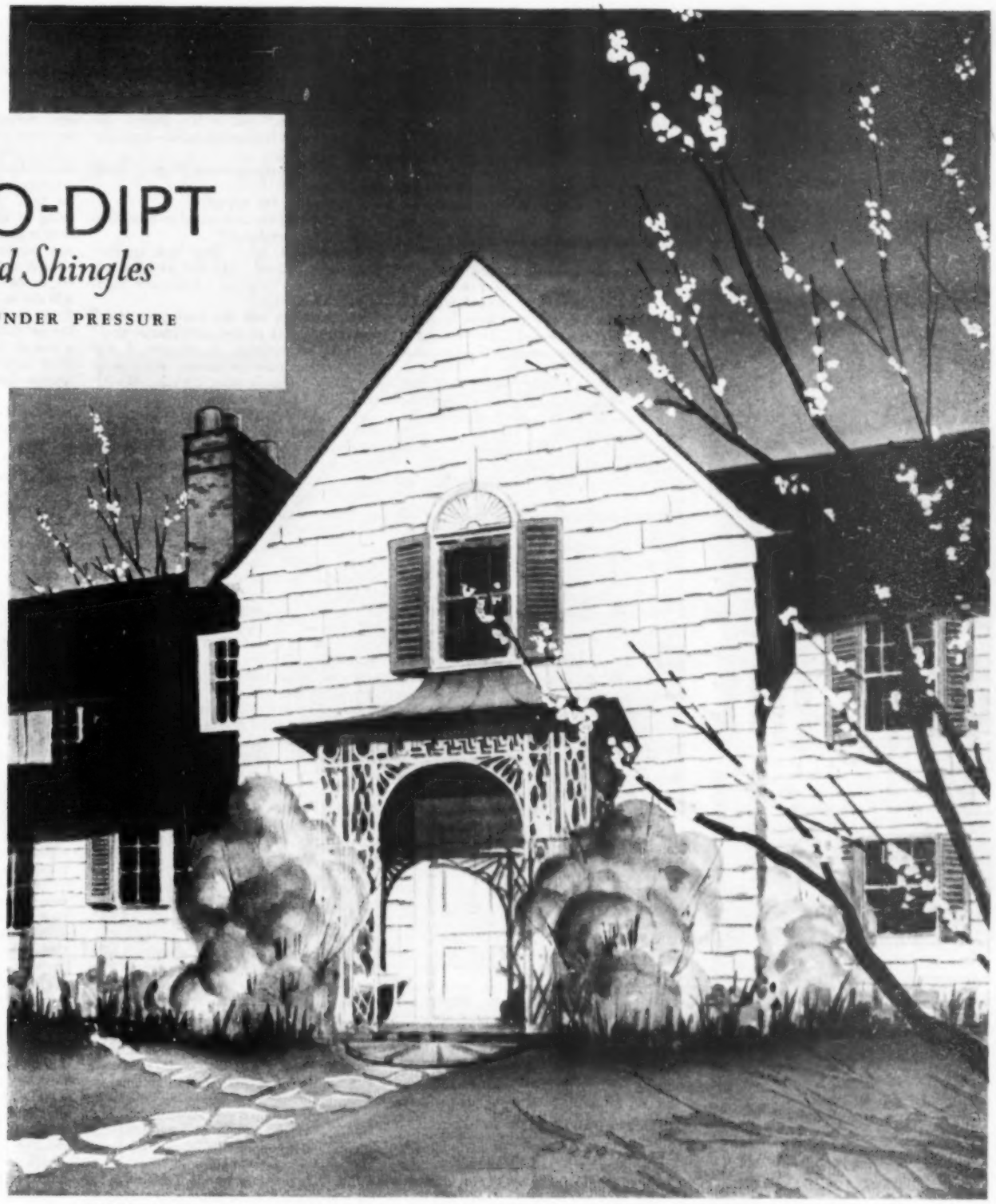

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(Continued from Page 142)

godfather. Also Judge Bisbee, magistrate of the local court, traditional moderator of the town meeting, president of the Coventry bank, and Mr. Grove's oldest friend. Mrs. Anthony, a tired, colorless woman, fluttered about; she was Mrs. Grove's widowed sister.

Beth, a striking figure in pale blue and gold, slipped her arm through Burr's and squeezed close. She was dragging him over toward the table, but he disengaged his arm. She pounced on a glass, lifted it, and turned back as if to drink to him. Deliberately he moved his head in warning. An expression of surprise crept into her face. She pouted, raised the glass to her lips, glancing over it into his grave eyes. Finally, slowly, she put it down untouched. A moment later she drew him aside. "You seem to think you can order me around." Her voice was low, but there was anger in it. He made no reply.

To the Deevers, Mr. Grove explained quietly, "Dorothy will probably not be down. The poor child is all in at the moment."

"Not ill, Edward?" asked the ever-sympathetic Mrs. Deever.

"Oh, no! A night's sleep will fix her up!"

Beth, who couldn't stay angry, whispered to Burr, "Philip brought her suitcase in. I saw him as I was coming down."

"Who's Philip?"

"Our new chauffeur. He must have found it in her car."

The little gathering was touched with depression as each, in his own reserved way, noted the empty chair at the foot of the table. Beth, whose gayety could usually be counted on, fell silent over the soup. Burr himself was sunk in his own somber thoughts. His position at table—a mark of well-meant but dubious courtesy—at the right of that empty chair didn't help. Mr. Deever, however, who since his retirement from active business had become widely known as a collector of Chinese scroll paintings and carved jades, talked with enthusiasm of certain recent purchases.

A sudden hush fell. All were looking toward the curtained doorway. Between the curtains—deathly white, oddly fragile in appearance, her beautifully chiseled mouth twisted into a faint unhappy smile—stood Dorothy. "Decided to face it out," thought Burr grimly. She'd have to sit right here by him, too, and chat with him. It would be difficult as the devil. But it couldn't be dodged. And he, with whatever inner sense of heartache, would have to make it as easy for her as he could.

All rose—even the women. Ben, with dignity, went straight to her. Would he kiss her? No, of course he wouldn't. Not here in front of people. But what he did was rather decent. He led her with a touch of Old Worldly formality to her seat. And all she said was, "Oh, please don't all get up!"

Mrs. Deever remarked audibly to Mrs. Anthony, "Aren't they a stunning couple?"

Burr reached deliberately over and laid a firm hand on Dorothy's slender fingers. "Awfully nice to see you again, Dot," he said. There, that ought to reassure her! At the very least, however preoccupied, she'd catch his friendly attitude. But the only response she gave was a downward fluttering of her darkly fringed eyelids.

They were quiet about the table—too quiet. Somebody'd have to start something. He began himself, at random:

"Benny and I had a grand little debate, driving up. Went after each other like a couple of Southern senators."

"Get anything settled?" asked Mr. Grove dryly.

"Oh, yes! Or perhaps I should say we got a lot expressed."

"What might the topic have been?" asked Judge Bisbee.

"Life with a capital L."

"All of it?" The judge grinned.

"Just about. He seemed to feel—catch me up if I misquote you, Ben—that the individual can direct the course of his life as he chooses, by the intensive cultivation of will."

"Is that a fair statement of your views, Ben?" asked the judge, who reveled in dialectics.

"Perfectly."

"Sounds like the good old doctrine of free will to me," put in Mr. Grove. He didn't add that it sounded rather comically juvenile as well.

"What was your position, Tom?" asked the judge.

"Just about the opposite."

"You regard the individual as a helpless victim of circumstance?"

"Why—well, yes." Burr felt appreciably more at ease. He had at least got them talking. "Though I may have put it a little differently."

"Coincidence was the word you used," said Benny, with an amicably precise air.

"Yes, coincidence. I suppose I was thinking personally, as most of us are likely to do—as a writing man, I mean. We fellows, if we permit the structure of a story—'plot,' I believe, is the popular term for it—to hang on coincidence, are forever being called to account. 'The long arm' and all that sort of thing. You all know how they talk. But I notice, as I grow older, that actual living, as I see it about me, is likely to become quite unmanageable through the operation of the most unexpected coincidences. The one person in the world who simply mustn't appear at some particularly difficult moment is almost sure to turn up at just that moment and raise what might be referred to as hell. I've often thought I might some day try to write a dramatic story—or a melodramatic one, if you like—in which every twist in the plot would arise out of a coincidence. Pure coincidence. Nothing else."

Dorothy stirred uncomfortably. Burr sensed rather than saw or heard the movement. It was queer how, with the best of intentions, his effort to turn their thoughts away from her was heading him right around into those deep, unhappy thoughts of hers. She might even suspect him of deliberate purpose.

A flashing new thought came. Dorothy must somehow be warned about Du Rut. Why not? Here and now!

Judge Bisbee was speaking. "But if your book were to be a hodgepodge of mere happenings, how could you hold the reader's interest?"

Burr smiled easily. He must carry it off—but that new thought was working. "I'd hardly got as far as that, judge. I might, though, if sufficiently urged, tell you a rather curious personal experience that seems to me to illustrate my point."

"Oh, do!" cried Mrs. Deever. Adding then, to Mrs. Anthony: "He tells such wonderful stories, my dear! The most interesting man!"

The judge nodded expectantly. The others were waiting. Beth was watching him with a puzzled expression. Dorothy, downcast, played with her fork.

"Well, it is the narrative of a strange being who appears to be hopelessly entangled in my life, and I in his. We can't escape each other. Mind you, he is literally nothing to me. There's no intention on his part, either, you must understand. Simply an apparently endless series of coincidences, leading us—every time—into some sort of dramatic row. I admit that the thing has grown, on my part, into a sort of pet superstition. We have fought before this, we shall fight again."

He thought Dorothy shivered. For the briefest instant her lovely eyes flashed up and rested on his bruised temple and cheek. There had been no bruise when he sent her so unceremoniously away from Dick's Place that afternoon. Beth was watching them both.

v

"I RAN into him first years ago"—so began Burr's narrative. "Back about 1916. If any of you have taken the Yangtse River trip—and Mr. and Mrs. Deever have, I think—you will recall Kiu-Kiang as the picturesque old river port where you step ashore to look up the native silversmiths who made dragon boxes and other ornamental objects.

"We were just pulling out, I remember, and the sampan beggars were scurrying out of the way like a swarm of water spiders, when the captain stopped by my chair to say, 'Something funny below decks. Better come along and have a look-see.'

"I might explain that in Chinese tradition and law, if a person dies on your property you become automatically responsible for him. As decent burial means everything in the world to a Chinese family, they're given to smuggling any relative who may appear to be at the point of death aboard one or another of the river steamers, in the hope that the unfortunate person will die on board. They'll actually prop a dying person up and walk him or her over the gangplank. And every steamer carries a pile of cheap coffins on the lower deck. They have to. Most of the white river men believe firmly that a Chinaman can die when and where he chooses—just lie down and die. By will power, say. And if they're right about it, there's a point for Benny.

"Well, I went down there with Captain Baker. The main deck, aft, was packed with curious, excited Chinese—men, women and children—crowding about something. When we'd forced our way through, we found one of the quartermasters questioning a handsome young Chinaman—or such he appeared to be. He wore the usual blue gabardine and the black skullcap with the red silk button that you still saw all over China in those days. And he had a cue. He was dripping wet. And he was answering the quartermaster's questions in the mandarin tongue, but hesitatingly, stumbling a good deal over the words and missing the tones. I noticed that one coffin, from the familiar pile, lay open on the deck and was wet inside.

"Captain Baker, after one quick look, snatched off his cap. The cue came with it. The man was a European. The quartermaster explained that he'd swum around the stern during the confusion of casting off and getting under way, climbed up a fender on the river side, and hidden himself in a coffin. They'd caught him when he shoved the lid up for a look-see.

"The captain didn't care to have a white man down there on the Chinese deck, so he took him up to his own cabin. I went along.

"It was an odd case. He called himself, then, a Dutchman. It may have been the truth. Though later, during the World War, he did very well in New York as a Belgian refugee. Or he may have been German. I've never placed him exactly. He told us that he'd come to China a year or so back, as a correspondent for a New York paper. The rest of his story was that he'd been captured by bandits, who had stripped him of everything—money, passport, and all—and that when he finally escaped, in that native costume, they put a price on his head. As he couldn't get anywhere in China without money, letters, anything at all, he'd wrapped a few personal belongings in a bundle and made his way overland to Kiu-Kiang in the desperate hope of somehow boarding a river steamer and making or finding a chance to talk with white men. Well, here he was! And the steamer was booming away up the river.

"He said a number of odd things. Intimated that he was connected with royalty in Europe—without mentioning just what branch or country—and that he'd chosen to move to America and make his own way there. A funny thing was that you almost believed him. He had so much address, and nice frank eyes.

"There were a few rather puzzling discrepancies in his story. I didn't altogether understand, for one thing, if he'd boarded the steamer merely for the chance to make himself known to the whites, why he'd insisted on talking bad Chinese to that quartermaster.

"The fact was, however, I found him fascinating. I was a youngster myself, thrilled over my first adventure in the East. There

(Continued on Page 146)

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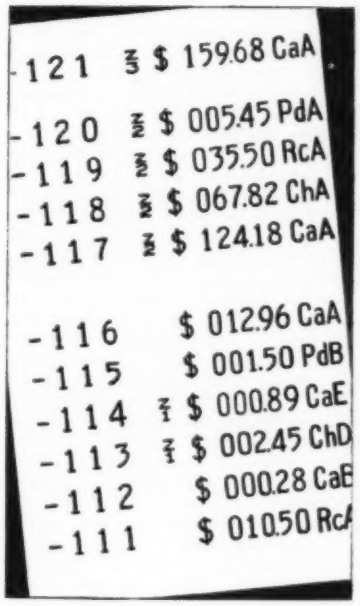

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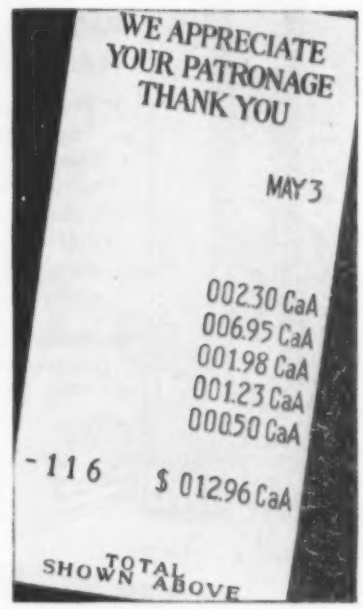

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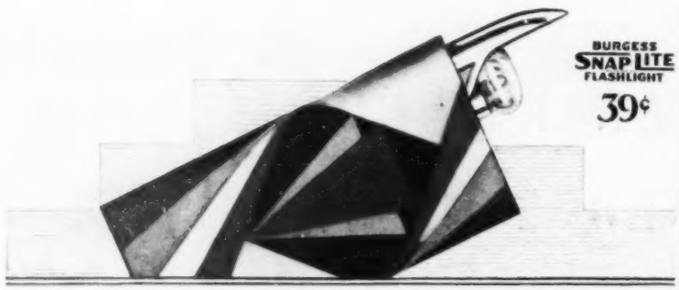

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(Continued from Page 144)

was no gainsaying his charm. He talked delightfully for a while. After half an hour or so, he'd seem to tire mentally and his conversation would ramble and die. I laid it to the hardships he'd suffered. I was to learn in my later contacts that this was a peculiar characteristic of the man. He made a great show of personality, every time you met him. He'd convince anybody. But stay with him a little while and he'd fade, every time.

"The upshot of it was, I took him in. Gave him a suit of clothes and a little money. We had some trouble during the evening. There was a lot of disorder in China during those years, as there is now. The steamer was shelled from the banks. Apparently some sort of obscure battle was going on. We had quite a panic on the boat. But we finally got through safely enough. From Hankow I shipped the man to Shanghai on another steamer. Then I found myself in a pack of trouble. It seemed he'd been helping some Chinese rebels edit a radical native weekly. As he called himself an American out there, the Peking Government demanded his arrest for inciting rebellion against a friendly power. Then they turned against me for aiding in his escape. My usefulness was ended right then. I had to go back to Shanghai and cool my heels for months in the American Club.

"He looked me up there at the club, chipper as you please. Seemed to feel that we were old friends. While we were talking, another American—a big shipper—joined us, thought him fascinating, and insisted on taking him upstairs to show some old pottery. While in this man's rooms, the fellow staged an extraordinary scene. Went crazy, apparently. Snatched an old Japanese sword from the wall and attacked his host. It took several of us, who were called in, to overpower him. And he hurt one of the club servants—knocked him over the head with the flat of his sword. Finally he passed out. We couldn't very well throw him into the street, so I took charge of him. Put him to bed until he came out of it, then sent him on his way. But while I was getting him to bed he came to, somewhat, and tried to get some pills out of a bottle, but only succeeded in spilling them on the floor. He screamed, 'I've lost my chloral!' That was how I learned what was the matter with him. Or part of it.

"Well, I had to apologize to the merchant and to the executive board of the club for introducing there a man about whom I knew so little. He went down to Canton and wormed his way in with the Sun Yat-sen crowd. I kept hearing of him.

"Our next encounter was in this country hardly a year later. An operative for a private detective agency called on me with a letter from a friend in Detroit. My man, it appeared, had turned up out there as a Belgian baron, making a tremendous impression, especially among the ladies. And he'd persuaded the daughter of one of the most important men in the city to marry him. Her father had become suspicious and employed the detectives. I never knew how they hooked him up with me. I refused to talk with the detective, but the situation finally became so involved that the father came to New York for a talk with me. The fellow learned of it—he always seems to have people around who believe in him and tell him things. Well, he made a terrific fuss and finally sued me for slander. But just then another woman, out in Detroit, sued him for something else, and his personal affairs grew so hot that he staged a convenient disappearance. I'd had to spend a little on lawyers, but found myself pretty well out of it.

"Then came the war. My man, growing older and shrewder, and flourishing like the well-known bay tree, drugs or no drugs—always able to make a hit with new people—suddenly turned up on one of the war boards at Washington. I happened to know that he wasn't even a citizen; hadn't so much as taken out first papers. I dropped a remark to that effect one day in my New York club. The chance remark traveled. I happened to be working in military intelligence, and was ordered to make a full report on him. As a result, he was summarily removed. The whole process leaked mysteriously to him. He sent me outrageous telegrams, threatened criminal actions—which he never brought—and finally announced to the newspapers that he was going to horsewhip me in Times Square, daring me to meet him there at three o'clock of a certain day. I went to meet him. He had a whip, and some friends with him. I took the whip away and knocked him down. Oh, all the reporters around—cameramen and all! You must have seen the story. . . . No? Well, it just goes to illustrate how much a man can get away with in this extraordinary country.

"Then came the Peace Conference at Paris. There he was! More impressive than ever. Still fooling people. Still a baron. Still hinting mysteriously of royal connections. Representing a newspaper again; from Chicago, of all places! This was the Detroit business over again, in a way. He seemed to have engaged the affections of another very wealthy girl. If I were to mention the name of her father, you'd all gasp. He threw the fellow out. And then, once again, the news that I'd been consulted reached him, and, being essentially a romantic, he challenged me to a duel. This time I accepted."

A stir of breathless interest ran round the table. Mrs. Deever fairly bubbled with excitement. Beth bent on the narrator a face that was alive with curdling thrills. Dorothy played with her fork.

"You see, I figured," Burr continued, "that I might as well try to bring all this absurd business to a real wind-up. I knew my man. He couldn't carry anything through—not really through. He'd weaken. I'd fenced in college. I figured I could tire him and then prick him in the arm. Perhaps he'd be satisfied then. And—so I thought—it might break the curious spell that seemed to hover over our two lives.

"But it didn't. Oh, we staged the duel. A funny, comic-opera business with all the romantic trimmings. In a grove near Versailles, at dawn of a misty morning. With seconds, a doctor and a judge. All went according to my plan. I let him tire himself, and then I pricked him in the arm. But it didn't break the spell."

His eyes strayed to Dorothy. He hadn't meant to look at her. It was a slip. Again—before he could turn away and hurriedly speak on—their eyes met full, for the briefest of moments. Hers were wide and blank. But they had a desperately hurt look. Her gaze lingered on his bruises.

"Probably I've told you enough to illustrate my point. One more remark, and I'm through. The man is not a crook. He isn't even a liar. If he were to come in here and tell us that for saving the life of the King of Abyssinia from a mad elephant he had received a decoration of the highest rank, I'd believe that he had been in Abyssinia, had met the king, and had received some attention. I rather think he'd be able to show us the decoration. As a matter of fact, through all his crazy adventures he has accumulated quite a few evidences of distinction. He claims now, I believe, that he was foreign adviser to the Canton crowd in China. Perhaps he was. Perhaps he really is a Belgian baron. I don't know. I've suspected that there were influential persons in Europe that were glad enough to keep him out of the place, and to give him the means to stay out. He evidently is crazy for money, as witness the repeated attempts at a wealthy marriage, but he always has a little—enough to get around and to dress well. Maybe he is just a stormy waif of fortune, a little crazy, partly sane, driven along by forces that are vastly bigger than he will ever be. I don't know. I don't care. I haven't even the faintest wish to gum his queer game. But I know, as surely as I sit here, that I'm going to have to gum it, and that when I do there will be trouble. We may yet—it wouldn't surprise me—come to a real show-down.

(Continued on Page 148)

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(Continued from Page 146)

Life or death. As I told you, I can't help being a bit superstitious about it."

VI

DOROTHY rose, saying, hesitatingly, but with the shadow of a twisted smile, "We'll have coffee in the living room."

There was a pushing back of chairs and a small babel of talk. Mrs. Deever could be heard crying, "Isn't he the most picturesque man? I simply adore listening to him! Such color!"

Burr, standing apart, eyed Dorothy. She moved—he thought—unsteadily. Reaching the doorway, she caught at one of the curtains. The other guests were still chattering, slow to move. But Mr. Grove went directly to his elder daughter, took her arm, and led her into the hall. Burr caught, of the father's low-voiced counsel, only the phrase: ". . . and get some sleep. I'll explain." The girl nodded and dragged herself slowly up the stairs.

Ben appeared then, giving Mr. Grove an inquiring look. But he was calm. He'd always be that. The elder man promptly took his arm, evidently explaining as he led the prospective groom into the living room.

Feeling as if he had crushed Dorothy, wrung with a sympathetic understanding that couldn't hope to find expression, Burr stood aside in the dim hall while the others passed by. He caught a phrase or two of their talk from the next room.

Ben said, in his more complacent manner, "Undoubtedly, Tom has had remarkable adventures. But even so, we must allow for the unconscious elaboration of the fictional mind. And he had a point to make—don't forget that. But doesn't he tell a story well! That coffin thing was certainly a touch."

Burr, still lingering in the hall, felt a firm little arm sliding through his, and turned to find Beth's face gazing excitedly up at him.

"You do know!" she blazed out. "You were in that mix-up today. You fought ——"

He caught her abruptly by the shoulders and fairly lifted her back under the stairs, bending down on her a stern, strong face.

"Not one word!" he breathed. "Do you want this whole house about your ears?"

"But, Tom ——"

"You shut up! Just keep shut up! And don't you dare touch a drop of liquor. We won't have any flapper stuff now, if you please! If you've got a little real character, now's the time to show it."

This hurt her. Her lower lip quivered and her eyes filled. But he didn't care about that. The only question was whether it might do some good. Apparently it had already. She controlled herself. Spoke still excitedly, but more quietly.

"She knew, Tom!"

He nodded shortly. "It's delicate," he muttered, as if thinking aloud. "I may have done precisely the wrong thing."

"Driven her to him, you mean?" she whispered.

He nodded again.

"Maybe," she mused. "A girl might be stirred that way. And she's beside herself. Poor Dot! You saw how she dodged Ben. . . . Tom, was the man's name Du Rut?"

"Yes. Now come into the living room. And keep a tight hold. Don't talk!"

"You'll listen tonight, Tom?"

"Yes. I'll listen." Grimly this. "We've got to stop it. The poor girl simply doesn't know what's happening to her."

Mr. Deever, in the living room, over the coffee, was describing the great gorges of the upper Yang-tse at some length. Rather unfortunately, the narrative at the dinner table had set him going. For half an hour Burr sat just without the circle about the fireplace. Beth wandered over to a window and stood there, motionless, gazing out on the moonlit lawn. Then, with a start, Burr rose. The speaker, hesitating, looked at him.

Speaking only the two words "Mr. Grove," Burr crossed to the slender, elderly figure in the easy-chair beside the mantel. Then they all saw. Their host had slumped down oddly and his eyes were closed. There was no response when Burr touched him.

The only other thing Burr said at this time was: "Come here, Ben!"

The two of them carried him back to the made-over study, Beth leading the way and then running off to telephone the doctor.

VII

BURR switched off his light, tiptoed to the door and opened it an inch or two, very quietly. Then he lifted a chair over and sat. A dim light was on in the hall, somewhere near the front. He could see, directly opposite, the door of the telephone closet, standing ajar. It was a minute or two before eleven.

He heard a faint sound. The only light within the room—a very faint illumination—came in through the two windows. That sound seemed to be in the dressing room. Of course, Beth! Irritation stirred in his breast. These modern youngsters, apparently, had no sense of privacy. Simply none. It was what they called being honest. "Natural," too, was a term often applied to them. Burr stirred uncomfortably. The child was on his nerves, of course.

The dressing-room door opened a few inches. Or he thought it did. Cautiously rising, he tiptoed over there just as the girl slid into the room. She had on some sort of filmy Japanese wrap and slippers. He was waving her back, but with a quick movement she dodged within his upraised arm, clung to him with those slender, firm arms, and wept softly on his shoulder. For an instant he caught himself wondering pettishly how many of her boy friends had felt the clasp of those arms. He lifted his head and gazed sternly up at the wall. Then, as sternly, pushed her away.

"You get out," he whispered. "I don't want you here. Haven't I made that plain?" If he hadn't feared the noise of it, he'd have slapped her.

With an effort she managed to control herself. "Oh, Tom," she breathed, "I've got to stay! I must know what's going on!"

The telephone in the hall closet rang sharply. Beth stood motionless. The sound, to their ears, seemed to split the night. They heard a quick light step in the hall. With an impatient shrug Burr tiptoed back to the chair he had placed near the door. He had hardly seated himself when, with the faintest imaginable rustling, Beth was perched beside him and had a nervous arm about him. Her hand gripped his shoulder. He stirred unhappily, but she seemed unaware. He couldn't very well do anything about it now.

That uncertain closet door was shut. Perhaps it would sag open in a moment. Faintly they heard Dorothy's unsteady voice: "Oh, no, Jean! Not tonight!" Then, after a moment: "Oh, no! No! No! You simply mustn't! You don't understand!" The door opened a few inches. The girl's impassioned voice might as well have been right here in the room. "No, dear, it's not on the south side. The north. Fourth window from the front. . . . North side I said, but you simply couldn't —— Couldn't I call you up somewhere tomorrow? . . . Yes, there is one—in the garage—but . . . Oh, no, dear! No! No! Can't you understand? It is unthinkable! It would be too awful! . . . Please be patient until I can think things out." Suddenly the closet door was drawn to. It was harder to hear now. Dorothy must have lowered her voice. She came out of the closet and tiptoed back along the hall. They heard her own door shut. Then Burr got up and carefully shut his own.

Beth slipped down into the chair. "Did you see?" she breathed.

"Yes."

"She was dressed. Up here nearly three hours and she hasn't been to bed at all."

"I know." Burr moved over to the window and looked out on the porch roof just beneath. There was a porch on the other

(Continued on Page 151)

Do you wash the dishes "nearly clean"?

Two New Hoovers!

Greatly increased efficiency
No increase in price

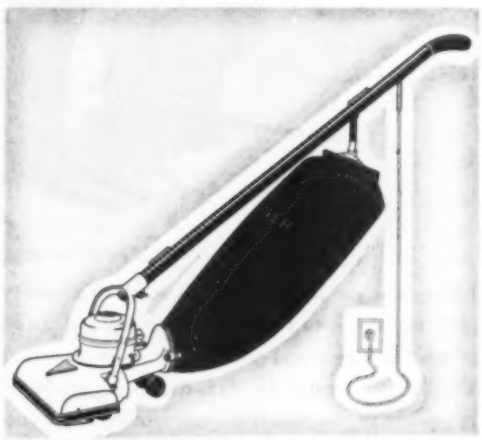
Model 725 is the finest electric cleaner ever built, 25% more efficient than any previous Hoover. Model 575, though selling at a popular price, yet is more efficient than any other make of cleaner *at any price.*

You wouldn't think of tolerating partial cleanliness for your dishes. Why should you tolerate it in your rugs and carpets?

There is only one way to have thoroughly-clean floor coverings. That is to get out *all* the dirt, not just the surface dust, but the grease-packed grit that is *below the dust line.*

Only beating will remove this embedded grit. And only The Hoover has a beating principle —Positive Agitation—to shake it out.

That it *does* remove it is proved by the fact that The Hoover gets out more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner, giving more speed in cleaning and more thoroughness. It also uses less human energy in its operation. Moreover, the improvement in the looks of the floor covering is notable, because of the gathering up of thread and lint, the lifting and straightening of the rug nap, the brightening of the colors, the really scientific care which The Hoover gives floor coverings.



HOOVER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IT BEATS..AS IT SWEEPS..AS IT CLEANS

ON A CUSHION OF AIR

MORE DIRT PER MINUTE — DPM

Ask your Hoover dealer for a free trial or a home demonstration of The Hoover and its efficient dusting tools. Two Hoover models. Only $6.25 down; balance monthly. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ont.

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Who is to blame?

It doesn't matter now who had the right of way; nor whether you put your hand out; nor how much insurance he carries. Let the lawyers argue those questions. The sad fact is—FLYING GLASS!

Flying glass! The fear of it lurks always in the mind of every motorist who values life and limb and who prizes the safety of those whom he loves.

And with good reason—for insurance records show that broken, flying glass is the cause of 65% of all injuries in motor car accidents.

Libbey-Owens, long a manufacturer of quality glass for automobiles, years ago foresaw the day when an awakened public would no longer tolerate the frightful hazard of broken, flying glass in automobiles; would insist on the safety and security of laminated non-scattering glass; and would definitely reject those cars not so equipped.

Libbey-Owens laminated non-scattering safety glass was developed to meet the growing demand of manufacturers and public alike, for a glass that will not splinter and fly. It is now being produced in quantity for leading automobile manufacturers, and supplied to the public, for replacement purposes, through leading glass distributors.

LIBBEY-OWENS
LAMINATED
NON-SCATTERING
SAFETY GLASS

Under the shock of collision or the impact of flying objects, Libbey-Owens laminated glass may break, but it will not scatter—will not splinter and fly. Where ordinary glass is brittle, easily smashed and driven broadcast through the air, Libbey-Owens laminated glass is tough and tenacious. It holds. It is safe and it saves.

You can get Libbey-Owens laminated non-scattering safety glass in your next car. Ask your automobile dealer about it. And meanwhile, write for our interesting new booklet on Safety Glass. Libbey-Owens Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

(Continued from Page 148)

side of the house too. He was thinking intently. When he turned, Beth was standing at his side.

"What's in the garage?" she asked abruptly. Looking down at her, the thought arose that perhaps she was the sort that became cooler in the moment of action. She certainly appeared cooler. She was standing there quietly enough.

"A ladder, I think," said he.

"A ladder?"

"You must understand, my dear, that this man is a crazy romantic. You can count on his doing some outrageously showy thing."

"I see. But —— He'd climb up to her window, you mean."

Burr nodded.

"Of course. And that's just the thing that would stir Dot up worse than ever. She'd love it. You noticed how weakly she objected. Told him everything he wanted to know."

He nodded again. "Tell me," he asked abruptly. "Are the Deevers up front?"

"No. They drove home."

"And your father's on the other side of the house. Downstairs."

"Yes. Right under Dot's window."

"How was he when you left him?"

"He's sleeping. I just came up from him. The doctor gave him something. We're to keep him absolutely quiet. We can't have a nurse until morning. There's one coming out from town."

"Dorothy doesn't know about his collapse."

"No. I don't think so. She's been shut in her room, you know. Somehow I hated to tell her."

"I see. Ben's gone, of course. Where are the servants?"

"Out in the rear ell. They can't hear anything."

"I don't mind saying that this is one of the most awkward situations I've ever known. Delicate as the devil. It's hard to see just what we can do. It's our business to save Dorothy if we can—considering everything, I mean—and yet —— You see, Beth, she's like a sick person, really. She's been swept clear out of herself."

"Couldn't you talk to her, Tom?"

"I'm wondering. The difficulty is, anything I do may just set her the more firmly against me. Drive her off."

Beth pressed an uncertain finger to her lips. "H'm, yes," she remarked at last. And then came this cool observation: "In the state she's in, she probably thinks the man who has won her heart is being persecuted, even lied about. I wonder if it would do any good for me to tell her about poor dad."

Burr considered that. "No," he finally said, and then paused with what sounded to the girl like a faint sigh. "No, as I see it, my business is not with her. It's with Du Rut. I'm going to sit up. My guess is that he'll be coming straight here. He's just that sort of a fool. Sees himself doing bold, romantic things. I'll sit here by the window. I don't believe he can get near the house without my hearing him. He'd have to open the garage door. Is it locked?"

"I doubt it. Nobody ever comes out here."

"All right. I'll just stay up. He may not come at all. Better wait. If he doesn't come, then Dorothy will learn about your father in the morning. It might sober her. Our one hope, really, is that she can somehow be brought to her senses—brought out of this emotional storm. She is sick, you see. . . . You'd better go now."

"All right. I've got to stay with dad, anyway. There's a couch in his room. I can doze there. I'll hear him if he stirs; he's on my mind so. I'll look here later on and see if you're awake."

"No, you keep out. Understand?" He was grim again; and, she thought, cross. It seemed clear enough that he didn't really like her.

She stood motionless for a long moment. Then, without further words, she went out through the dressing room.

But as she went she heard him say again sternly, "And keep out!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 34)

"You never know," sighed Mrs. Black; "you just never know. But how about the Zachs—I think he's loads of fun." A moment of silence.

"Yes, he's all right," agreed Mrs. Smith tentatively, "but she—tch, tch. Why, do you know that she lets those children run about barefooted down on Main Street? And when I spoke to her about it rather sharply, she smiled and asked me what I thought of the Chinese situation. She's impossible."

"Quite," said Mrs. Pounds, pouring with care. "Besides, we only want people who have something to contribute intellectually. Now, what do you say to having the Gardiners?"

"They're so intellectual they're no fun," objected little Mrs. Black with unexpected spirit. "I can't stand people like that. I'd rather have the Richmonds, even if they are a bit vulgar."

"Not the Richmonds," said Mrs. Carson. "They'd tell the Earleys, and they'd be sore at not being asked. And we can't ask the Earleys because Dale isn't speaking to Mr. Earley. Who else?"

"Well," said Mrs. Smith after a long pause, "I can't think of anyone else except the Quists, and she owes me a party, and I'm not going to continue putting myself out for people who don't appreciate it. Besides, I suspect her of making overtures to our nurse."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Pounds with a little sigh, "let's call the whole thing off. Let's just get together, the four of us, and go to the movies tonight. What do you say?"

"A fine idea," they chorused. "Good-by, dear. Such a nice time. Good-by."

—STANLEY JONES.

Your Uncle Sam

YOUR poor old Uncle! I have read,
In pages old or freshly printed,
What all his satirists have said
And more or less politely hinted.

In early days they found him raw,
A crazy, hit-or-miss production,
A braggart, unrestrained by law
And surely bound for swift destruction.

And they were right beyond a doubt;
He must have been the way they found him,
And yet the addle-pated lout
Survived though empires crashed around him.

His mentors, home and foreign-born,
The Menckens, Dickensses and Trollopes,
Have rightly held him up to scorn
And handed him some awful wallops.

But while they proved him base and crude
In diatribes and fulminations,
Your wretched relative pursued
His low, ignoble occupations.

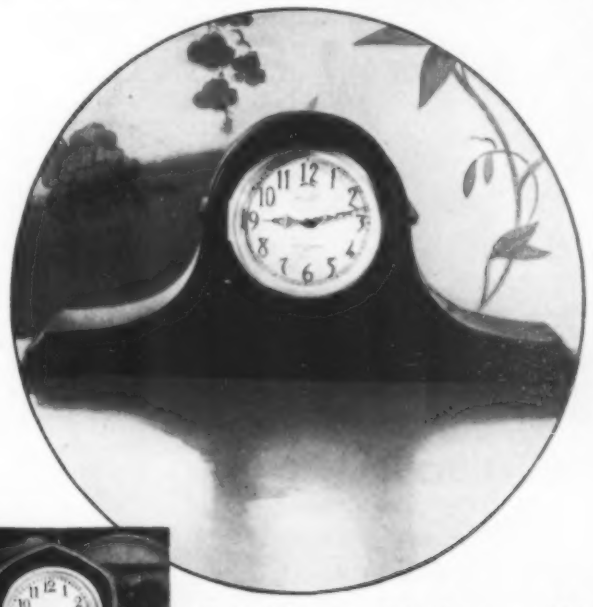
And still his critics, young but wise,
Revile the dull, deluded creature
As all that Culture must despise,
Devoid of any saving feature.

Yet still the sorry paragon
Of all that's brain-and-soul-destroying
Persists in striding on and on.
It must be frightfully annoying!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

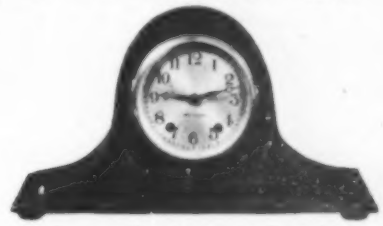
The Silver-Toned Friendliness

of a SETH THOMAS *Electric Clock*



Electric Strike No. 21—*Rich mahogany case, 20½-inch base. Strikes on silver-toned bell metal gong. Price* $42.50.

Carthage—*A smaller eight-day clock. 5¾ inches high. Mahogany case with burled panel. Price* $11.



Tambour 3—*Non-electric. 7 inches in height. Eight-day. Strikes on bell metal gong. Price* $25.

TODAY — it's the *electric* clock! For every home!

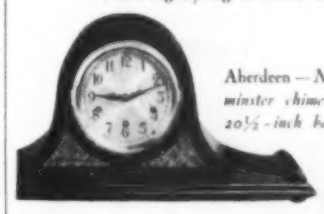
But unless an electric clock has the friendliness of silvery *striking* notes, it lacks that touch of personality interior decorators consider so important to a really charming room. And now, in a Seth Thomas electric clock for as low as $30, you can get the impersonal accuracy of electricity *plus* the companionable cheer of tuneful gongs.

Seth Thomas electric clocks continue to keep perfect time *even if current fails for hours!* And the cost of operation is only a few cents a month.

Write to the Seth Thomas Clock Company, 19 West 44th Street, New York City, for FREE booklet. In cities over 100,000, the dealer is listed in the classified telephone directory under "Seth Thomas."

Prices slightly higher in Far West and Canada

Electric No. 25—*Mahogany case, 8 inches high. Electric pendulum movement. Strikes the hours and half hours on bell metal gong. Price* $32.50. *Eight-day movement*—$27.50.



Aberdeen—*Non-electric Westminster chimes. Mahogany case. 20½-inch base. Price* $37.50.

SETH THOMAS CLOCKS

Heinz makes them, too, from tomatoes . . . selected spices . . . blended so flavorfully!

"There were placid, late-summer mornings in the old days—" says Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, "when the very atmosphere of the villages was filled with the delightful aromatic, appetizing fragrance of simmering tomatoes, mellow vinegar, spices. These ingredients were for Tomato Ketchup; red and green peppers were added for Chili Sauce. In every kitchen this simmering and blending was going on to so delightfully preserve and enrich the flavorful goodness of the plump, ripe tomatoes.

"All the care, the skill, all the flavor of choicest tomatoes, spices, vinegar, that marked these delicious foods of the home kitchen, are yours today in Heinz Tomato Ketchup and Heinz Chili Sauce . . . And, certainly, even the home kitchen never supplied a more flavorful soup than Heinz *Cream* of Tomato!

"Heinz Tomato Ketchup . . . Here's a recipe, especially suitable for the late supper, that uses Heinz Tomato Ketchup in a way, perhaps, you had not thought of:

"SCALLOPED EGGS, the Heinz Way . . .

½ teaspoonful Heinz Worcestershire Sauce
¼ cupful Tomato Ketchup · ¼ cupful buttered crumbs
4 hard boiled eggs · ½ teaspoonful salt · 1 cupful milk
2 tablespoonfuls butter · 2 tablespoonfuls flour

Slice hard cooked eggs, place in a buttered baking dish. Melt butter in a sauce-pan, add flour, stir until well blended, then add salt, Worcestershire Sauce and milk. Cook until thick. Add Ketchup and pour the sauce over the eggs. Cover with buttered crumbs and brown in oven, or serve on slices of buttered toast.

"Heinz Chili Sauce . . . Few things appeal more to the eye and appetite than tastefully arranged cocktails of oysters, shrimps, crab meat or clams, grouped around a zestful sauce. It is in cocktail sauces that you will find Heinz Chili Sauce particularly nice. What a refreshingly different flavor it gives!"

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Enjoy these radio talks . . . *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Daylight Time, Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Dept., H. J. Heinz Co., will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 32 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.*

SOME OF THE 57

CRAB MEAT COCKTAIL AND COCKTAIL SAUCE

1 tablespoonful Heinz Evaporated Horse-Radish (soaked ten minutes in one tablespoonful cold water) ½ teaspoonful onion juice · ½ teaspoonful sugar
½ teaspoonful salt · Few drops Heinz Red Pepper Sauce
2 tablespoonfuls Heinz Chili Sauce · 1 tablespoonful Heinz Pure Vinegar

Mix all ingredients thoroughly together. Chill and serve with flaked crabmeat arranged in stemmed glasses or in halves of green pepper, cut lengthwise and arranged in crisp lettuce leaves.

HEINZ TOMATO PRODUCTS

HOUSEKEEPING AT THE WHITE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 27)

Music for state or even less formal occasions is invariably furnished by the United States Marine Band. It is at the President's disposal at all times. It plays in the mansion as an orchestra. But when it plays in the White House grounds for a garden party or in any other open-air concert, the full complement of sixty pieces appears. The total expense of these musicians is borne by the Marine Corps.

Taking into account all that the Government pays for the upkeep of the Executive Mansion—the seventy-seven members of the household staff, coal, gas, ice, electricity, furniture, laundry, linen, glass and silverware, repairs, servants' apparel, automobiles, traveling expenses, medical attention, music, flowers, franked postage and sundry supplies—taking all that into account, it might seem that housekeeping there would be one everlasting joy on the expense side.

And it would be if it were merely a matter of buying the food for one small family. But it does not work out that way. The President not only provisions his own family and some of his help, but he bears all the extra cost of his entertaining. If such entertaining is reduced to a minimum, as happened during the World War period and again during the period of President Wilson's invalidism, it is quite possible to save some money.

President Coolidge was not given to extensive hospitality. He had few expensive dinners. His luncheon parties were small and modest. His breakfasts, however, became famous, first, because of their number; next, because of their rigid simplicity; and, finally, because of the unconscionably early hour of eight o'clock he set for his guests to appear.

But with a President like Mr. Hoover, who entertains oftener, more elaborately, and therefore more expensively than any other Executive since Roosevelt, the supply bills eat deeply into his income. Those who have observed closely the extent and character of his hospitality during the first year of his Administration are led to wonder if he had a single red cent left out of his $75,000 salary.

Luncheon at the White House

Nor would it make any great difference to Mr. Hoover if that were true. He has a comfortable private fortune—perhaps more sizable than that of any of his predecessors. He made his money as a young engineer, rehabilitating and operating industries throughout the world. He has spent his own money without stint while holding public office. Some of it went to supplement the low salaries paid his immediate staff while Secretary of Commerce. He received no pay as Belgian Relief Commissioner and none as United States Food Administrator.

He owns and pays for the upkeep of his fishing lodge at the headwaters of the Rapidan, in Virginia. Congress, at the instance of President Coolidge, sought to convert the abandoned Weather Bureau station on the summit of the Blue Ridge into a summer White House. A large appropriation was authorized to make this place comfortable for the President, his family and his bodyguard.

But Mount Weather, as it is officially known, does not interest Mr. Hoover any more than did the presidential yacht Mayflower of pleasant memory. He first put the yacht out of commission, then ordered the Navy to sell it. Cruising as a mere pastime has no more charm for Mr. Hoover than does aimless motoring. If it is a matter of fishing, he will angle for trout in the Rapidan or try for sailfish in the Gulf Stream. He paid the expenses of his last fishing trip to Florida—train and all—out of his own pocket.

President Hoover likes to have people around him—that is, he likes to have people whom he likes. He has others, too—some who do not interest him in the slightest—but that is a matter of official necessity, as he sees it. He disposes of most of that class at the luncheon table. Some are professional politicians who drift in from the "provinces," and to whom it is advisable to pay more than handshaking attention. Some are prominent business men. Others are scarcely more than wayfarers.

Scarcely a day passes without a luncheon party at the Executive Mansion. Mrs. Hoover seldom knows how many people to expect until a few minutes before the host and guests file in. She must always be prepared for one, two or half a dozen extra people. Only a very elastic system could adapt itself to such needs.

An Early End to the Party

And almost as often the Hoovers have a dinner party. These parties divide themselves into two distinct classes. The first are formal and somewhat ceremonious. Five of these dinners are scheduled each year, with many not scheduled, but thrown in as the occasion requires. There is the dinner to the Cabinet, to the Vice President, to the Speaker of the House, to the Diplomatic Corps and to the United States Supreme Court. If there is a distinguished visitor from abroad—a British Prime Minister, or a Governor General of Canada, or a Latin-American President—each may be assured of a dinner invitation from the President.

Such affairs must be punctiliously arranged. Each guest of official standing must be seated in the order of his rank. A failure in that direction would involve either domestic or international complications. A ceremonial officer with the diplomatic rank of minister has been detailed to the White House to relieve the President and Mrs. Hoover of the bother of arranging their dinner place cards.

Many more smaller dinners—and the large and small alike take place in the state dining room—are given by President Hoover than by any of his recent predecessors. They are almost nightly affairs. In no other year in more than twenty-five have so many people—Washingtonians and others—received White House dinner invitations. So much entertaining might seem to exhaust any host, and it surely would exhaust Mr. Hoover, except for a novel practice of his of sending the guests of his informal parties home early in the evening.

He does this very adroitly. A Hoover dinner party will last for, say, two hours—from eight until ten. For half an hour after the coffee is served the group will linger at the table in general conversation. Then, when in an ordinary household the party would retire to the drawing-room, the President and Mrs. Hoover will rise. But instead of leading the way to the Red or the Green Room, they will pass among their guests, telling each how glad they are to have had them, saying good night in the same breath. All of which means, of course, that the party is over. The President and Mrs. Hoover withdraw to the living quarters above, and there is nothing for the guests to do but recapture their wraps and go home.

The formal White House receptions are burdensome duties which custom lays upon a President. Earlier Executives had four of these each year—the Diplomatic, Judiciary, Congressional, and Army and Navy. Some two thousand people would attend each. This meant that from three to four hours would be consumed by the President, his wife, the cabinet members and their wives greeting the guests. The latter were formed in a slow-moving column, two abreast, in the long cloakroom, to worm their way by inches into the presence of the receiving line.

Such affairs were trying ordeals for host and guest alike. It was customary in the Taft, Wilson and Harding Administrations to serve a buffet supper in the state dining room and to dance in the East Room, if dancing space could be found. A corps of military and naval aides mobilized at each reception to prevent the President's well-dressed guests from stampeding, and for hours these perspiring young officers struggled valiantly against the human tide.

President Coolidge made one reform in these receptions. He cut out the supper. That had the effect of sending the guests home a little earlier, thereby making more room for late comers. President Hoover has instituted other reforms. He has split the receptions, adding four each season and reducing the number of people invited to each to a sizable guest list. He starts the line moving an hour earlier than before and has excused his Cabinet from joining in the receiving line. Finally, he orders the Marine Band to stop playing promptly at 10:30, a signal to dancers and wallflowers alike that it is time to go their way.

The Diplomatic Reception is the most colorful of all those formal levees given each year by the President. Invitations to it are most coveted. Members of the Diplomatic Corps, first to be received on such occasions, each according to his rank, are given full opportunity to parade before their fellow guests in their resplendent uniforms. They cover their chests with medals and decorations and carry on their arms gorgeously plumed helmets. The scene somehow suggests the ensemble of the nations of the world in a Wild West show.

Twelve Dinners for the President

Rather tame, after this pomp and circumstance, are the other receptions, except, of course, in the case of a first goer. The Congressional receptions are a bit amusing for the reason that few senators and congressmen ever go. The new arrivals in Washington may attend, but the elder statesmen, having had enough of this sort of excitement at the first or second reception of a season, usually turn their cards over to their secretaries when their own special party comes. The Army and Navy reception generally resolves itself into a full-dress parade with admirals and generals mingling with ensigns and lieutenants.

Perhaps the most delightful social affairs at the White House are the garden parties. The President and his wife need be restricted to no official set in making up their garden-party guest lists. They ask whom they please. These parties always have their setting on the south terrace of the White House grounds. And with the gayly dressed visitors, the multicolored sunshades, the splashing fountains and the red-coated bandsmen, the picture has genuine charm.

The President accepts only a limited number of invitations to dine out each year. He and his wife are the guests of honor at the series of ten dinners given during a season—one by each member of the Cabinet. Also he accepts an invitation to dine with the Vice President and another to dine with the Speaker of the House. He goes to no other private dinners. He goes to no luncheons at all, but occasionally may be found at a wedding breakfast. He may return the formal call of a distinguished visitor as, for example, that of the President-elect of Mexico or that of Prime Minister MacDonald.

A few exceptions to the rather rigid rule against the President accepting other than purely official hospitality can be recalled, and only a few. Mr. Taft once motored to the home down the Potomac of a devoted newspaper friend and spent the afternoon there. Also he occasionally walked through La Fayette Square to the house of the late Henry Adams to join a select party. Mr. Harding more than once went to private houses to spend an evening. Except during the period of his courtship, Mr. Wilson never ventured to a private home unless on some pressing errand. The same was

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In over 2,000,000 homes Hires Root Beer is the favorite beverage.

Now we invite you and your family and friends to join the millions who for 50 years have been our patrons.

To win your friendship we make this liberal offer: A free trial bottle of Hires Extract, sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-sized bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of root beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, as compared to what you usually pay.

In Hires Root Beer are the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's tonic and appetizing ingredients. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

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true of Mr. Coolidge and is true of Mr. Hoover.

Living in the White House involves one inevitable element of discomfort. The President and his household must submit to friendly but unremitting surveillance. Both the mansion and its occupants must be safeguarded at all times against both intrusion and possible violence. The unpleasantness and inconvenience of this may not be apparent to the outsider. But it weighs heavily upon the members of the family and upon the house guests as well, even though in the case of the latter their identity is well established.

Two distinct forces are organized to protect the property of the White House, the President and his family. There is an outer guard and an inner guard. The outer guard is composed of a company of uniformed policemen who, in three shifts, patrol the executive premises day and night. This guard is never relaxed for a moment, whether the President be in Washington or elsewhere. A total of forty-three officers and men compose the force. Until a short time ago, they were a part of the regular Metropolitan Police of the District of Columbia. Now they are a separate unit under command of Chief W. H. Moran of the Secret Service, and are paid for out of his budget.

These men not only take their stations around the mansion and the Executive Offices, but a small detail under the command of Sergeant Dalrymple serve as doorkeepers at the offices. No visitor may enter unless recognized by these officers. Dalrymple, who has served at the door for more than thirty years, perhaps knows more public men both by sight and by name than any other man in the capital. He has been known to address Mr. Jones by name, although it may have been twenty years since the former congressman or former national committeeman had put foot on the executive threshold.

Dressed for the Occasion

The uniformed police are more than mere guards. They have become unofficial guides and amateur lecturers. Thousands of tourists each year approach them with tens of thousands of questions about the mansion and its occupants. The officers are courtesy and patience themselves under such circumstances. The visitors are sent away with what may seem to them a volume of inside information about the establishment and those who people it.

The inner guard is more intensively developed. It is made up of the pick of the Secret Service operatives of the Treasury Department—a service which is charged by law with the safety of the person of the President.

This force varies in size with the occasion. If there is a large reception in progress or a long trip to be made by the Executive, the personal guard is largely expanded. At all hours the ubiquitous force is on duty, although by the casual observer it might not be noticed at all.

During ordinary business periods the Secret Service men attached to the President appear in business clothes. They might easily be mistaken for visitors or secretaries. If a formal delegation is being received in the mansion, however, the operatives appear in morning coats, as the visitors themselves might appear. In the evening they are always attired in full dress, or in the case of a garden party they appear in flannels. They mingle in a most unobtrusive manner with guests or visitors, no matter what the occasion.

At White House receptions, when hundreds or thousands of people pass to be greeted by the President, the Secret Service men, faultlessly dressed, are scattered about the mansion, one or two in the state dining room, one or more in the Blue Room, one in the Red Room, and four or five immediately in front of and behind the President. No guest, however distinguished, may approach the Executive with anything in hand or with hands in his pockets. No lady may conceal her hands beneath her draperies or otherwise. The offending one, even though the offense is obviously an inadvertence, is quietly approached. There is a whispered request. The effect is unfailing.

Even run-of-the-mine visitors who are admitted to the East Room during open hours may not carry a camera or umbrella or walking stick into the house. These must be checked outside and may later be recovered. Such extreme precautions may seem needless, and in almost every case they are. But there is always the possibility of a fateful exception!

Pushing Through the Handshakers

When the President travels by train, the Secret Service men occupy the railway car next to his own. Immediately the train stops for any purpose whatever, they are on the ground guarding the vestibule of the private car and surrounding the observation end. They mingle in every crowd that gathers at a railway station to greet the Executive. They are the last to board the train as it moves on.

If the President travels by motor, one Secret Service man rides at all times beside the chauffeur. If it is a cross-country trip, the others follow in the next automobile—always an open car. But if the President is being paraded through city streets banked with people, one member of the bodyguard rides, standing, on each running board of the presidential automobile; the others seated, or standing on the running board of their own immediately in the rear. In the old days, when the President was conveyed in a slow-moving carriage, the Secret Service men often marched afoot through the crowded streets, beside the carriage. Always they appeared in those days in silk hats and frock coats—an imposing escort.

When President Coolidge visited Havana in connection with the Pan-American Conference, great fear was felt for his safety. The Cuban Secret Service was mustered to the full limit of its man power, as was the American force. The Havana streets were not roped off, as is generally the case at home, and the people literally thronged about the Coolidge automobile.

But the mere hurrahers actually were nowhere near the car. The Secret Service men of the two countries—more than 200 of them—were so jammed about it that no ordinary Cuban could approach within thirty feet. On that occasion the bodyguard men were so numerous that they wore an inconspicuous and, to the public, unnoticeable little pin on the coat lapel, to identify themselves to one another.

President Wilson had been warned before he visited Philadelphia in 1916 to deliver his Too-Proud-to-Fight speech that harm might come to him. He went, nevertheless. Nothing untoward happened; but as the procession passed down a crowded street an onlooker lunged toward the President's car, probably shoved from behind. A physically powerful Secret Service man on the running board lifted the unfortunate Philadelphian from his feet and hurled him back into the crowd as though he had been an infant in arms.

In the course of a year many strange people appear at the White House demanding to see the President. Most of them are harmless nuts who are taken quietly into custody. They are rarely allowed to create a scene. As they are led away to prison or, oftener than not, to a hospital for observation, they are almost invariably told that they are being taken into the presence of the Executive. Most of those unbalanced people turn up at the mansion itself, apparently not knowing about the Executive Offices a hundred yards away.

President Harding, as soon as he had been inaugurated, returned to an old practice of receiving handshakers between twelve and one o'clock each day. He did it because he liked it. And it apparently never occurred to him that advantage was being taken of him when 800 to 1000 people appeared in a single day with congressional or senatorial certification.

These receptions, so-called, took place in the President's private office. The groups waiting to be received were marshaled by the White House police and Secret Service, and filed rapidly through the offices until, turning a sharp corner, the individual found himself unexpectedly in the presence of the Chief Executive.

No time was allowed to prepare for an extended greeting—or something worse. There was a quick handshake, a brief how do you do, and the visitor was on his way out. The bodyguard has worked all that out with great skill.

When he went into the White House, President Coolidge continued for more than a year to receive daily these lines of people.

It always bored him, and he found reasons during his last four years rigidly to limit his midday receptions. He called them off entirely on Tuesdays and Fridays, when the Cabinet sat.

Guarding the President's Health

In the first months of the Hoover Administration, the President amiably received all comers who had been properly vouched for. In March, 1929, for example, 7656 people filed past him. In April, 5691 were greeted; in May, 3744, and in June the number was reduced to 744, according to the Secret Service count. The President was growing tired of what seemed to him a totally useless expenditure of time and energy. In July he suspended the practice altogether, and since then he has received no callers with whom he had no serious business.

The health and the physical safety of the President and his family are closely associated. It is the duty of the Army and Navy not only to provide military and naval aides for the Commander in Chief—men who assist materially in organizing the official household—but those services provide as well for medical attendance at the White House. Through one Administration, Army surgeons may be drafted for this duty; another may call in Navy surgeons.

A President's physical condition, naturally, is a matter of jealous care on the part of the surgeon or surgeons who may be detailed to the White House. Assuming responsibilities so great, the attending surgeons insist upon both frequent and thorough examinations. Organic tests are made almost daily, and efforts are made to regulate as far as possible the physical habits of the distinguished charge. All this naturally irks a healthy President, but all he can do is complainingly to submit.

Wherever the President goes, there goes his medical adviser, equipped always with his emergency kit. It may be a fishing trip to Florida, or a political excursion into the Middle West, or a week-end at camp. The members of the President's family also are under the watchful eye of the same surgeon. And in order that the physician's practice may not be limited to one small group, the members of both the mansion and the office staffs are free to consult him.

A Man Without Neighbors

Apart from the business grind and the entertaining, life in the White House is one of loneliness. President Taft once complained, in a heart-to-heart talk at the National Press Club, that "nobody ever drops in" to see him. Nobody ever just drops in to spend a gossipy hour with the President and his family, or perhaps to have a game of bridge. Everybody who goes there must be asked. The high office itself seems to ordain it. The First Citizen is, of necessity, a detached person, and his detachment extends to a degree to the members of his family. It is unfortunate, perhaps, but it is inescapable.

When the President takes a walk he is observed by all eyes. He cannot avoid notice. And he cannot shake his bodyguard. The guard in itself makes him conspicuous. The President may delude himself into believing that he can pass through a Washington street unrecognized, but it rarely happens. For example, Mr. Taft, in the talk just mentioned, observed:

"It is a great pleasure to me to walk along the street, looking into the windows, and pass by a great many people who don't know who I am, and at times to meet a fellow who looks at me and then passes on without any further curiosity. And another fellow, perhaps, who looks twice, nudges his friend and then, with a degree of reverence that we feel for high office, says: 'Hello, Taft.'"

President Wilson did not yield even to that small degree of self-deception. Talking with a group of friends in the same club on one occasion, he said that "if I were free I would come not infrequently to these rooms.

"But," he hastened to add, "the moment I turn up anywhere I am personally conducted to hear the band. I walked through the Treasury the other day, and such a scurrying of custodians you never saw. The curator, the assistant curator and every other blooming official turns up and shows me so much attention that I don't see what I go to see. I am in the same category with the National Museum, the Washington Monument and the Congressional Library."

Mr. Hoover has no neighbors either, of the sort that might drop in and beguile him from everlasting business. But many people interest him. There are scores of individuals whom he enjoys having around him, many with whom he can talk in a perfectly free man-to-man manner. He draws such people into his circle. When other guests have gone, Mr. Hoover picks those who have something more than everyday chatter to contribute, and in the quiet of his library or his camp they sit and consider the state of the Union.

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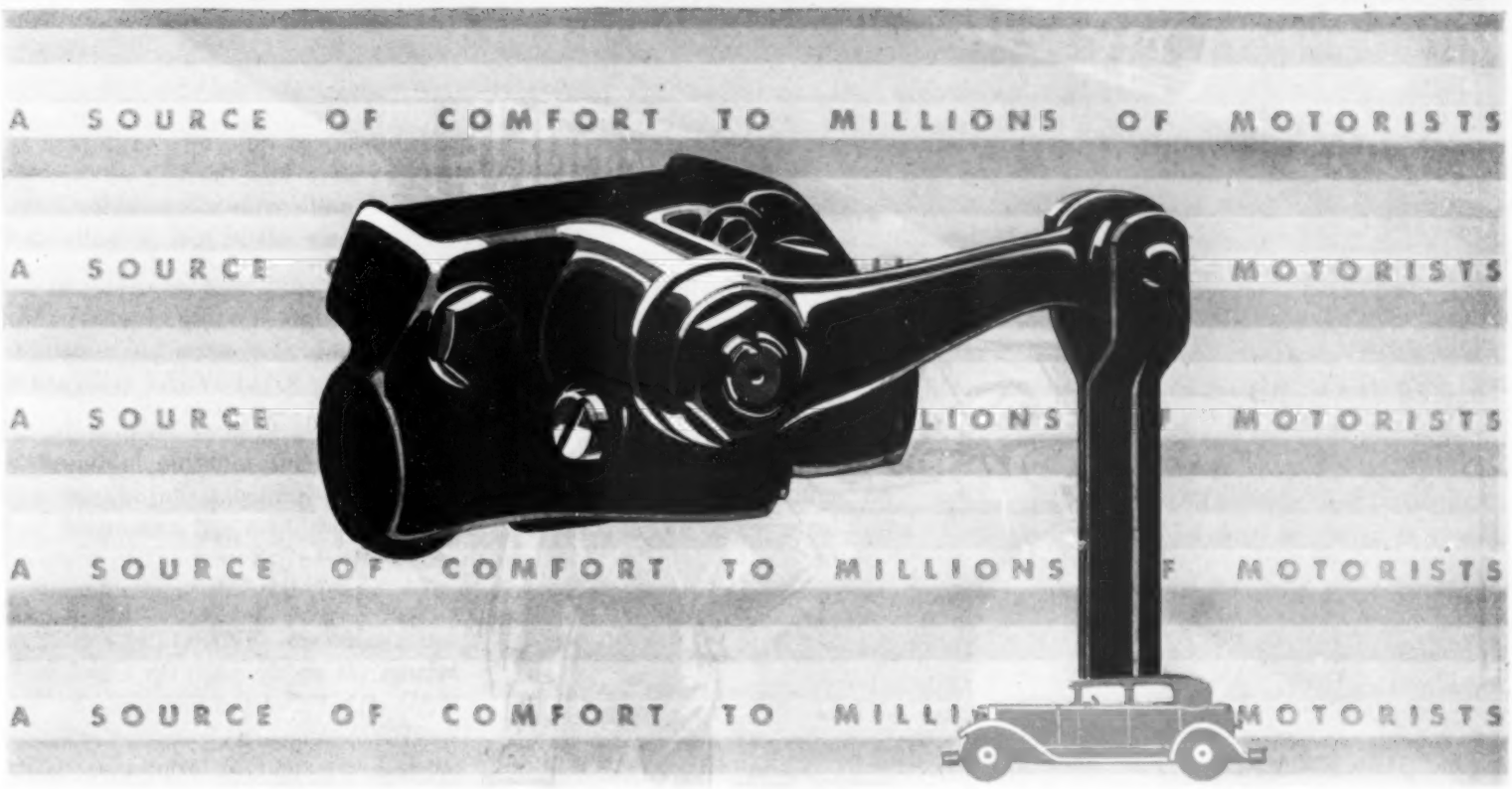
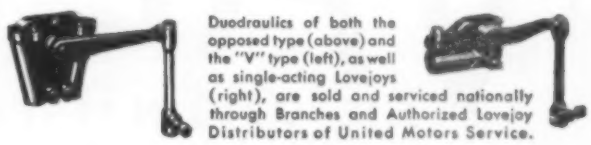
Pebble Beach, California

Lovejoy DUODRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS

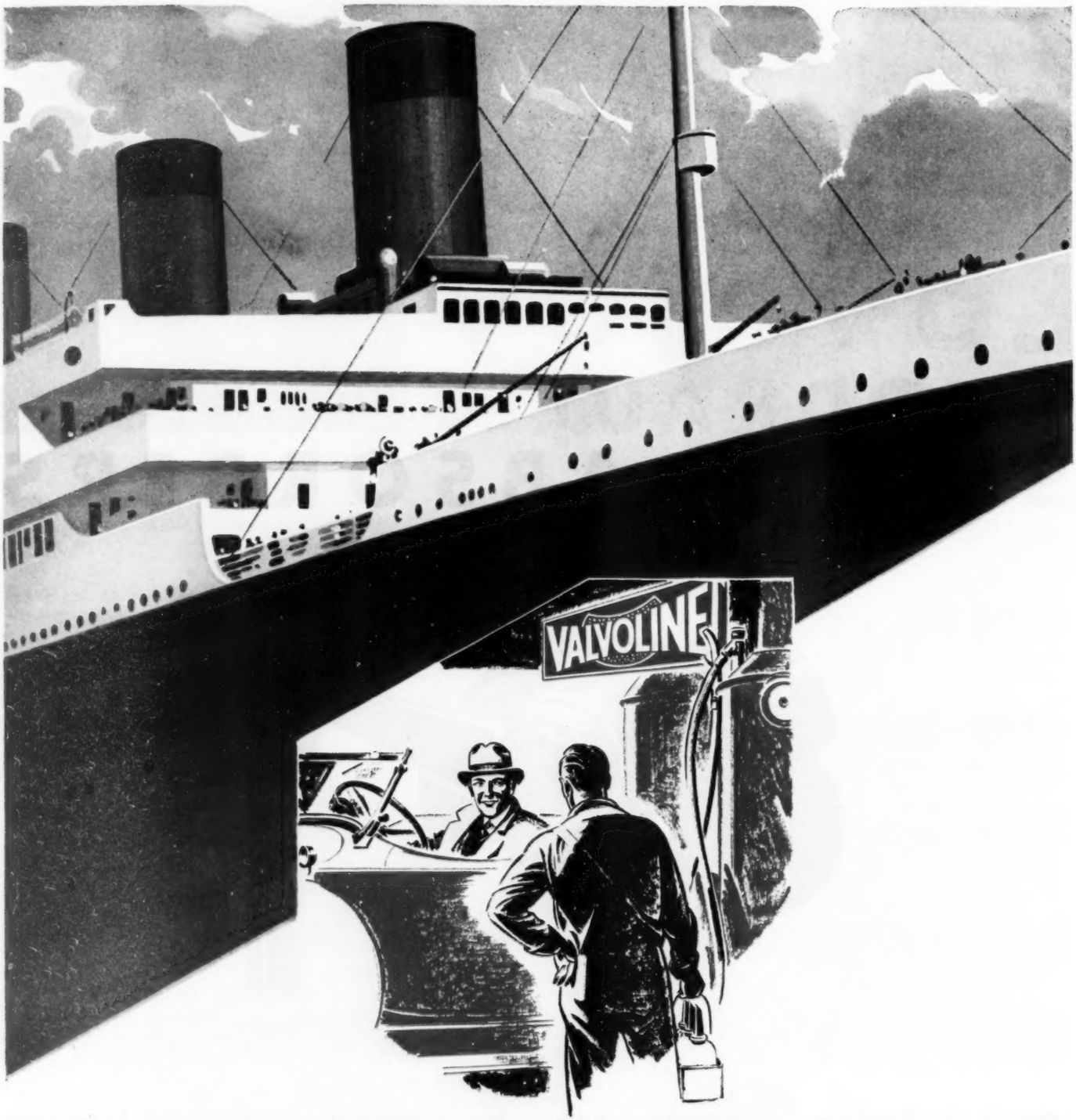


SINCE the beginning of automotive history, few engineering developments have done more toward increasing the comfort of motoring than Lovejoy Shock Absorbers. Their capacity to control the ride on every type of road established the supremacy of the hydraulic shock absorber—and inaugurated the preference for Lovejoys that has since assumed overwhelming proportions. For today, Lovejoy Shock Absorbers are standard equipment on most makes of automobiles—a source of comfort to millions of motorists.

DELCO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO



Duodraulics of both the opposed type (above) and the "V" type (left), as well as single-acting Lovejoys (right), are sold and serviced nationally through Branches and Authorized Lovejoy Distributors of United Motors Service.



TRADE MARK
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VALVOLINE

THE ORIGINAL PENNSYLVANIA LUBRICATING OIL

Valvoline
The Original
Pennsylvania Oil
The World Over

The next time you stop to buy oil for your car, do yourself and your car the very valuable service of recalling the most outstanding oil fact in the world today:

That one Pennsylvania oil—the ORIGINAL *Pennsylvania oil—enjoys as great a reputation in Europe as in America, and that one oil is* VALVOLINE.

Remind yourself again, before you buy any brand of oil, that there is one oil which must be infinitely more than a mere brand because it has held the high endorsement of the world's industries and engineers for more than 60 years.

This oil is VALVOLINE—*the oldest copyrighted brand of motor oil on the market today—the fully refined product of the oldest continuous refiner of Pennsylvania oil and the one independent that has survived the storm and stress of 64 years' competition.*

* * *

As long ago as 1868, a new lubricant, refined from finest Pennsylvania crude and promising vast improvement over the old "fixed" oils of that day, was brought to George Corliss, the great engineer-inventor.

That lubricating oil was Valvoline—the first fully refined pure Pennsylvania cylinder oil. He hailed it with joy, and never ceased to endorse it for the remainder of his long and distinguished professional career.

Sixteen years later, the inventor of the modern steam turbine for higher mechanical efficiency and greater steam economy, observing the Corliss precedent, likewise turned to Valvoline.

With every fresh increase in mechanical power and speed, Valvoline has increased in use and fame. The speed trial runs of British and Italian warships for years have been made on Valvoline. Great ocean liners on both the Atlantic and the Pacific confidently rely for their vital lubrication on the same time-tried *original Pennsylvania oil*—VALVOLINE.

* * *

And were you but to step into one after another of the great industrial plants, the world over, where precision manufacture is the inflexible rule and operating economy a real science, you would find Valvoline the first choice of expert mechanical engineers.

In Detroit, for example, at the heart of the American automotive industry, more Valvoline is used in the great motor car factories and in the motorized transport fleets than in any other one spot in America.

Even more pronounced—unchallenged and complete—is the approval bestowed on Valvoline by the automotive engineers and manufacturers of Europe.

There, where endorsement is dictated by most conservative experience, and where any American product to win preference must prove its unassailable supremacy, there is a literal insistence on our Valvoline.

Look to Europe's foremost motors—to such as Benz-Mercedes, Daimler, Hansa and Selve in Germany; Austro-Daimler and Steyr in Austria; Minerva in Belgium—and you see the brilliantly performing mechanisms lubricated everywhere and generally *exclusively*, with Valvoline.

* * *

If you have in mind the sure, smooth, sweet running of your motor car, before you subject it to lubrication have clearly in mind, too, that Valvoline is the oldest lubrication formula in the world, and now by virtue of modern motor car demand is also the youngest, most vigorous, most satisfying to your needs.

Valvoline is sold at service stations where the supplying of the best of oil is a conscientious part of expert service. Its first notable economy is its moderate cost—no higher than other high grade Pennsylvania oils.

VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY
Domestic Division Offices—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles; Refineries—Warren and East Butler, Pa.

THE ORIGINAL PENNSYLVANIA OIL AND NOW THE NEW YOUNG GIANT OF 1930

We've put RUBBER HEELS *on* B & O *cars*

THE RUBBER HEEL *is symbolic of the riding comfort made possible by placing rubber pads in the trucks.*

ONE of our people—as often happens with us—brought forward an unusual suggestion that makes for even greater smoothness in the riding comfort of our trains.

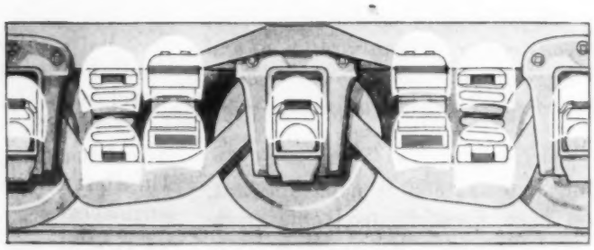
You know the shock-absorbing qualities of rubber heels. Well, this simple idea is being applied to Baltimore & Ohio cars. Each truck has fifty-one rubber pads placed at points where the frame rests and at spring ends—wherever metal touches metal. You really ride on rubber over polished steel rails.

It sounds smooth, and it is . . . wonderfully so.

We have a firm conviction that if travelers are given a smooth joltless ride, if they can relax and read without strain, the chances are they will remember the trip as a restful experience and want to ride on our road again.

To increase the number of such friends is one reason we have spent over 400 millions to improve the service of our road. And by the thoughtful attention of our employees we try to make every journey a pleasure.

We hope this latest effort—to give you a comfortable ride by putting *rubber heels* on our cars—will appeal to you. Won't you ride with us soon and see how thoroughly restful it is?



Standard Pullman six-wheel trucks used on Baltimore & Ohio cars. And to make riding even smoother we are putting rubber pads at the spring ends and wherever metal touches metal on all B & O passenger cars. This tends to eliminate vibration and make riding more restful.

The B&O

BALTIMORE & OHIO

BLACK WEDNESDAY

(Continued from Page 13)

over a million and a quarter of gilt-edged stuff that we're just holding for them. Their trading account is stripped dry. Mr. Erskine says they're definitely out of the market until next year anyway. I—I haven't mentioned this to a soul in the office outside of the bookkeeping department."

Mr. Salters favored her with a quick glance.

"I know all that, Miss McKay. And you were quite right not to mention it. It's bad enough to have a professional gloom like this man Skinner around the office—even if everyone does discount him. But the Clumber people are another kettle of fish. I don't mind saying I've been a little—er—exasperated myself about their attitude. Not that it means anything, one way or another ——"

"They're the old C. & H. copper crowd," she reminded him.

He frowned. Then his face cleared.

"Look here, my dear child." He had a charming and thoroughly disarming way of saying "my dear child" to anything in skirts from six to sixty; to the very young, it implied paternalism; to the very old, it suggested forgotten possibilities; to Frances McKay, it brought a warm glow of momentary comradeship. "Look here, my dear child, this market is bigger and broader than anything the world has ever seen. For the first time in the history of industrial development the working millions have taken their surplus earnings and are buying into the future profits of the very industries which they have enriched and which have enriched them"—he had cribbed this from an economist in the University of Squeedunk, but it never failed to get over. "Our industries are not only engaged in plowing back their surplus profits, they are plowing back their labor and their laborers' profits. It is scarcely an exaggeration to call it a process of financial perpetual motion; a beneficent circle of prosperity—er—do you follow me?"

Miss McKay's eyes were shining.

"Oh, yes, indeed I do. Yes, I see it now. It's the principle of getting rich by spending money, isn't it?"

Mr. Salters looked at her sharply, but decided it was all right.

"Er—something of the sort," he agreed more somberly. "Don't let amateur shorts like Skinner obscure your judgment, Miss McKay."

He smiled pleasantly and waved his hand in dismissal.

On the way back to her own office, Miss McKay stopped for a moment in the board room. She felt set up and reassured. There was a faint flush in her cheeks and her eyes were less tired looking than usual. Skinner lounged in the doorway, watching the scene with an air of detached and tolerant malice. His hands were thrust deep into the pockets of his disgraceful trousers. He spoke out of the corner of his mouth:

"All perked up, Frankie? Big boss fill you full of sales talk?" Without waiting for an answer, he jerked his head toward the room. "Tickers instead of chips, margin clerks instead of croupiers—otherwise it's the same thing, eh?"

"Same thing as what?" asked Frankie incautiously, her mind still in the room with Mr. Salters.

"Same thing as any other polite gambling hell," he explained gloomily. "Look at Howard Busby and Fleming Burt over there. They don't know what it's all about."

"If you know what it's all about, why do you do it?"

"Search me," he said sadly. "Got a match?"

Miss McKay shook her head. In the far corner of the room, Fleming Burt looked up and saw the pair standing in the doorway.

"There's that pest Skinner again," he wheezed fatly to his companion of the tape basket.

"Yeah. Wonder why a fine-looking filly like that McKay girl stands for him."

"Filly, my eye! She's been down here three years to my certain knowledge. All the same, she's not hard to look at, except for her clothes. And I suppose she stands for that Skinner gawk because she brought his account in. Pliny'll have to take her into the firm if he doesn't look out. She's worth a hundred thousand a year to him."

"And draws down about five," chuckled Busby. "Pliny's a wonder at getting the work out of them."

"Hey!" Burt interrupted him delightedly. "Will you look at that little white tape—five hundred Steel at 50¼. Steel's crossed two-fifty! Some market, young feller me lad—some market. That settles it."

He waddled determinedly over to the order clerk's window. Several men were ahead of him. There was an air of pleasantly suppressed excitement in the room—a dozen men lounging about on the couches and in the deep leather chairs; some outwardly careless, some openly intent, but all in their several ways on the crest of the wave of the greatest bull market of all time. Clerks stepped about quietly and alertly, their eyes carefully eager with the prospect of big Christmas bonuses. Everyone's eyes were eager—the hard, clear eyes of the men from the oil fields who didn't need the money; the dull, fish-bellied eyes of the paunchy Fleming Burt, who did need the money for his club bills; even the cold blue eyes of Mr. Salters himself, who had stepped from his office and stood teetering gently and coldly on his toes, watching the commissions roll in.

Mr. Salters surveyed the scene with satisfaction. He had reason to be satisfied. The room was an adequate expression of his business policy. It was called a board room out of deference to tradition only. But it had no regular quotation board, with its jacketed clerks and its cardboard markers and its too intrusive suggestion of commercialism. Instead, it had a six-foot news projector, high hung on the wall in one corner of the room. Across the ground-glass face of this movie ticker the large-lettered quotations flitted in discreet and ghostly silence. There were, in addition, three or four regulation stock and news tickers, and—one boggles at the admission—several examples of those commodious and highly polished receptacles of brass which British commentators are prone to associate with American captains of industry, along with steam yachts and non-resident wives—an instance, by the way, of superficial observation, since the ubiquitous brass pot of American business—except, perhaps, during epidemics of la grippe—is rarely employed for its primary purpose. Commonly, indeed, it is innocent of anything beyond cigarette stubs and matches.

Most of the clerks and typists and runners and telephone operators—all the more noisy and blatant indicia of commerce—were relegated to the floor below. This floor was sacred to the heads of the firm and their immediate assistants. On this floor the garish note of business was subordinated to an atmosphere of severe gentility. He made it a point, did Salters, that his customers' room should reflect the reticent opulence of the Dunderhead Club—an atmosphere, in short, where his customers could lose their money like gentlemen—which many of them were.

Mr. Salters teetered softly and coldly on his toes. Yes, he was distinctly satisfied. Their commission business during the past year had been really tremendous. On top of that, the firm had certain pool commitments which looked highly profitable. Spread a little thin, perhaps—especially his personal account—but the paper position was improving with every advance in the market. Everything was decidedly O. K.

Fleming Burt wheezed up, his double-breasted white linen waistcoat preceding him noticeably; he was so sartorially and socially secure that he could and did wear starched waistcoats downtown. Mr. Burt breathed himself alongside and looked down at his friend.

"Nice market you're staging for us, Pliny." He tried to keep the eagerness out of his husky voice.

"Not so bad, Fleming—not so bad."

Salters' manner in the office was a nice blend of heartiness and restraint. It is a little difficult to strike just the right note when you are making your living out of your friends. You mustn't sound as unctuous as a haberdasher and you can't afford the hauteur of a banker.

"What do you hear?" persisted Burt. "Any ceiling to it? How about this call-money situation?"

"Not so good," admitted Salters readily. "Washington back of it, of course; but I guess Charley Mitchell gave 'em a jolt. No harm keeping an eye on things, though, Fleming. How about lunch today? Want to drop over to the Recess?"

"Sorry, Pliny, but I'm going down to Westbury early. My boy's trying out a couple of green ponies he wants me to get him."

Salters smiled sympathetically and moved out into the room. Here and there he spoke to a man, his bearing serene with the affability of superior knowledge. His manner implied that he had just come from his private office, where he had been in touch with the biggest guns of all. As a matter of fact, he knew about as much as the margin clerk, and the margin clerk knew about as much as the kept statisticians, and all of them knew about as much as the biggest guns of all—which was rather less than nothing.

Back in her own room, Frankie McKay was eating lunch off the slide board of her desk. She had the telephone receiver wedged up against her ear and she was munching lustily at a sandwich composed of discouraged lettuce leaves and rancid mayonnaise. Occasionally she gulped chocolate egg and milk from a pasteboard cylinder. Skinner slumped in his chair and talked. It is to be doubted if he had stopped talking.

"—— which is why I maintain that it doesn't matter what Salters or anyone else says. Why should I buy common stocks at prices that yield rather less than Government 3½'s? Discounting future earnings? Piffle! That was done a year back. You say a stock is worth what people will pay for it. I say —— Look here, Frankie. Aren't you listening?"

"No," said Miss McKay, hanging up the instrument, "I was taking an order. Now, Skinner dear, won't you please get out?"

"Not until you promise to marry me," he said sulkily.

"Drat the man! Will you stop being an idiot? I've got lots to do."

"Well, will you go uptown to dinner with me instead?"

"No, I'm going to dinner with a nice, bright, cheerful young man."

"I know," said Skinner gloomily. "Teddy Chalmers. Our brilliant young floor partner. Well, will you marry him? I don't care a continental who you marry, so long ——"

Frankie laughed in spite of herself. "Please—please get out, Skinner."

Skinner rose mournfully from his chair and made toward the door.

"To spurn—in one business day to spurn the love of two more or less honest men—it's against nature. And you're getting along, Frankie—you're getting along."

"I haven't spurned his yet," she observed.

"No, but you're going to, or you wouldn't discuss it. Well, so long. I'm going uptown."

Some six weeks later, Frances McKay sat in her office, with the telephone receiver scrunched up against her shoulder, as usual. And, as usual, she was scrawling arabesques and moon-faced pups on the pads as she wrote down orders. But the ears of the pup had lost their confident impertinence and the slips were red-lettered SELL orders which piled up in the clerk's cages faster than they could be telephoned to the haggard men on the floor of the Exchange.

It was the second week in November. The ominous body blows of October twenty-fourth and twenty-ninth had fallen. At first, the Street had fought back, groggy but game. Eminent financiers, returning from abroad, had issued reassuring statements. Eminent economists had proved conclusively that prices could go no lower—only to have prices melt away overnight. The "greatest secretary since Hamilton" was understood to take an optimistic view, and the civilized world responded by avalanching its holdings upon a few square blocks of suffering men. Great bankers walked ostentatiously into the greatest banking house of all and let it be known that they had formed a colossal consortium to get behind the market. The market answered with another smashing nose dive, and the greatest bankers explained that they were under, rather than behind, the market. The Rockefellers announced that all was well with this best of worlds, and bought huge blocks of their own oils at bargain prices.

No one knew anything, and everyone believed everything. Rumor reigned whence reason had fled. A few men killed themselves, and immediately the stenographers walked close to the walls of buildings to avoid the avalanche of falling bodies. The brokers' offices, jammed at first with gray-faced men and women, emptied slowly day by day as the accounts were closed out and the shattered victims dragged themselves back to their flats and their farms and their barber shops and their little businesses.

And then came Wednesday the thirteenth. Long will men remember the Ides of November. What had gone before was as nothing. By now only the stalwart were left, and they took the brunt of it. Accounts apparently impregnable twenty hours before were engulfed beneath the broken floodgates of rich-man selling. Prices faded twenty points between sales, and no takers. Steel crashed to a low of 150; the other leaders in proportion.

The floor of the Exchange was a hell of desperate and hopeless men. The poor man's panic had reached the strong boxes of the mighty.

In the offices of Salters & Co. there was somber quiet. It was as if a great man lay dying and nothing more to do for him. There were few people in the board room, and the few who were there looked at one another occasionally, but said little. Each was concerned with his private agonies. The clerks worked desperately and feverishly, swamped with the telephone orders of the bigger customers, who never came to the office. But even the clerks lowered their voices to tense monotones, as if to spare the others the worst of the news that was coming in over the wires. They avoided the eyes of the partners who passed silently and aimlessly through their cages—ashamed, as decent clerks are apt to be, before the misfortunes of their betters.

There were few people in the customers' room. Fleming Burt was still there, his linen waistcoat rumpled, his fish-bellied eyes congested. Skinner was there, sucking his big pipe, sardonic and mournful as ever, though he was by way of making a fortune. And Mr. Salters was there; in and out of his room, teetering on his toes before the well-nigh useless movie ticker; a queer, set smile on his smooth face and a stony look in the hard blue eyes.

To him came Fleming Burt; he was sweating freely.

"The tape's two hours behind. Can't you find out anything, Pliny?"

(Continued on Page 161)

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ROLLER MOUNTED

(Continued from Page 159)

"I've told you—bottom's clean out. Have you put that check in?"

"Pliny, I'm done, I tell you! Can't you see me through today? They're bound to swing back before the close! I'm done, I tell you—done! Can't you—after all these years—just through the day, Pliny!"

Salters looked up at the man with a preoccupied stare, almost as if he had not heard him. Then he turned into the order cage.

"Sell Mr. Burt's account at the market," he ordered coldly. He went back to his own room. Two of the junior partners were there, making the monthly check of customers' securities. Miss McKay was reading from the check list. The square, sole-leather trunks stood open against the wall, the safe-keeping boxes banded with a broad bar of red to distinguish them from the collateral boxes.

Melcher—his face a little white—indicated a sheet of paper that was lying on Salters' blotter.

"That just came from Belden. Shows the whole story at 11:30, Pliny." His voice sounded dry, and he kept coughing to try and clear his throat.

Salters glanced incuriously at the cashier's figures. Mere thousands one way or the other had ceased to mean anything to him. The cold smile had frozen about his mouth.

Frances McKay, breathing a little fast, was bent over her check list. But her eyes had scarcely left Salters' face since he had entered the room. The three men seemed oblivious of her presence. Pliny Salters stood by his desk, folding and refolding the cashier's statement into a long stiff spill of paper. Except for this, he was quite composed.

"Aren't you going to do anything?" demanded Melcher.

Salters' set smile widened—almost contemptuously.

"Pull yourself together," he said harshly. "Of course I'm doing something. I've called up H. C. again; he'll see us in twenty minutes. In the meantime, please clear out. I've got a couple of calls to put in."

Frances McKay followed the two partners from the room. Halfway through the door, she turned as if to speak, but something in the grim composure of the figure standing very straight beside his desk caused her to change her mind.

Pliny Salters watched the door close. He twisted the paper spill into a final knot and tossed it into the waste-paper basket. The security check list lay on the corner of the desk where Miss McKay had left it. He picked it up and walked over to the boxes against the wall. It took him perhaps thirty seconds to locate what he wanted. He compared the envelope with the list in his hand. Yes, they had been checked, and no one would look for them for another month. But not yet, he reflected. Only if H. C. turned them down. He pushed the big envelope back into position, straightened up and returned quietly to his desk. He replaced the check list precisely where he had found it. He was very composed and clear in his mind. Then he took his hat and coat, and went out to join his partners.

From her open doorway, Frances McKay watched the private-floor elevator close upon Pliny Salters and his partners. She arose, humming negligently to herself, and crossed the hallway to Salters' private office. Inside, and leaving the door ajar, she listened intently for a moment. Then she crossed to the security boxes. It took her perhaps twenty seconds to locate what she wanted. She straightened up, still humming contentedly to herself, and returned quietly to her room.

Forty minutes later Pliny Salters reentered his office. The frozen smile was still about his lips and there was a look of sardonic resolve in the hard blue eyes. Miss McKay met him at the door.

"May I see you for a moment, Mr. Salters?"

He frowned impatiently, but did not answer. She followed him into the room and closed the door, her manner a trifle peremptory, a bright red spot in each cheek. Salters seemed scarcely to notice her. He sat down at his desk and peered into the waste-paper basket.

"Here it is, Mr. Salters. I've read it." She laid the crumpled cashier's sheet on the edge of the desk. "If you need any money, I can get all you want," she added conversationally.

Salters began to laugh. Then he stared. Miss McKay stared straight back.

"You mean—you say you've read that? You know how much I need?"

"Exactly. I can get you a flat million on your unsecured note for thirty days." She was very cool and precise.

"I still don't understand." His manner was fretfully inconsequential, like that of a sick child. "Why should you—where can you get that amount? . . . I don't ——"

He stopped himself. A gleam of suspicion and hope had crossed his fertile mind. The girl went on:

"You don't need to understand, Mr. Salters. I have connections in Boston—family resources, if you like. It's very simple—a temporary loan. Today simply must be the bottom; they'll surely come back in a few days, and then you can take up your note. It's really very simple, isn't it, Mr. Salters?"

She paused, smiling gently, giving him time, as she thought, to readjust his tired mind; watching his face, the meantime, almost broodingly. If she noted the lowered eyes—lowered to veil the nascent eagerness he knew to be there—it meant nothing to her. When she spoke again, it was in a tone which was matter of fact to the point of curtness.

"Here's the note all made out in blank, Mr. Salters. Now, the only real point is: How long can you hold out? Can you give me twenty-four hours to put it through?"

"Forty-eight if necessary. But I feel—I mean—the obligation is tremendous, Miss McKay—tremendous. Your loyalty to the firm"—he was feeling his way with care—"your loyalty—it is hard to understand quite why you should do it."

Miss McKay interrupted gently, "It is very simple, Mr. Salters. You need the money, and I can get it, and I know you can pay it back soon. That is all there is to it."

She pushed the note toward him and held out a pen, much in the manner of a trained nurse cajoling a fretful patient.

"On the dotted line, please, Mr. Salters," she urged gayly. For the first time in her life she was thoroughly at her ease with Salters. She was bossing her boss, serene and confident and happy; engaged in woman's ancient joy of doing wrong for the man she loved. Which, be it noted, is one of the things that makes the world go round—and helps to keep the jails full.

Pliny Salters watched the door close behind the girl. For a short moment he continued to hold his pose. Then he crossed the room to the security boxes. It took him perhaps thirty seconds to make certain that the big envelope was no longer there. He straightened up, lighted a confident cigarette, and went out to a belated luncheon.

Now, the rest of this story need not be long in the telling. On the day following this scene, which was Thursday the fourteenth, the market began to stagger back along its slow road to convalescence. A week later, Pliny Salters had himself and his firm in hand again. As a matter of fact, he had actually needed but a small part of the McKay credit. Thrown in overnight, accompanied by the sharp upswing in prices, it had turned the corner very prettily for them, and no one the wiser.

On the following Monday morning, Pliny Salters laid a certified check on Frances McKay's desk and told her to go and take up his note. He also—being by now his aggressive and charming self again—told her some further things which made her feel unreasonably happy. This was at 10:45.

At 10:50 Mr. Salters walked out of the room and Miss McKay's telephone rang. It was the secretary of Mr. Erskine of the Clumber estate, to say that Mr. Erskine was in town and on his way down to the office. Would Miss McKay have the securities ready; Mr. Erskine had said Miss McKay would know which ones he meant.

Miss McKay said certainly, she quite understood, and hung up precipitately. She took the check from the desk, flung on her hat and coat, and departed.

At 11:35—they had really been very quick at the bank—she stepped out of the private-floor elevator and started for the cashier's cage. But the knot of men she saw there caused her to change her mind and go directly to her own room. Skinner sat in the armchair by her desk, scowling behind the Wall Street Journal.

Frances dropped the big linen envelope on the corner of her desk, hung up her hat and coat, and sat down. She was breathing only a little more quickly than usual, and the telephone receiver was wedged in its accustomed position against the worn spot on the shoulder of her dress, when the three men entered.

Pliny Salters' face showed a mixture of putty and pink, but his eyes were a controlled and careful blue. Erskine, of the Clumber estate, a large man, and imperturbable, loomed grimly behind him. The cashier, stooping and livid beneath his green eyeshade, rubbed his hands in uncontrollable agitation.

Frances McKay swung around in her chair, the receiver still wedged against her ear, and waved a cheerful greeting. "How d'y do, Mr. Erskine. Excuse me a moment. Oh, there's your stuff, by the way." She flicked a careless finger toward the corner of the desk. "Hello, operator—hello. . . . What's that? . . . All right; call me back when you get 'em again."

Miss McKay stood up and held out her hand, smiling cordially. They may dress badly in Boston, but they breed them true to class. Erskine shook hands, a shade less cordially. He lifted the package and began to examine the contents. Salters, his eyes still careful, glared at the envelope.

"Where—where did that come from?" he demanded harshly.

"Come from? Why, whatever is the matter, Mr. Salters? They came from the safe-keeping box, of course. I took them out to have them ready for Mr. Erskine as soon as he telephoned."

"But what right had you to do that?" There was an undertone of exultant relief in his voice. "And Belden says no one has been in his cage since the opening."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Salters," said Frances quietly and looking straight at her man, "but Mr. Belden is mistaken."

No one apparently had taken notice of the figure slouching in the big chair. Skinner lowered his paper casually and considered the group with detached but evident disapprobation.

"If it's that big envelope you mean, it's been lying here under my elbow for upwards of an hour," he offered gloomily, and went back to his paper. "What's all the shooting about anyway, Pliny?"

Salters made no answer. He looked from one to the other, his manner splendidly schooled to the situation.

"I—this is all very irregular—very extraordinary. I hope you understand, Mr. Erskine—I ——"

Mr. Erskine laughed shortly.

"I think I am beginning to understand," he said with slow deliberation, looking steadily at the girl before him. "I felicitate you, Miss McKay, on the speed with which you got my securities—ready for me." There was a gleam of thoughtful admiration in the deep-set quizzical eyes as he followed the senior partner of Salters & Co. out of the room.

Frances watched the door close behind the three men, the bright and confident smile still on her face. Then she sat down rather suddenly; she felt a little dizzy. Skinner, behind his paper, had not stirred a muscle.

"For heaven's sake, say something," she murmured faintly.

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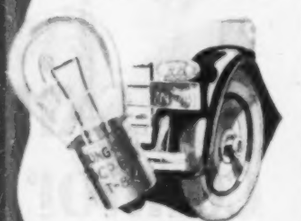

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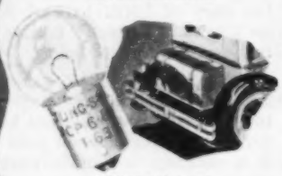

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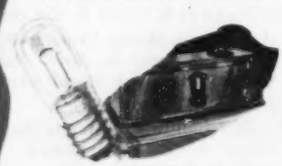

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"Too high," he observed laconically.

"Too high?" She was startled into self-forgetfulness. "What do you mean—too high?"

"The price you women pay," he murmured discontentedly. "There goes your buzzer. Run along, Frankie, and get it over with. Keep your courage up, old thing."

Frances stood up, ran a nervous hand over her hair, and walked firmly to the room of the senior partner.

Pliny Salters sat straight behind the big walnut desk. His face was severe and his eyes were hard with the small-souled righteousness of the man who has escaped.

"I scarcely know what to say, Miss McKay," he began coldly. "Knowing you and your people as I do, it is almost incredible to me that you should have deliberately put me and my partners into a position of such anomaly. What possible reason ——"

"I wanted to help you," she said in a low voice. All her sureness had fallen from her.

"To help me! You outrageous woman, do you know you might have sent me to state's prison?"

"Oh," she gasped, "not you! You knew nothing about it—me perhaps, but that would not have mattered. I thought all that out carefully. I knew it would be all right if I could get the securities back before anyone asked for them. And it was all right, after all, wasn't it, Mr. Salters? I—I got them back, you see."

Salters leaned forward and glared at the drooping figure in stern amazement.

"Do you mean to tell me you actually thought it right to steal securities and force them on an unknowing and innocent man?"

Frances McKay raised her burning face and looked at Pliny Salters. Then her eyelids lowered slowly.

"Why, of course," she said simply.

Salters arose and walked angrily to the window. His indignant eyes stared vacantly across the roof tops to the great river beyond. He struck his hands sharply together behind his back and turned upon her in shocked finality.

"That is all, Miss McKay. Nothing more to say—nothing more. The cashier will attend to your balance. I—that is all—that is quite all. Your personal effects—at once if you please—get them out at once."

Frances McKay arose and walked composedly from the room. Her eyes were starry and her head was high, and there was a far-away and haunting smile about her lips.

She went slowly to her own office. She sat down and reached absently for the telephone. Then she remembered, put the receiver gently back on the hook and commenced clearing out the drawers of her desk. And as she cleared, she hummed a tune to herself—hummed quite determinedly.

And while she was humming, the door was pushed open and Skinner slouched in—unbidden, as was his custom. He lowered himself into the armchair and began to fill his great pipe. The humming grew more insistent.

"Got a match?" growled Skinner.

She tossed a box across the desk.

"Fired?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Fine stuff. Want to come uptown to dinner?"

She nodded wanly. Then she reached a long arm across the desk and touched his sleeve.

"Oh, Skinner dear, you're an old peach and I'm—I'm an old fool."

"Absolutely," growled Skinner. "What'd you do with those damn matches?"

THERE WERE GIANTS

(Continued from Page 11)

He did not hand back the rum bottle, but thrust it inside his shirt and, without waiting for Captain Anson, hopped up the companion and out to the poop. His voice rose and crackled shrilly. He swore and cursed and raved, shaking his fists. When Captain Anson had made a painful way to the deck again, he saw the red-headed grandsons running about, while what was left of his own crew gathered stupidly together and stared at this fiery phenomenon that had appeared amongst them. There was no satisfying the old man. His grandsons could not work hard or fast enough for him. He threw things at them. If one had to pass close to him, he invariably received a backhand slap. And yet none of the four seemed to mind. They worked, grinning, and practically ignoring every word he said.

"What do you make of it, sir?" asked the mate when Captain Anson joined him near the after rail. The captain shook his head.

"I don't know," he confessed wearily. "Except he's a queer old man and seems to know his business."

The schooner was in the pass and soon high, green-clad headlands were to each side of her. The thunder of the surf was muted and the long Pacific rollers had smoothed away. The bay opened out and sea birds came in clouds to greet them with harsh, piercing cries. Then the anchor chain roared down, shaking the vessel, and Captain Anson leaned back against the rail and sighed with relief. Very soon he would be able to sleep.

He saw groves of palms to shoreward, bending in the Trade. And a glimpse of huts. And a glimpse of a big house with a wide veranda, built of coral blocks, or white-painted wood perhaps. Many people were on the white sand beach, children and women and men, watching the schooner and shouting gleefully. Canoes came out to surround her. And at last Captain Anson and his mate went ashore and were fed and installed in cool rooms. And after that they knew no more for many hours.

The mate came down the companion and into the main cabin. He was frowning and ill at ease, rubbing his bristly jaw with hard fingers.

"Know what, sir," he began diffidently. "I think that old feller's having some fun with us."

Captain Anson was finishing his midday meal, still looking thin and drawn, but much more of his old self after nearly two weeks on Smith Island.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"I'll tell you," said the mate. "I was up there talking to him just now, and we got to figuring on things. Then I'm damned if he didn't have the crust to say he was fifty-six when he took over that island."

"Nonsense!" said Captain Anson sharply, and then he laughed. "Why, that would make him over ninety."

"Ninety-six, sir," agreed the mate.

The captain set down his fork and leaned back in his chair.

"Do you know," he said thoughtfully, "perhaps we shouldn't doubt him so much. Have you noticed how he often calls the port side the larboard side?"

"Queer, ain't it?" agreed the mate.

"Well, the word 'larboard' was in general use up to the late 40's," said Captain Anson. "And Captain Smith certainly seems to be used to it."

"Well, if he's ninety-six he's got a lot of ambition to go out and buy himself a new ship," said the mate, somewhat resentfully. "How long does he figure he'll live?"

Captain Anson shook his head.

"I don't know. But I had a great-uncle who was commanding a clipper in his eightieth year."

The mate grunted and went into his room for a new plug of chewing tobacco.

"Another thing," he announced, returning. "He told me he went to sea when he was five. Said his father an' him was picked off the Sandwich Islands—that's Hawaii, ain't it?—by De Freycinet. Now, who the devil's De Freycinet?" The mate gnawed a chew off his plug and, with a grunt that might have meant anything, went up to the poop again.

Captain Anson sat quiet for a long time, thinking. And then he went into his room and hunted through his drawers. The majority of his books had been badly soaked when the main cabin was flooded, but he found the volume he sought and patiently went through it. It was a heavy work—Travels of Pacific Explorers—and Captain Anson had not read it since his youth, when he had come to the South Seas as naval officer. Captain Anson was not a trading captain. He was an F. R. G. S., and something of an explorer in his own right. De Freycinet? The name was obscure and yet vaguely familiar. De Freycinet! It leaped out of the page at him after considerable search. Louis Claude Desaulses de Freycinet. Ah, that was it! Sailed to New Guinea, the Mariannes and Hawaii in 1819.

Captain Anson closed the book softly and sat back. If this strange old despot of a trader was ninety-six, he was born in 1814. He would have been five years old when De Freycinet went to Hawaii in '19. But it was incredible. The old man was as sound as a nut. He stood watch with the rest of them. He ate and drank like a youth. Captain Anson was puzzled and, putting the book away, he went on deck.

The schooner was two days out from Smith Island and bowling along before a fresh wind that promised greater force by night. Captain Smith was pacing briskly up and down, bareheaded and chewing tobacco, spitting overside at regular intervals, while he kept his eye on his four grandsons, whom he had brought along to help the depleted crew. Landers, the mate, was leaning sulkily on the rail near the helmsman, staring into the eye of the red sun and apparently revolving something in his mind. Captain Anson fell in step beside his guest and pilot and was silent for a long time.

"I've been looking up history," he said abruptly. Captain Smith spat over the rail and grunted. "Especially," added Captain Anson, "that incident which deals with De Freycinet."

"He wasn't much," snapped the old man, unperturbed, looking down on the other from his greater height. "Not the stomach Cook had."

Captain Anson felt a queer excitement rising within him.

"What do you know about Cook?"

"My daddy was with him in '78, before he was killed."

"Ah," breathed Captain Anson. "But Cook ——"

"I said it. Killed in 1779," said the old man irritably. He rubbed his bristly white beard with the palm of one hand and spat overside again. "What about it? The fam'ly was always long-lived, so I reckon. Daddy got off at the Tongas. That's where I was born. Cook went on an' was smudged out."

"You never knew your grandfather, of course," suggested Captain Anson. They had both stopped now and were standing by the rail and looking across the purple sea toward the red sun. The wind lifted the few sparse hairs on Captain Smith's head and he kept rubbing at his beard. He looked like a Viking.

"Gran'daddy, by damn!" he chuckled. "Knew one of 'em. Big buck with a shark-tooth necklace."

Captain Anson stared sideways. Native then. Captain Smith was half-caste from a Tonga Islander and one of Cook's men. Or perhaps a quarter-caste. The explorers left traces all through the south.

"Yes," ruminated the old man. "He had seven wives. My other gran'daddy was

(Continued on Page 165)

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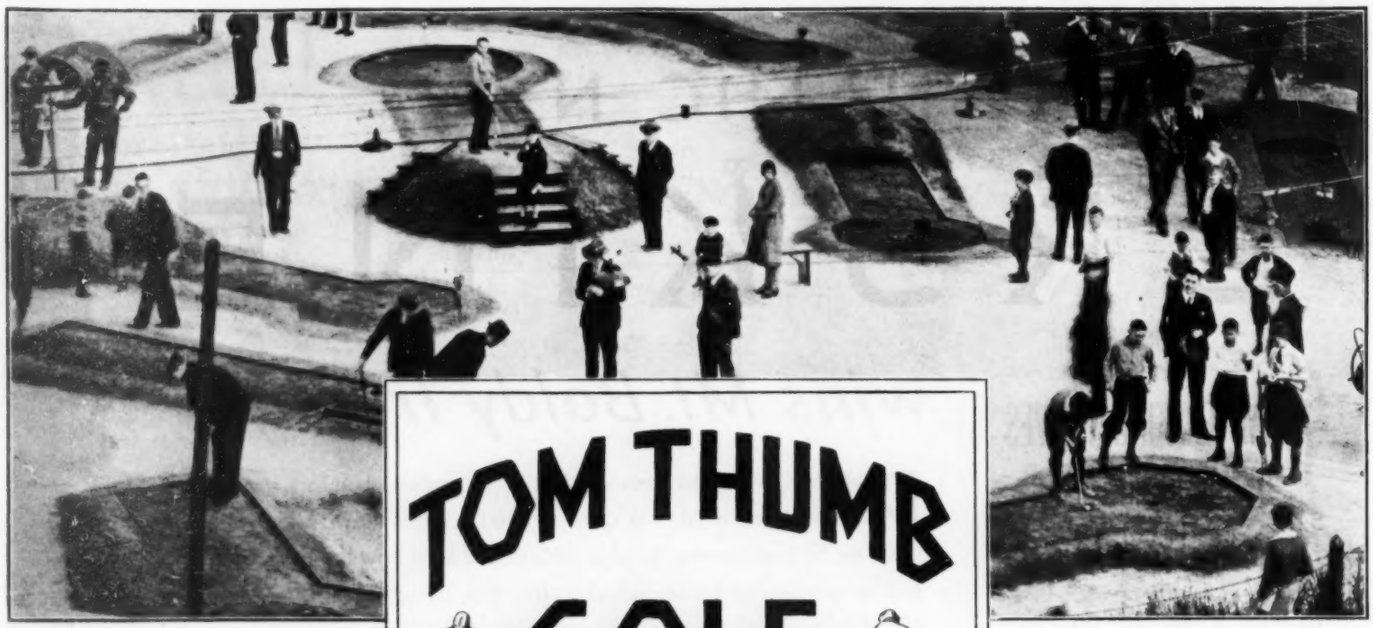

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Above is a typical view showing part of the 18 hole Tom Thumb Golf Course.

To the left is a close-up of No. 1 hole of the Tom Thumb Golf Course.

The above pictures, including the one at the top of the page, indicate but several of the numerous ways in which Tom Thumb Golf can be laid out.

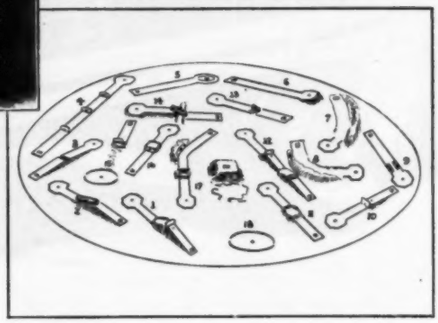

Diagram to the right shows a typical 18 hole layout which can go on a piece of property 120 feet by 120 feet, or any piece of somewhat similar dimensions.

(Continued from Page 162)

with Sam Wallis—pilot for him through th' Paumotus. That's what daddy used t' say, anyhow."

Captain Anson put a hand on the rail and steadied himself. The old man was undoubtedly making fun of them. Why, Wallis was back in the 1760's. If it was all true, this was history!

Captain Anson made no movement or any sound. Before him there rose the panorama of all those lives, reaching back—far back. Epics of the sea. The annals of empire. Why, three such lives as this incredible old trader's and you were in touch with giants! His grandfather was with Samuel Wallis! And had this grandfather learned his trade from some ancient who had sailed with Dampier? And had this ancient in turn learned to steer a vessel from some other who had sailed with Luis Torres or Jacob Lemaire? Such giants! They had made history and the charts. The world was unbelievably young then. Fabulously young. In no time you were back to Drake and Magellan! Three hundred years of life. How many generations if each lived as long as this old trader? History grew real and living, warm and vibrant. One might hear first-hand how Tasman looked and spoke. Or what Roggeveen had said when he sighted Easter Island through the mists of that Easter morning. The links were all plain. Was it not so in all trades and pursuits? The actors that Shakspere taught, taught others; and they others. As Cæsar learned to marshal men, did not captains learn from him, by word of mouth, and other captains from them? And down to this twentieth century?

Captain Anson choked, and emotion rose strongly within him. He was an educated man, and not without imagination. He stood beside one who was familiar with giants. He might have talked with the great navigators. He must have known the last of the pirates. It was beyond belief! And in his heart Captain Anson did not believe it. It was an old man's tale, a good yarn to spin. He had sometime read a book or spoken with learned scholars. He had made this up—this romance and splendor. Yet he had quaint turns of speech, swore strange oaths. And there was that irrefutable note in the Pacific Pilot. There had been a Smith trading in 1873. And it was a fixed certainty that a man must be in manhood to trade in the islands of the old days. Captain Anson shook his head and moved off, to pace the poop by himself. It was blowing a full gale by next morning.

"I've never known anything like it," said Captain Anson at breakfast. He was eating with his guest while the mate had the poop, and the main cabin was filled with creaks and strange washings, and lunging like a thing possessed. The plates slid about and the water could only be placed halfway in the glasses. Except that Captain Smith was drinking rum, and not water. It was incredible, the amount of rum he consumed each day; though it did not seem to affect him much save to make him, if anything, more profane and waspish when any one of his grandsons ventured near him. He bullied them unmercifully.

"Of course," went on Captain Anson, "I know it's the bad season of the year, but the gales have been the worst I've known. We've been a month out of Samarai, and I'll swear the only good weather was the day we sighted Smith Island."

"I've seen worse," rasped the old man, rubbing his beard. "There were straight gales for more'n a month in '65, and that year we picked up an American off Nukuhiva—in '43, I reckon—man named Menville or Melville—it blew for sixty days solid."

Captain Anson dropped his glass.

"What name did you say?" He swallowed hard. Captain Smith stared at him with some surprise.

"Menville, eh? I was sailmaker for an Australian ship then. Menville was a cannibal—leastways they said so. Been living with 'em."

"Melville," corrected Captain Anson quietly. He drew out his handkerchief with his sound hand and wiped his forehead. Herman Melville had escaped from Typee in '42 and had been rescued by an Australian ship soon after. The main cabin seemed suddenly pregnant with the ghosts of all the giants. Captain Anson picked up the rum bottle and drank a stiff three fingers.

"Captain Smith," he said at last, "you're either a great liar or a very remarkable man. Do you know who Melville was?"

"Runaway sailor, I reckon. Never heard of him after we'd fixed him up. Got t' be a beach comber maybe." Captain Smith waved vaguely and retrieved the rum. The mate's voice was heard as the scuttle slid back with a slam:

"How's the glass, sir? Looks like she's getting worse."

Captain Anson rose, and the old man chuckled hoarsely.

"Don't need no glass t' say it's getting worse. She'll be a hurricane 'fore it's dark again."

Captain Anson took one look at the glass and, donning his oilskins, went immediately up on deck. Captain Smith waited a while, chuckling to himself and drinking, and then, sticking the bottle in his pocket, he followed after.

The seas were giant gray, moving in stately procession from east to west. The sky was smoky murk, which hid a smoldering sun, and the wind was an anguished torrent that flattened men and made them seize backstays and rails to haul themselves along. The bottom had fallen out of the glass. Captain Anson cast one look aloft and another to windward, and, in spite of the danger, he decided to heave to. There were moments of stiff restraint, moments when it seemed the schooner had stopped in her swing. And then it was done, and she rode to the sea, plunging like a mad horse, but safe for a time.

"Ye'd make a sailor," chuckled Captain Smith in Captain Anson's ear. "'Twas not so badly done."

The old man was still bareheaded and had not put on any oilskins. When offered some he refused them profanely and announced he was used to face a gale in a proper way for a man. And face it he did, clinging grimly to the skylight and watching the vast waters lift and fall on each side of him, the wind ripping at his thin flannel shirt, his sodden ducks whipping about his legs. He seemed to sing at times, or perhaps swear, for his mouth opened and moved, but the words were lost.

"He's an old fool!" shouted the mate, standing near the wheel with the captain.

"And a liar, I think," the captain agreed. And then suddenly the trader became a man of full stature.

It was late the following day and the gale was blowing itself out. The wind had dropped considerably and the seas were beginning to flatten and ceasing to break. There was a hint of blue in the weather sky, and Captain Anson felt he could go below for a while, to change his wet clothes and drink some hot coffee which the native steward would make over the primus stove. Captain Smith was just coming on deck after an afternoon's nap, and he passed Captain Anson in the scuttle.

"This ain't th' last of it," he rasped. "Lot more dirt where it came from."

"The glass's rising," protested Captain Anson, but the old man only spat to leeward and left him to go on down below. He could not have been there more than fifteen minutes when something happened. There was an abrupt side lurch, followed by a lifting lunge, and Captain Anson's heart went into his mouth as he heard the crash of a boarding sea on the poop above him. The schooner went on her side; was there for ages, it seemed: and then she slowly righted and water rushed and hissed over the rails. Captain Anson clawed up the companion as best he could, hitting his broken arm, but not noticing the pain. She was his vessel and he had to get on deck.

Water torrented upon him as he forced the scuttle aside. It almost washed him back below, but he hung on, and when it had subsided he squeezed onto the poop and stumbled aft. He had time to see that Captain Smith was clawing madly at the wheel, that the helmsman and the mate were huddled together against the skylight, and then he slipped on the dribbling deck and shot down to the lee scuppers. That was all he knew.

He opened his eyes to find himself in his own long cane chair, which was lashed to the deck in the lee on the skylight as he was lashed to the chair. He could move nothing save his head, and he discovered that was bandaged. He stifled a groan of pain and stared around. The schooner was running, leaping and swinging like a mad thing, but outrunning the seas and keeping moderately dry. Apparently a new gale had worked up, for the promise of better weather had disappeared and the wind was strong again. One of the red-headed natives was at the wheel, assisted by one of Captain Anson's own seamen. Of Captain Smith there was no sign for a while.

And then he appeared, in his sodden garments, a rum bottle in his pocket and the water dripping from his bristle of white beard and his bushy white brows.

"Both yer legs cracked," he rumbled waspishly. "You're a Jonah! You been out for a day. Got a whack on th' head too. Ye'll get better if we don't sink. I set them legs all right."

"What happened?" demanded the sick man feebly.

"That mate of yourn talks too much. Gamming with th' helmsman. Nobody watching. Whoosh, there's a cross sea and th' helmsman lets go. Ye're pooped from the quarter. Mate gone. Helmsman gone."

"Dead?"

"Cracked up. I dropped 'em over this morning. . . . Have a drink?"

He held the rum bottle and Captain Anson drank.

"Ye ain't got any cause t' worry. Billy Smith'll take her in. We'll outrun 'er."

"Locust Island," said Captain Anson wearily. He felt enraged, and that because he was impotent. He had failed so badly. "We're overdue and we've got the medicine and stores aboard. Relief ship."

Captain Smith swallowed some rum and coughed.

"Likely they're all dead now anyway, but I'll take ye there. We brought the Warrawarra through in '65—worse weather'n this. I got my boys aboard."

He paused and drank again.

"Got ye lashed up here," he shouted above the wind. "Main cabin's flooded some more! Ain't no place fer a sick man! I c'n keep my eye on ye on deck! The weather'll get no worse, I judge!"

There was nothing to say. The old man went aft and shook his fist at the helmsmen, cursing them about something or other. Captain Anson closed his eyes and something whimpered inside him. His arm was not yet healed, and now both his legs were broken. He had all but lost his ship, had lost most of his crew. And some four thousand natives and whites needed help on Locust Island. If they reached that place this voyage would be a legend in the annals of the south. But it was not likely with a crazy old man carrying sail in weather that would have frightened a steamer; drinking rum and swearing around and talking of fabulous times.

The hours passed and the schooner rushed on. She was a stout craft and well ballasted, and, since leaving Smith Island, dry as a nut inside. Yet Captain Anson marveled that she held together. He knew, later, that in his sick condition, and lying as he was, he must have judged the sea and wind to be worse than they were; though, making all allowances, it was a very respectable gale that carried them so swiftly toward Locust Island.

One of the red-haired grandsons brought food at intervals—cold canned beef and mutton, ship's biscuits, washed down with

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weak rum and water. Captain Smith drank his rum straight and ate as regularly as the rest. He had a case of the liquor brought up from below and lashed beside Captain Anson's chair, so he would not be inconvenienced when his bottle was empty. He spent most of the time pacing the poop or swearing at the helmsmen. Once or twice, something occurring to him, he insisted that all hands come up and listen to what he had to say. What it was, Captain Anson could not make out, save that it was profane and contained many threats. Apparently the old man was afraid they would not jump quickly enough when he ordered them.

"Time was you c'd handle a crew," he cackled at Captain Anson sometime later. "Time was, I say! Take a cutlass to 'em. I've seen Bully Hayes shoot three in a row fer not getting aloft quick enough. Too much law now. Got t' handle 'em soft. Jest as if a Kanaka's any more'n shark meat anyway." He took a swig of rum and added: "Or a white man for that matter."

Captain Anson was silent, vaguely appalled. Here spoke another day, another time.

"We used to go after squab and sandalwood," chuckled the old man. "Cutlass and guns. Fill the niggers up on raw gin an' kid 'em until they'd load us full with sandalwood. Cut it and load it. Then we'd go ashore night afore sailing and raid the village. We always put squab in th' main cabin and, if the pickings was good, in the holds atop of the wood."

He weaved away, chuckling to himself, the bottle sticking out of his hip pocket. Captain Anson shuddered. "Squab" was the old South Sea term for young native women. Whole cargoes were run to South America, sometimes as far as China, and sold to the mandarins and the wealthy planters. And the sandalwood trade was as great a scandal as the general blackbirding trade later became. Raw times and raw men.

"Ninety-six," muttered the captain, staring across the darkening sea. "It might be true. Men have lived that long. . . . And his grandfather was pilot to Wallis."

He dozed off, still thinking of this, and slept exhausted until the dawn was red in the east and the crests of the long seas were touched with blood. And there was Captain Smith, moving back and forth, drinking at intervals, shouting and ever restless. Apparently the man had not slept. Was he made of iron? Ninety-six and yet holding a schooner's poop in a gale, keeping two men's watches—young men at that. Wonderment flooded Captain Anson as he ate the cold meal the red-haired grandson brought him for breakfast. Someone had to hold the poop. You could never trust natives at a time like this. A larger sea than the others, an increase in the wind, an erratic lurch even, and if they were not under a sharp eye they were apt to grow panicky. Someone had to hold the poop. And there was only Captain Smith.

"You'd better get some sleep," Captain Anson protested. "I can take her for a while. Give me one of your grandsons to run messages if I need him."

"I wouldn't trust a one of 'em," rasped the old man. "An' don't you be a-frettin' about me. I said I'd take ye t' Locust Island, and I'm doin' it."

He came back later in the day.

"Is there any more rum aboard ye, 'sides what was in th' lazaret?"

"No more, I'm afraid."

The old man rubbed his beard and spat across the rail. "That's bad," he cackled. "I'll have t' change t' whisky, I reckon."

Captain Anson did not sleep very much that night. A fever had come to him and he winced restlessly and had troubled dreams. When the day broke, his face was flushed and his mouth was very dry. Captain Smith came to look at him, towered over him, and then waved his grandson away when he came with food.

"Leave him be, save fer some water now an' then. . . . Ye're not goin' t' die on me?" he demanded shrilly. Captain Anson shook his head.

"I'm not," he gasped weakly. "I'll see you out!"

"Eh?" chuckled the old man, swaying back and forth with the motion of the deck. "Eh? Ye'll not. There's no sap to ye brass-bounders. When I was blackbirding into New Britain—and that's afore ye were born—they got me in the lead boat—we used two for recruiting, one to cover—I had three spears in me, an arrow through th' neck, and they'd sliced me up some with tomahawks as well. By damn, I fought 'em off for three hours, carryin' that cargo—until th' boys got me clear! An' never missed a drink or any grub after."

He slapped his thigh and went away, but Captain Anson could see he was not so steady as before. The strain was sapping him. His eyes were burning fires deep beneath his white brows. He seemed to have shrunk more upon himself, if that were possible. He staggered at times—and not with the ship's motion. He did not curse so much.

"He's right," muttered Captain Anson, dizzy with the fever that racked him. "He's a man. They could do it—those old-timers. Get knocked to pieces and still fight."

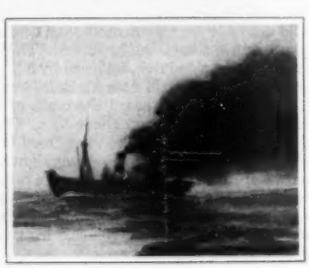
He sank into a dreamlike state and remembered the story of Shark Gotch, who had been an old-timer too. How he had been set upon by his boat's crew and hacked almost to pieces and thrown overside for dead. And how he had clung to the keel and waited until night, when the natives slept, and then got back into the boat and killed every last one. They had done such things in the taming of the south.

The gale had moderated to a steady breeze by afternoon, and the schooner was running more easily, in spite of the fact that she had strained her seams again and was leaking somewhere for'ard. Captain Smith had the men at the pumps, and spent much of his time abusing them from the vantage point of the for'ard poop rail. Yet they worked patiently—the red-haired grandsons because they seemed to expect the old man to talk that way, the others because they were deathly afraid of him.

He moved more slowly now; his voice was weaker, though changing tones as before—sometimes a rumble, sometimes high pitched. He ceased eating and contented himself with drinking more. The last of the rum had gone and he had started on the whisky. But Captain Anson himself was almost too far gone to notice this.

He was aware that the sun came out and turned the afternoon sea to purple. He was aware that spray had ceased to fly and that the wind was cool and gentle now upon his fevered brow. And he was also dimly aware that Captain Smith had become quite mad. The man chattered so, cackled so, speaking of preposterous things almost in Captain Anson's ear.

Fragments of long-forgotten forays and stories of unbelievable wickedness. Trapping natives for the slave plantations. Trapping women for sale. Wrecking fat ships by moving channel lights. Boarding ships far out on lonely seas and looting them from cabin to keel. He talked of strange coasts—uncharted coasts seen between driving squalls of rain on mad flights from warships. He spoke of villages set to red flame between the dusks and the dawnings. He shouted of wild treks across mountains and jungles and rivers that were yet unknown. From some withered cell of memory he drew reminiscences of that voyage of De Freycinet to New Guinea in the long ago, and even muttered brokenly some story of Samuel Wallis which his father had had from his grandfather.



It was all monstrous and unbelievable. The ghosts of dead giants and of dead monsters trod the schooner's deck. Ships with long-forgotten rigs and builds hailed them across the water, and flags that were blots on history snapped in the wind. All the past walked up and down, and what time Captain Anson heard and understood, his own sick mind would marvel at the vistas it was given to him to see. Beyond De Freycinet and Wallis, beyond Bougainville and Dampier, beyond Tasman and Drake and Magellan. Links in the living chain.

In one utterly lucid moment Captain Anson saw the old sailor standing massive against the sun and peering through the eyepiece of a sextant. And saw him stumble to the main-cabin scuttle and heard him go below. To work his position, he supposed. Someone had to do that, of course. The natives did not know how. And they had to reach Locust Island in the Southern Louisiades. Captain Anson lost track of days entirely.

Then he awoke in a cool, white-painted room and heard a church bell tolling far away. Then a gray-bearded man came to him and felt his pulse and took his temperature. Captain Anson stared at him and wondered. The bearded man shook his head.

"You're not to talk. I'll tell you what you want to know. You're in hospital at Port Moresby. Your ship reached Locust Island all right. There was a government cutter there already. The resident magistrate had signaled a passing vessel that you hadn't arrived, and so the cutter was sent along. It was pretty urgent, as it turned out. . . . That strange old man who brought you in? Is that what you want to know? He was insane, I think, but he navigated your vessel right up the anchorage and made her fast. The story is that he had not slept for five days, but I hardly believe that. In any case, he was on his feet when the R. M. boarded you, and the first thing he did was to break an empty bottle over the R. M.'s head and shout something about boarders, and cutlasses being better than guns at any time. Of course the R. M.'s boat crew went up and grabbed him and had quite a time, I understand. But he just suddenly collapsed. Died like that!" The bearded man snapped his fingers. "Too old. It was a miracle he'd lasted so long."

Captain Anson smiled a little and moved his lips. The bearded man made as if to stop him, and then, curiosity overcoming him, he bent down to listen:

"Ninety-six and he was going to buy another ship for himself. . . . Old blackguard . . . but I'll tell you . . . there were giants once."

The bearded man straightened and frowned down at him, wondering, perhaps, if his patient was still delirious. That he should talk so. Wasn't he an F. R. G. S.; discoverer of a new archipelago off the coast of New Ireland; leader of an expedition into the wilds of New Guinea? That he should talk so of that drunken old blackguard who had brought him in? The bearded man shook his head and laughed.

"Don't you worry about that. You ought to be dead, and you're not. You're as good a man as he is and, from all I hear, you're something of a giant yourself."

Captain Anson closed his eyes and thought of many things, and of his son who was somewhere in the blue vastness of the Pacific. One had to pay a price, of course. Nothing was born without pain. Captain Anson muttered to himself, for there was something he wanted to say, and it eluded him. He was not a giant at all. Mingled regrets and a sadness seeped through him, and when he opened his eyes the bearded man was gone.

"Ah," said Captain Anson as the answer came to him. "But I never sailed with De Freycinet. And I never saw Melville escape from Typee."

MORE OR LESS LUCKY DOGS

(Continued from Page 15)

Some of these people have emigrated in recent years to the United States, and the proprietor of one of the best-equipped small-animal hospitals in New York gets at least two or three letters a month from British canine nurses and kennel maids who wish to practice their vocations in America. In New York the nursing of dogs has become specialized to the extent that there are some women who make a living hand-feeding motherless puppies.

"I have two women who will take such cases into their homes on request," said the proprietor of a mid-town small-animal hospital in Manhattan. "For sucking bottles they usually get small bottles from a drug store and fit these with nipples devised from the rubber ends of eye droppers. Not all puppies will nurse in that artificial manner, and sometimes it is necessary to use an eye dropper to get the food into their tiny mouths.

"It is tedious work, but economically worth while when the pups are the offspring of well-bred, expensive animals. The formula I have found most successful calls for two tablespoonfuls of Grade A top milk, one tablespoonful of distilled water, one teaspoonful of sugar of milk, and one teaspoonful of limewater. For the first four or five days this should be fed every three hours of the twenty-four, after which the number of feedings may be reduced until, at four or five weeks, four feedings a day are sufficient.

"In the hospital, when necessary and possible, I prefer to find a wet nurse. Recently a setter in poor condition died whelping six pups. I was able to find a setter with four, and now, with extra rations, she is taking excellent care of a merged litter of ten. Veterinaries in this work usually have a list of clients who are breeders, and that list represents the line of reserve upon which we fall back in such emergencies as the death of a dog mother. Cats are another resource. In my hospital now I have two Boston terriers being nursed by a cat that treats them with the same devotion she would have shown to the kittens that vanished she knows not where. Thanks to cat fecundity, it is never difficult in a city to find one with a litter of kittens that were, even before birth, doomed to die. Undeniably, this is still a harsh world for most cats, and there are plenty of ungrateful dogs in the cities that ought to be ashamed to harry a species to which they owe existence. Frequently a cat is encountered that resents what she must regard as a profanation of her maternal instincts. If she is held by hands sheathed in thick horsehide gauntlets, the puppies are not disturbed by her sense of outrage, and they nurse as contentedly as they would against their own mother, thriving on their alien, hostile diet."

A Monkey Five Minutes Old

"Our maternity ward is almost constantly occupied, and it is always a fascinating place. Lately I have been looking after an unusual case. A vaudeville actor telephoned late one night from a theater in New Jersey. He was distressed because he was going to have to cancel a part of his booking until one of a pair of ring-tailed monkeys used in his act could perform again. He wanted, if possible, a private room for her. I told him there were small-animal hospitals in Cleveland and a few other Middle Western cities where such accommodations were available, but none in New York. He said to do the best I could for her. Within half an hour after he and his wife arrived in a taxicab with the monkey, the little creature was born. With an assistant, I followed precisely the same procedure that would have occurred in a hospital for humans. Then I handed the tiny monkey to the feeble parent. A human baby would have been entirely helpless at such an age. This one was wide-eyed, and promptly seized its mother about the neck, holding to her as tightly as if this blanketed cage had been a jungle tree of terrifying height. The mother put a weak hand protectingly across its back, and then the little fellow began to use his shoe-button eyes in earnest, turning his dark head from side to side with characteristic simian curiosity. Five minutes old, mind you! In such moments a thoughtful vet is apt to experience deep, religious stirrings in his wonder at a provision for new life more adequately provided by the Unseen than all the complicated mechanism of that civilized profession of which the vet is an offshoot."

Not all the veterinaries are philosophers. A few of them are pretty shrewd business men, even though they subscribe to a code of ethics that tends to become as rigid as that which governs the behavior of men who write M.D. after their names. The average fee in New York City for a major operation on a dog is twenty-five dollars, and for fifty dollars an operation will be performed that appropriately might be ranked as a brigadier general of surgical performance. The usual rate in the ward cages ranges from a dollar to two dollars and a half a day, depending on the location of the hospital and the size and ailment of the patient, but there are one or two institutions catering to Park Avenue patients in which the charge for a sick German shepherd or other large dog is four dollars a day. There the fee for an operation is likely to be extravagant, and fifty dollars is charged for minor operations which in other places would cost only ten or fifteen dollars.

More Veterinaries Needed

Some of the veterinaries engaged in small-animal practice in New York City have been urging, through their organizations, that steps be taken to raise the requirements for admission to practice. One that I talked with frankly stated that it was his desire to reduce the number of possible competitors. Among men who realize how much broader is the field of the veterinary nowadays than when they were generally called horse doctors, there is a strong conviction that more, rather than fewer, are needed. In guarding the health of the great dairy herds and poultry flocks providing food for the cities, there is a vast amount of work to absorb the energies of the comparatively few men who are being graduated annually from the veterinary colleges in the United States. An additional field opening up to them is provided by the raisers of fur-bearing animals. But the work of healing city dogs and cats seems to be most alluring to a large percentage of them. In the metropolitan area around New York City there are about 150 devoting practically all their time to pets, and in the entire state, with its heavy investment in animal industry, there are said to be fewer than 800, the great majority of whom are prepared to treat dogs and cats as well as large farm animals. Thirty years ago, when the population was considerably less, there were 973 engaged in practice in the state.

"For a period after the war," said Dean Pierre A. Fish, of New York State Veterinary College at Cornell University, "the attendance at veterinary colleges was considerably reduced. In 1924–25 there were only 584 students enrolled in all the colleges. This year the number has nearly doubled, but less than one-quarter, of course, might actually graduate. The center of the veterinary population, like that of the general population, has moved west, and in recent years the number in the northeastern section of the country has been gradually declining."

In New York City the profession felt for a number of years that it was handicapped by the activities of the free hospitals maintained by animal lovers. There was a time when persons in limousines driven by liveried chauffeurs could be seen taking afflicted dogs or cats into one or another of

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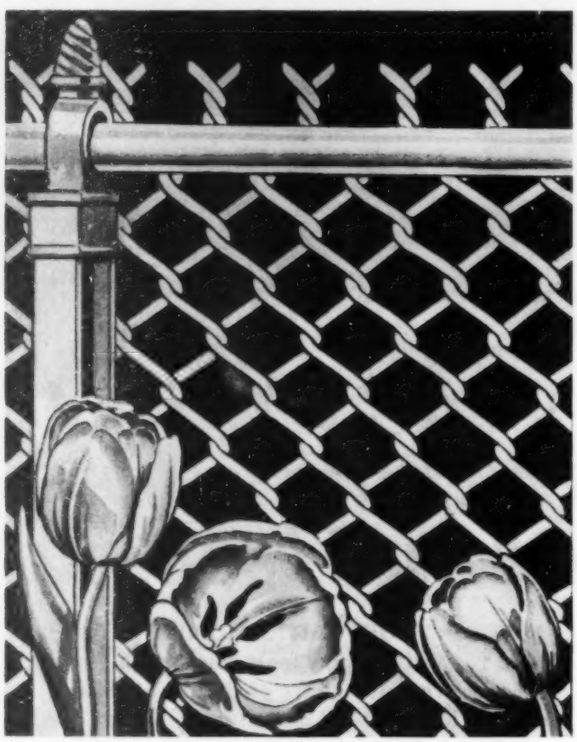

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Pacific Coast Division: Standard Fence Company, Oakland, Calif.

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these institutions, where all animals were cared for without charge. Today, though, the system is pretty much what it is in all hospitals. Those who can afford to pay the regular fees are required to do so; those who cannot pay all are asked to pay as much as they can, but the pets of poor persons are cared for without charge and without—it is asserted—discrimination. In these places the poor dog gets the same ration and the same study with microscopes, X rays or fluoroscopic screens as are given to the pampered, ailing rich ones.

In two of these hospitals—that of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital of the New York Women's League for Animals—the younger men on the staffs seemed to feel that their service is a kind of interneship. In 1929 the Speyer hospital received 17,022 patients—12,093 in the spotless white clinic and 4929 in the wards. There was an increase of about 50 per cent in the number of free cases over the preceding year, when the proportion was something less than a third of the whole. Dogs, as always, led the patients in numbers; 10,810 being treated in the clinic and 4357 in the wards. Cats came next, then horses, and the remaining eighty-six animals included monkeys, goats, rabbits, turtles, parrots, one denatured skunk and a pair of Abyssinian servals. These felines, when properly brought up, are about as gentle as house cats; otherwise they are as friendly and uncertain as a cross-eyed cougar.

One indication that the small-animal veterinaries and what they designate as "society" hospitals are on better terms than formerly was the election last year of the chief veterinary of the A. S. P. C. A., Dr. Raymond J. Garbutt, to be president of the Veterinary Medical Association in New York City.

"Much of our emergency work falls into three classes," said Doctor Garbutt. "Dogs are brought in to be treated for fits and convulsions caused by excessive feeding of food that is indigestible to a canine. Often the shadows on the fluoroscopic screen reveal the presence in the stomach of a variety of foreign objects—nails, bath-tub stoppers and hard rubber balls. Anything a dog can swallow he will swallow on occasions. For such cases an operation is generally indicated.

"A second large class includes cases of poisoning. City people have a habit of giving to their dogs physic pills intended for themselves. Most of these contain a small quantity of a poison that in small, measured quantities is beneficial to humans, but which, in similar quantities, is deadly to a dog. Phosphorus poison is common too. Most of this is due to the animals' eating some bait spread with vermin paste of a kind commonly used in apartment houses for destroying insects."

Doors Dangerous for Dogs

"The third class is accident cases. An appalling number of dogs are the victims of automobiles. Most of them are fatally injured when struck, but many escape with broken limbs. After being called out of bed night after night for a number of years, it dawned on me that time was a factor in the incidence of these cases. Just before midnight, in any American city, is the time when dogs are taken out-of-doors in the greatest numbers. Because the streets seem, by comparison with daytime traffic, to be deserted, the dogs are too often allowed to run unleashed. As a consequence, dozens of dogs are injured or killed in and around New York every night by automobiles whose drivers do not see the small victims until it is too late. Among other types of accident cases are dogs crushed or broken by falls down apartment-house elevator shafts or from windows, from which they have leaned too far to identify some tantalizing aroma that suggests adventure. Small dogs—Pekingese and Pomeranians especially—are injured daily in surprising numbers by being caught in revolving doors, swinging doors and elevator doors. By using the same appliances that would be used to study the case of a human being so injured, a great many of these animals are made as good as new by a brief course of hospital treatment."

Those hospitals are interesting places. In them you may meet a gigantic Irish wolfhound that refused to get well until the cat with which he shared the affections of a suburban family was brought into the ward to keep him company. You may meet a Pom absurdly like a miniature bear who is responsible for the rule: "No unescorted visitor allowed in the wards." A woman who had gone to see her dog in an adjoining cage fell in love with his charming manners and tried to walk out with him, pretending that he was her dog—as flagrant a case of kidnaping as ever occurred. But there are places even more fascinating for a person addicted, you might say, to dogs. There are establishments in every large city that operate against a needless prejudice because the proprietors refer to them as dog beauty parlors. Actually they are dog bathhouses, although it is true that some clients like to have the high-priced cleanliness of their pets advertised with a drenching of perfume or sachet powder. Ten dollars might seem to be a fantastic price for plucking an Airedale if you have never tried to do it.

His Honor's Dogs

The price for washing a dog in New York varies from fifty cents to three dollars; and in the best establishments a full-grown Persian cat will be dry-cleaned for three dollars and a half. There are extras, of course. The cats that are allowed to inhabit the premises of the rich very often pay a price that would shock an alley cat. They are actually required to exist without claws to remove the temptation of sharpening these weapons on the legs of $1800 grand pianos or the pile of $20,000 Persian rugs. The veterinaries who manicure cats generally charge three dollars for performing the work at the house, or one dollar when the cat is brought to the hospital. For this kind of work they are in competition with the dog beauty parlors. All this, of course, is matter of concern only to rich dogs and cats, or their owners, and there is something in the cities that concerns a wider circle—the dog catcher.

It would be silly to contend that the dog catcher is popular in any community, but certainly it may be said of him that he is a necessary evil. Those I have talked with have been something more. They have been courageous, and sincerely fond of dogs.

"I can remember," said one of them recently, "when it was a common experience to be bombarded from roof tops with bricks, bottles, stones and, sometimes, bullets. Once, when I came back from a trip through Five Points and Cherry Street, we found three lead bullets imbedded in the floor of the wagon. They had been fired through the covered top, probably by some tough whose dog I had taken. I have had women climb up on the seat of the rig and refuse to get down unless I gave 'em back their unlicensed dogs. Usually I have driven them to the nearest police station, but once a woman lay right down in front of the wheels while her friend lay down behind the car. Then they began to scream for help. When the men of the neighborhood began to arrive in shoals—this was over in Sand Street near the Brooklyn Navy Yard—I began to realize what a sweet career I had picked out for myself. Well, I talked myself out of that jam, and a lot of others. But Dillon had the bad luck one time to catch the Airedales of the mayor of New York—George B. McClellan it was. Tell 'im about it, Dillon."

"Well, sir," began Dillon, "we had a complaint about a couple of large dogs tearing up the flowers in Washington Square, and my order was to go down and get those dogs. So I went. I had the dogs in the wagon and was driving off when I heard a man shouting at me. He was standing in

(Continued on Page 173)

Photograph of Todd lawn, after 13 days—*note greater thickness and length of grass at right side—treated with* Lōma

"In 13 *days* · · velvety grass · · 4 inches longer"

"... the best plant food for Dahlias"

"We are so pleased with Lōma *as a food for flowers," says Mr. Lawrence K. Peacock of The Peacock Dahlia Farms, Dahlialand, New Jersey, "that we are recommending it to our customers as the best plant food for dahlias." This statement is all the more interesting in view of the fact that The Peacock Dahlia Farms have been growing dahlias for 45 years. They now have 103 acres planted with more than 650 varieties, among which are King Midas and Eliza London Shepard, two famous prize-winning flowers at hundreds of shows.*

THE value of lawn feeding was vividly illustrated in a demonstration conducted last season on the lawn of Mrs. Ralph T. B. Todd, president of the Little Gardens, Tarrytown, New York. Mrs. Todd had Lōma applied to her lawn, during a severe drought, when the grass was badly burned. The lawn was divided into two parts. Lōma was applied to one part, being sifted over it through an ordinary kitchen colander. The other part was left untreated.

In spite of the dry weather, by the end of the fifth day, there was a noticeable difference between the two areas, and by the end of the thirteenth day (when the photograph was taken) the area fed with Lōma had become a really beautiful plot of grass—very thick and velvety in texture, and from three to four inches longer than on the untreated side.

"It was a striking demonstration," reports the gardener making the test, "and showed clearly that a well-fed lawn can and does resist periods of drought and hot weather. The grass is sturdier and thicker, so that there is much less drying out."

* * *

Mrs. Todd is one of the vast number of gardening enthusiasts throughout the country who have learned to their own satisfaction the value of feeding lawns and vegetables and flowers with Lōma.

Lōma—a carefully balanced, very rich combination of nitrates, potash and phosphates—is a *complete* plant food, unlike any other in that it brings such amazing and delightful results *quickly*. You don't have to wait all season to see the improvement.

You can get Lōma in bags or cartons from any dealer in lawn or garden supplies. Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, New York, N. Y.

Lōma

Treat your Lawn and Garden *now*

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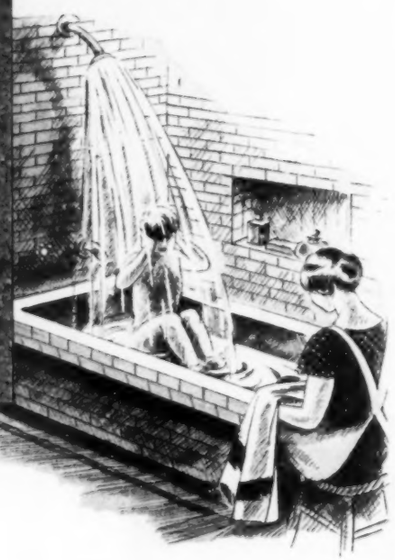
Before you invest, *consider Water Works Securities*

From a sparkling lake 17 miles away, a cast iron pipe line conveys water to a New England city. Water works securities provide funds for installing or extending water supply systems, and the chief expenditure is for cast iron pipe which lasts a century. When the securities are retired, usually in 30 years, the pipe line is paid for and good for generations of service. Consult your banker about investments in this indispensable industry.



WHEN you have funds to invest, do not fail to consider water works securities. When your community votes on a bond issue to provide funds for water works development or extensions, vote *Yes* and buy some of the bonds when issued.

By investing in water works securities you will be aiding the government's efforts to stimulate public works projects and you will be putting your money in an absolutely essential industry. Everybody must use water.

Not only is the demand for water constant and sure, but the capital expenditure for equipment to supply the demand is safely and economically invested. The principal expenditure in a water works project is for underground mains. Cast iron pipe is almost invariably used for water mains and cast iron pipe lasts for a century or more.

Investors are usually taxpayers. It is to the advantage of both to have cast iron pipe used when a water main installation is put down in the community. For cast iron is the longest lived and most economical material that is practicable for underground mains. Water and gas mains of ferrous metal (iron and steel) with the exception of cast iron, disintegrate from rust. Cast iron pipe is the *only* ferrous metal pipe practicable for underground mains that rust will not destroy.

Consult your banker regarding water works securities of municipalities or utility companies. And when you see water mains being laid, look for the "Q-check" trademark which identifies cast iron pipe made by the leading pipe founders listed in this advertisement.

Investors, taxpayers, city officials and engineers who desire information regarding pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts and industrial needs, are invited to write to The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

* * *

Cast iron pipe bearing the "Q-check" trade mark is obtainable from the following leading pipe founders: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York.

Look for the "Q-check" symbol stenciled in white as shown below. It is the registered trade mark of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association and identifies Cast Iron Pipe made by the leading pipe founders listed in this advertisement.

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(Continued from Page 170)

an upstairs window, his face lathered for shaving. I said: 'Sorry,' and was driving off when a mailman said: 'Now you're in Dutch. Them there dogs belong to the mayor. That's him hollering.' Well, I guess he beat me back to the society, but he had to get his dogs back just like anybody else. Everybody assumes the dog catcher is prowling around just for spite. They don't stop to think what the town would be like if we failed to collect the strays. We keep about seventeen wagons going in New York, and it's barely enough.

"In recent years we have had to go after packs of wild dogs at the upper end of Manhattan, at Rockaway Beach and Coney Island. Those were the worst. Summer cottagers had moved away and made no provisions for their cats and dogs. The dogs began to run in packs. Generally they made their headquarters in Mermaid Avenue, except when they went foraging among the frankfurter or hamburger sandwich stands. The one they selected was out of business when they finished. We made trip after trip out there to round them up. They used to laugh at us. They would swim out to a sand bar and go to sleep in the sun, with a sentinel posted against the possibility of our coming after 'em in a boat. Finally we started out in force with half a dozen wagons, were lucky enough to catch the bitch who was queen, and brought all of them in. A similar pack formed at Rockaway Beach after the summer season ended was easily caught after one of the men lassoed the bitch leader, but the largest dog in the pack did his best to rescue her. When dogs turn wild, many forgotten instincts are awakened. The biggest wild pack of all numbered about forty dogs. They had found shelter in a rock cave in Inwood Park at the upper end of Manhattan. Some of them were wild as wolves, born in that cave and never touched by human hand. An Airedale and a collie, mates, led them on raids against chicken pens, goat herds and back-porch ice boxes. We could not catch the smartest ones and finally the police cleaned them out with rifles."

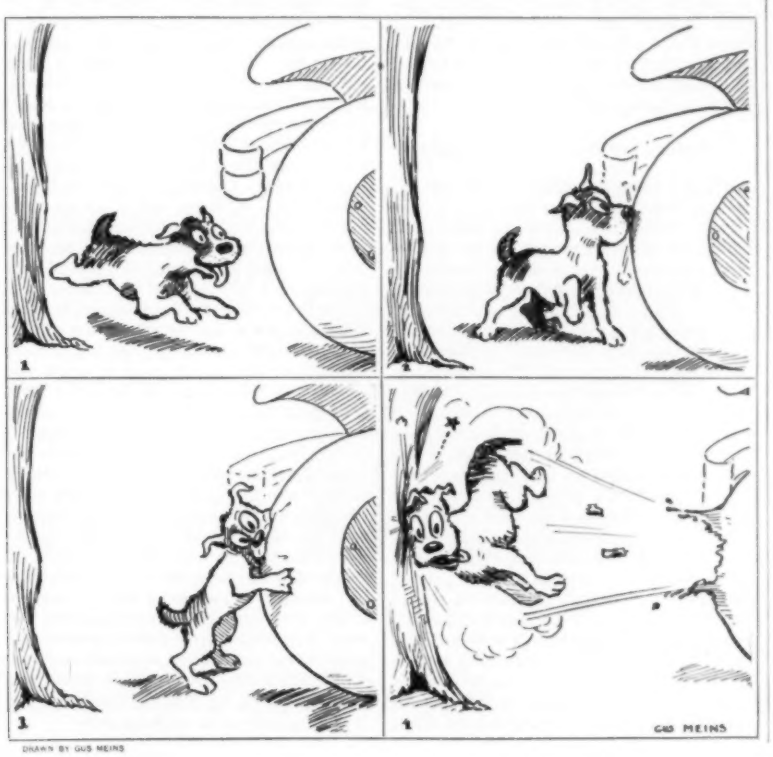
Lady Becomes a Lady

Central Park shelters wild dogs most of the time. One who formerly roved there is a red chow bitch who leads a reformed life nowadays on a leash held by a woman who spent six months winning her friendship. No amount of coaxing or trickery was sufficient to get a strap on that creature. The woman tried, with kindness as her motive, to dope the animal with morphia concealed in chopped liver. Too big a dose made the dog ill and doubly alert against capture. Finally, after half a year of liver subsidy, Lady surrendered her freedom and followed this tactful, patient woman out of the park and home. Today she has the manner and the henna coat of a $500 dog, which is one of the reasons she is never allowed to walk without a leash on her collar. Another reason is that wayward female dogs are generally incorrigible.

Keeping Dogs Healthy

One Central Park rebel was a white spitz named Belinda. She had plenty of excuse, as any policeman in the park could tell you. Belinda's mistress was a woman afflicted with tuberculosis. Every day they came to sit under the kindly rays of the sun. When the woman died the white dog escaped from confinement and took refuge in the park. A beige chow became her consort. Policemen were her guardians and her commissary. A length of sewer pipe under a bower of shrubs became her den. Every day when the sun was highest she would make a pathetic reconnaissance of that part of the park where her mistress had tried to cure herself. After two years Belinda developed an incurable disease that kept her in pain. She became a job for the dog catcher, but the one summoned by a policeman was that same gentle woman who reformed the chow, Lady. In Belinda's case, a meal of liver that concealed a small amount of a drug was sufficient to overcome her shyness. She died in a hospital, lying on a baby blanket on the floor of a clean cage, dedicated appropriately "to a stray dog."

The dog catchers and the dog hospitals have a common aim—that is, to keep healthy those dogs which share the lives of human beings. In Pennsylvania, which has a dog population of 700,000, this is so well understood that the enforcement of the state's dog law has been assigned to the Pennsylvania Bureau of Animal Husbandry. In each of seventeen districts covering the state there is a man in charge of dog-law enforcement. For the tramp dog such arrangements are as disturbing as law-and-order movements to wayward humans, but for the well-behaved family dog possessing a few social graces it is an excellent thing. If they could be made to understand these matters, possibly they could be induced to think of their generation as one of lucky dogs.



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SHOES FOR MEN

The AVENUE
A new idea for style-wise feet.

MEET the "Avenue"—the Bostonian that Kansas City men say is "just right." And it is! For here's style that bespeaks the best of taste. Fit that gives active feet a chance. Wear that isn't measured in months—but seasons! A good looking, easy-going shoe if ever there was one. Slip into the "Avenue" yourself and let your eyes admire, your feet rejoice. Bostonians range from $7. to $10.

BOSTONIANS *Shoes for Men*

Bostonians are sold in Kansas City by the Bostonian Shoe Store, 1021 Main Street.

Drop us a postcard for your copy of the Bostonian Spring Style Booklet P-3. Just out!

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Back to Nature

BACK TO LIFE

Her eyes laugh. Her heart sings. She has forgotten the depressing yesterdays. Tomorrows are faced with the glad courage of a happy body and a vigorous mind.

For she has learned to care for herself—has turned to Nature for a health-guard. Mountain Valley Mineral Water, crystal clear, delicious, is promoting natural elimination and helping to replace those essential minerals lacking in the modern diet.

Prescribed for 75 years—recognized for its virtues since pioneer days—sought by hundreds of thousands at Hot Springs, Arkansas, annually, Mountain Valley Mineral Water can now be delivered at your door.

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the coupon below. We will send you free that excellent and authoritative guide to better health, "Nature Intended."

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for 75 years The Prescribed Water at HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

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Mountain Valley Spgs. Co., Hot Springs, Ark.

OVERPRODUCTION CAN BE CURED

(Continued from Page 33)

So far I seem to have established an impervious circle: Better prices demand acreage reduction; a crusade for reduction tends to cause expansion; the single guide has been price; consequently, have low prices, and farmers will reduce Let's see if such a circle can be broken.

To digress from farming for a moment: For the first time in history we find the world with surpluses of many farm and industrial commodities. The Malthusian theory is tottering. The American formula for such a situation calls for a continuance of high wages, well-distributed per capita purchasing power, volume production at decreased unit cost, and increased consumption—more cars, more radios, more golf clubs and more clothes. But for agricultural products there is a very decided human limitation to consumption.

The solution for agriculture, if there is one which can remedy a general difficulty affecting so many diverse regions, is not particularly in line with our conception of business, but it parallels our philosophy of the functions of government.

Mining Out Our Timber Supply

Productive land falls into three general classes—for crops, for grazing and for forests. Here are two fundamental facts, both recognized by the Government: First, for satisfactory returns to farmers we are reproducing commodities in too large a volume; second, we are rapidly exploiting our way toward a shortage of timber. The twilight zone between these two fundamentals may hold the key to both problems.

By treating timber as a mine, rather than as a crop, we have reduced the virgin timber in the United States from more than 800,000,000 to about 135,000,000 acres. Second-growth timber adds several hundred million acres to the forest plant. However, the annual growth of the timber in the United States is only about one-quarter the annual depletion. We are using timber for houses, paper, and so on, at the rate of 25,000,000,000 cubic feet a year. That is an annual overdraft of some 19,000,000,000 cubic feet.

The process of exploitation is baring annually about 10,000,000 acres of land. This depletion has snuffed out important forest industries, depopulated vast regions, and placed heavy burdens upon counties and entire states by exposing areas of low-grade, unproductive land. It has skyrocketed the freight bill on lumber shipped from the South and West. Now exploitation saws away in those regions. The national capital account of timber is riding on a toboggan.

Of our national heritage on this continent—comprising nearly 2,000,000,000 acres—between 475,000,000 and 500,000,000 acres are best suited to timber growth. Approximately the same amount of land is in an improved condition, and of our improved land about 350,000,000 acres are actually producing food in surplus quantities. The remainder goes for cities, waste lands and acres not improved. Were the two great producing blocks of land now and potentially separate, there would be little use of rummaging among these colossal figures for an aid to the farm problem. Actually, however, the 500,000,000 acres best suited for forest use overlap the vast acreage now producing crops.

What would be the result if we were to slice this twilight zone from the agricultural picture and to increase the production of timber?

No solution offered to meet an emergency is acceptable unless it is economically sound. It must meet the situation not only now but for future generations, at least for as long a time as we can now foresee. Fortunately, in forming a national policy, we are now fortified with facts that a generation ago could not be anticipated. Science, after all, may lead us to the pot of gold. General climatic conditions, transportation facilities, chemical make-up of the soil, drainage, erosion, fertilization, pests—all these and more are on the map of knowledge. Any shift now must be made on this map and not on the one of Colonial days or the one of the past generations.

Of course the policy has already been adopted on the crop and grazing portions of the map. It has been decided that the only way American agriculture can achieve equality with other American industries is to reduce production to the market needs, which, in many cases, coincide with the domestic needs. For the answer to the economic problem as a whole, then, we must turn to the forestry side and weigh the benefits against the cost.

By proper forest planting and management this country can produce on about 500,000,000 acres sufficient wood for current domestic consumption, and can perpetuate that condition. Manifestly, this would be far better than to seek wood in foreign countries. Besides, were we forced to do that we would find ourselves against a stone wall. There is no world surplus and we consume 50 per cent of all the timber cut.

But more than this is in the ledger of economic advantages. Though forests cannot completely regulate the flow of the turbulent Mississippi, the control of waters at the source is a distinct aid to flood prevention and preserves water supplies for proper and necessary use.

Nearly 18,000,000 acres of our rich soil have been made desolate in the process of erosion, a day-and-night washing process that carries thousands of truckloads of our richest soil daily down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. That is greater than the entire arable area of Japan. Forest depletion has not been solely responsible for this, of course, but it has been too large a factor, and proper forest planting would help check erosion. In addition, forests are used for grazing purposes. They have great recreational value—at least 32,000,000 visitors to the national forests each year think so. It is, perhaps, not entirely uneconomic to suggest that we could afford to restore some of the country's natural beauty by reforestation, and to provide more wild-life refuges.

The Congress has authorized a fund of $500,000,000 to promote the stability of agriculture. That sum has not made us shudder. Every business man and every farmer would be happy to see the full appropriation spent if it accomplished its purpose. It would cost—who knows?—perhaps twice that much, perhaps no more, to take out of cultivation all those lands now farmed that ought never to have been brought under the plow during the expansion era.

Investing for Our Grandchildren

There is this vital difference between expansion and any plan for contraction: Expansion is the natural result of anticipated immediate financial returns on the investment; returns on the investment in reforestation will probably not develop in full for forty years or more. It is in this regard that we find the proposed program out of line with our ideas of business investments, but entirely in harmony with Federal policy.

The Federal Government is spending millions of dollars every year on agricultural research. The present generation considers it entirely proper that funds from the Treasury should be used for this purpose, but it was not always so. In the early days of our history only a progressive minority held this view. Our present view came from Adam Smith, who, though insisting that government should not encroach upon private prerogatives, felt that government should perform certain services which would not be possible under private endeavor because the individual could not be financially repaid. In short, if we depended upon private enterprise to invest money in agricultural research, the returns from which are often years distant and often not in sight, there would be very little technical advance in agriculture. There is no need to pile up evidence to prove that the progress we have made in agricultural research has benefited the entire population. A mere mention of the cattle-tick discovery and its opening the door to the control of yellow fever, making possible the building of the Panama Canal, is ample indication.

This same government philosophy should hold good in an enlarged program of forest planting. Admitting that, as individuals, we do not usually consider the coming generation when economic data are on the screen, the Government does and can well afford to think of the future. An expenditure of, say, $1,000,000,000 now would be invested in land that would ultimately become a national asset and the expenditure would be of immediate benefit to agriculture. The problem of surpluses would be reduced to one of seasonal or weather surpluses and the Federal Farm Board could then properly carry out the Federal program to stabilize prices by feeding commodities to the market so as to avoid gluts. Or if it seems inadvisable to take such a bold step in reforestation, the Government could make no other annual expenditure that would help so much as to buy from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000 worth of marginal and submarginal lands in the old Cotton Belt, parts of the Northern Lake states, various parts of the Atlantic and Gulf Coastal regions, plateaus of the West, and in the highland rim of the Ozarks, and then stock them with the proper species of trees.

A New Crop for the South

This very thing is happening anyway, with painful slowness. Farmers are migrating to the cities. Crop acreage is decreasing. The Government is adding to its forest plant. But it is a dilatory process. No doubt, in time these slow forces would bring about a fair balance. During the years of readjustment, however, a large part of our population has a low purchasing power and industry lags in proportion. Abandoned lands, sometimes reverting for nonpayment of taxes to counties or states, and sometimes to insurance companies or banks, often are unproductive.

The situation in the South affords a striking example of what is happening. For years the South produced cotton for domestic consumption and for export on about 35,000,000 acres. Mechanization of agriculture caused rapid expansion in Texas and Oklahoma. About 46,000,000 acres were planted to cotton in 1926 and the bottom fell out of cotton prices. Now we are learning that under full production and managed for continuous growth, the South could provide nearly one-third of America's wood requirements. Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and others are talking reforestation, yet not since 1926 has the price of cotton been satisfactory, and this year the price is less than the cost of production on a fair share of the farms.

For those who insist upon figures, we may assume that the coming generation will see about 150,000,000 people in the United States. At the current rate of wood use, waste and growth of timber, the next generation would need to have nearly 1,500,000,000 acres in forests. This seems stupendous. We have been deceiving ourselves about forest-acreage requirements simply because we have gone merrily on our way, chopping and chopping, with little concern over the fact that in the not too distant future we may find ourselves treeless. Of course such an enormous acreage will never be necessary. Improved forests can increase the yield an acre perhaps 400 per cent. Economists agree that on 500,000,000 acres we can practically perpetuate our forest requirements. Besides, if we were compelled to do so, we could decrease our per

(Continued on Page 177)

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An hour of handwriting will exhaust anyone . . .

YOU CAN CORONATYPE ALL DAY

IT'S fun to express yourself on paper. Youngsters love to write stories. You know a dozen good yarns which would be acceptable to magazines. All that holds you back is the physical strain of handwriting. Watch someone writing with a pen—face twisted, hand and arm cramped, body in an unnatural position.

You can Coronatype all day without getting tired. Corona action is so easy that no physical effort is required. With an exquisitely responsive little Corona obeying the touch of your fingers, thoughts flow onto the paper without conscious effort. Home work is no longer work.

Typing will improve your English. Sentences will be crisper, more expressive. It is almost impossible to misspell words on Corona. That is because a word is a type picture in your mind. When misspelled, it doesn't look right. Try it.

For club work, women are learning that Corona is a big help. It has become indispensable to students who want to earn honors at high school and college. Business men can double their efficiency if there is a handy little Corona in their study at home.

Corona is, we believe, the finest instrument ever made for personal typing. Try one for a few days in your home. You cannot fail to be impressed by the smoothness of its action. A vital superiority is the solid, one-piece, die-cast frame of aluminum—light but of tremendous rigidity and strength. It is not necessary to keep Corona screwed to a wooden base. It stands on its own feet. Corona is not a big machine cut down. It is small in the sense that a fine watch is small. It has everything and does everything.

Easy to learn—See how quickly fingers find the right keys. With a few days of practice you can type as rapidly as thoughts come.

Easy payment plan

Corona is easy to own. Your Corona dealer will be glad to deliver one for a trial. When convinced that it is the best, make a small first payment, and arrange to pay a little each month. You have a choice of many beautiful Duco color combinations. Corona, with standard keyboard, costs $60. Corona Special, with three row keyboard, costs $39.50. A handsome carrying case free with either model.

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Why do so many Owners of Smaller Cars buy a top quality Oil like Waverly?

More than most others, the owner of a smaller car is likely to consider and protect the investment he has made in his car. He wants it to run as well and as long as possible. He knows, therefore, that he should use the very best motor oil he can buy.

To him as well as others, the name Waverly Motor Oil has become *a trustworthy guide to the utmost in oil.*

Half-a-century's experience in refining "All-Pennsylvania" oils is the background of that assurance. Added to this is Waverly's honest ambition to excel—to stand at the head of even the small select class of fine oils that are its only competitors.

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FIFTY YEARS
of Faith, Effort and Ambition to Excel

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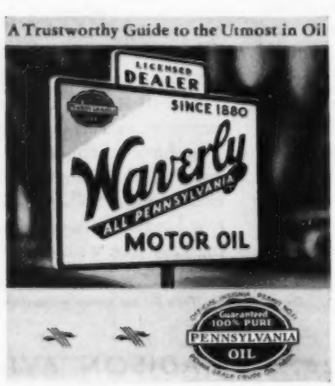

ALL-PENNSYLVANIA
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35 Cents a Quart

(Continued from Page 174)

capita consumption of wood, just as Europe has done. In other words, the primary demand is always for food, and land must sacrifice its golf courses, trees and parks if an increased acreage for food should in the distant future become necessary.

So, to invest $1,000,000,000 within a period of a few years, as a random guess, would be a tremendous step toward what eventually must be done anyway. The undertaking could be forwarded by putting forestry development on the same Federal-aid basis to the states as we now have Federal aid for roads. By working with state and county forestry boards, the Government would receive more for every dollar invested. We don't want to pay twenty-five dollars an acre for land that could be bought for ten dollars.

A National Forestry Program

The job must be done scientifically too. The colossal task of classifying all the soils of this country is progressing rapidly. The program is sufficiently advanced that the soil surveys can be used as a general scientific indication for withdrawing the relatively unprofitable lands from crop production. We did not have this information in the days when, fortuitously, we began to produce wheat in Wisconsin and then decided that dairying would be better. In other words, our conception today of land needs for forests, crop production and for grazing is determined by knowledge of national needs and knowledge of actual physical conditions of the plant as a whole.

The Government is behind, of course, a well-conceived and vigorously prosecuted national forestry program. It is managed by the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture with the assistance of the Forest Reservation Commission and state agencies. This program has many important aims, with stability and profit for crop and livestock production decidedly among those purposes. To be of immediate advantage to agriculture, the Forest Service, with the Department of Agriculture as a whole, should be the agency under the enlarged program charged with the responsibility of extending aid to the states for the withdrawal from production of those marginal lands that do not help agriculture, but which bear heavily upon it. Were the task to be unscientifically managed, the regular forestry program, which I shall indicate only in broad outline a little farther on, might be damaged permanently. Obviously, not all lands best suited for inclusion in our forest plant are in crops. Only a small percentage. But the submarginal crop-producing lands are the first that should be thrown over into the forest picture. It is sheer profit suicide to do otherwise.

The question naturally arises whether these reforested lands, taken from cultivation by the states and the Federal Government, should be exempt from taxation until they reach the stage of productivity. The tax problem has been a bugaboo in many branches of agriculture. There are too many farmers now struggling under the urge to make their land at least pay the tax bill. In many states the tax laws operate as strong deterrents to reforestation on the part of private owners. In other states these laws have led to stripping the forest land of everything salable, followed by tax forfeiture. We need to change state laws to permit classification of lands for taxation. It may be possible to levy a very light property tax on land that is set aside for timber production, and not on the growing timber. Later, however, a production tax could be levied on the timber itself, as cut. Some practical plan would have to be worked out to meet the need for local revenue during the period between planting and production. Wisconsin meets this problem by having the state treasury contribute to the local budgets. In many cut-over timber regions idle land is yielding no revenue, and thus imposes a heavier burden for the support of schools and other improvements on productive farms. This is all the more reason why taxable wealth should be produced on present idle lands. The tax phase of the question might well be deferred until results of the forest-taxation study of the Federal Government are announced. The system of taxation will have to be one which promotes the coöperation of the counties and states with the Federal organizations.

Eighty per cent of the forest lands in this country are under private ownership. They are subject to all sorts of abuses. Of the 340,000,000 acres of forests in this country subject to destructive exploitation, only 10,000,000 of the privately owned forests are actually managed for forestry. There are 127,000,000 acres of farm wood lots, and the bulk of them are cared for as if they were stepcousins. Drawing upon the experience of Germany, France, other European countries, and what has happened in this country in the past, we know that public ownership and public protection are necessary to have a sizable restriction of destructive forest exploitation. Especially necessary is it to have the Government own and operate the poorer class of forest lands. It is a curious paradox that the rule of superior private initiative goes to blazes in forestry. However, it is perfectly obvious that in this country private forestry is always going to be a factor at least. The next task in the program, then, would be to devise a means of supplementing the Federal and state efforts with collective effort on the part of farmers and other private timber growers. The first inducement to this is to aid private owners in planting trees on those lands best suited to the purpose.

Soil conditions are so varied that even the best crop farms often have small plots better suited to timber than to crops or hay. Relatively unproductive soil on a farm presents the same problem that the star boarder does in the dairy herd. With the assistance of soil surveys already available and with the help of county agents, every farmer can get a fairly sound indication as to whether or not he has a plot or plots which should be made into a farm wood lot.

A proper educational campaign, conducted in conjunction with the Federal-state program to place marginal lands in trees, might suffice. It would not be a life-and-death matter—this collective action by farmers—because the brunt of a forestry program must be borne by government agencies.

However, wood is an important farm crop. In one year during the war, wood was exceeded in value only by wheat, corn, hay, oats and cotton. Farm woodlands will supply fence posts, poles, fuel, building timbers and other farm wood requirements. They provide work for the farmer in slack seasons. They increase land values now, and more in the future. They add to the farm income without the threat of surpluses. There is a ready market in many localities for farm forest products. Farm woodlands check erosion and gullying on steep slopes, often serve as effective windbreaks to prevent destruction and burning of crops and, best of all, utilize land not suited for cultivation or grazing.

A Surplus Drawn from Capital

The industrial side of the forest picture is important. Wood-using industries turn out products valued at more than $2,000,000,000 a year. The lumber and allied-products industry employs nearly 1,000,000 workers. As previously indicated, from a country blessed with an abundance of timber we are today importing more forest products than we export, as measured in dollars, and the world market is by no means burdened with a surplus. Though we sometimes produce a temporary surplus of lumber and wood products, it is drawn largely from the capital account, and consequently a temporary surplus is not indicative of any really permanent situation. A shrinkage of the wood-using industries would present serious industrial problems, yet, on the basis of our current forestry program, those grave consequences are sure to result.

I have said that by combining the forestry work with the general farm program for acreage reduction, the present forestry program must not be damaged. The point, to be obvious, need not be labored. Our National Forest Service has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. Its present program for watershed protection, water conservation, fire prevention, and so on, is founded on past experience. That program should go steadily forward and not be injured by an agricultural-relief measure. In other words, much of the submarginal land now producing crops should be in forests, but we should not solve the farm-surplus problem at the sacrifice of the watershed problem or the erosion problem. Public attention needs to be focused on both elements and each must be prosecuted effectively. That we can put submarginal lands to forests without injuring the regular forestry program is fortunate for farmers.

New Uses for Wood

This idea of foresting submarginal lands has been discussed for a number of years. I have talked the matter over with hundreds of farmers and many national leaders. Many questions are invariably raised. "Suppose such a program is put into effect," one says. "Then as the American farmers increase their efficiency still further, will we not have to take more land out of cultivation?" Says another, "The only solution would be to have the Government own all forest lands and all other lands not producing crops. The Government would then sell land to producers only when increased production becomes necessary."

It is entirely possible that as chemistry and invention develop new uses for farm products and by-products, any increased production due to a rising of the general standard of efficiency will be more than offset. For instance, new uses are being found for cotton, for cornstalks, for cull lemons, and for many other agricultural by-products. New uses are being found for wood too. Wood has been turned to the manufacture of rayon, of fiber containers and other pulp and paper products, and of chemical products. Despite the fact that many substitutes for wood are being used in construction, the demand for wood is more likely to increase rather than to decrease.

There is no doubt that production efficiency will increase. Colossal waste occurs in many phases of farming. But as a further offset to increasing production resulting from efficiency, our population is gradually increasing. The vitality of the soil in many regions is decreasing.

Others have said to me, "If agricultural prices go up, would there not be a spontaneous urge for increased farm acreage? If irrigation or other elements cause new lands to be more attractive than land now farmed, are we to forbid expansion by legislation?"

Admittedly, any single proposal, as I have indicated here, apparently ignores hundreds of elements. That is the inevitable result of focusing attention on any one important phase of a question beset with innumerable small problems. For instance, the immediate suggestion seems to ignore the terrific waste that occurs in agriculture. It skips over the need for cheaper transportation. It does not take account of tariff readjustments. Mechanization is revolutionizing the industry, and on the horizon we see the possibility that with machines and continued technical progress the American farmer may produce at so low a unit cost that he can undersell foreign competitors.

Such questions and factors can best be settled after we put our crop, grazing and forest plants in order. It is better to experiment with healthy industries than with ones sick with poor returns and pessimism. That pessimism, I fear, is quite real. The American farmer has increased his efficiency in the face of deficits. Under the circumstances he cannot be blamed for saying he should never have tried to increase his

Try this healing lather on that *"tender spot"*

WHEN we recently announced "Lifebuoy Shaving Cream is here," thousands of requests for trial tubes poured in. "Great news," men said. "Must be fine." "Just think—a shaving cream with Lifebuoy's antiseptic protection!"

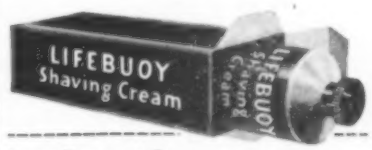
They tried it. Another flood of enthusiastic letters. "Marvelous." "The slickest shave ever." "So easy on the tender spot."

No more painful shaves

Nearly every man has one favored tender spot, on neck, chin, cheek or lip that gets sore from shaving. But now, with Lifebuoy's double-dense lather shielding it, the razor glides right over it—without leaving a trace of sting or burn.

This simple test will prove it

Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today. Or mail the coupon below for a free trial tube. Then lather with it. Shave in your usual way. When you go over the tender spot—feel the difference. Note how the razor slides gently over it—getting off every whisker clean—without the slightest irritation. That's because Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather lubricates, soothes, protects. Get a tube now—try it.



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Please send me a 12-day "Show Me" trial tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

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But must my hair be dry after a permanent wave?

Joyfully, we tell you—it need NOT be! It is quite true that practically all systems of permanent waving do tend to dry the hair and make it brittle, but clever women know that an ounce of prevention and another ounce or so of cure will keep their hair normal and healthy in spite of the heat of wave machines.

The solution to the whole problem lies in the handy bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. It's so good for the hair. Before your shampoo, apply it directly to the scalp and massage it in well with the fingertips. Move the scalp—don't rub. This treatment cleanses the pores, supplies oil to the roots and stimulates circulation. Follow it by your usual shampoo. The hair will be soft and lustrous, your wave will look smooth and natural.

And "Vaseline" Hair Tonic is fine for setting your wave, too. Moisten the hair first with water. Then smooth a very little Tonic over it with the palm of your hand and with comb and fingers shape and pinch in the wave as you like it.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1930

Whether you want to escape the drying effects of a permanent or just to keep your scalp healthy and your hair lovely, do try the "Vaseline" Hair Tonic Treatment. You can buy "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at any drug store, in bottles of two sizes with shaker-type tops. Made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

yields. The tonic is greater buying power, prosperity. The trial is worth a large national cost, for all interests stand to be benefited.

We have now recognized for years that our plant is too large if it is to make money. Crusades in the South, pleading for reduction, have done no good. Greater economic information about supply and demand has not prevented surpluses. And as this stands true, we have also recognized the bad forestry situation; discussions about it often reach evangelist heat. To put our house in order now merely means that we can build on a solid foundation. The changes from then on will not be so rapid as might appear merely by reflecting momentarily on the possibility. To a vast extent our crops have sought out the soils and climates to which they are best adapted. The bulk of our good land has been plowed. If, in the future, we find or develop better lands for crops, the marginal lands continually should be forested.

Critics of the Government's plan for organizing farmers and for promoting stability have pointed to the failure this year to hold up the price of wheat and cotton. Importing Europe can, if it makes up its mind to do so, decrease its wheat purchases by at least 200,000,000 bushels and substitute rice and other products. It is obvious that our exports to Europe have not been what they should be. If Europe is now beginning to show her feathers of reprisal in response to a mild stabilization plan, in which the domestic consumer pays as much as the European consumer for our products, what would she have done had we put into force a plan which depended for its value on dumping our surpluses onto the shores of foreign countries?

More Soil Knowledge Needed

We have the best program for farm stability that has been worked out. Alone, however, it is not enough. So long as we believe in maintaining a standard of living determined within our own shores, our farmers must produce mainly for the domestic market, except for those crops which do not have stiff world competition. And if the reduction of our agricultural plant can be brought about, not too painfully, isn't it worth the price, and isn't it the part of statesmanship, to do it as soon as possible?

Seven years ago, seven specialists in the Department of Agriculture prepared a sound discussion on the question of land utilization in the United States. That study admitted that more knowledge of soil classification was needed. But the conclusions on the amount of land needed for forests, for crops, and for grazing would today open the eyes of many statesmen and journalists. Seven years later we must still admit that the job of soil classification needs to go forward more rapidly. At the same time, what the Forest Service, the soils specialists, the farm-management people, the Farm Board, and others, know right now would suffice to draw up an effective policy on land utilization and, if presented to Congress by these groups, it most certainly would get serious consideration.

Many states, such as Michigan, have been making economic surveys of their land. A national conference, made up of representatives of all the states, could bring together enough sound information on land utilization to point the way toward an immediate program for foresting idle lands and submarginal lands now in crops.

Building a Rural Aristocracy

Some will say that a suggestion for cooperation among various agencies is mere banal sauce. They believe that facts possessed by one group are common knowledge. The ideal in this case is not even approached. The Reclamation Service of the Interior Department wants to bring more land into cultivation, while the Department of Agriculture wants to reduce the plant. Large landowning interests are using high-pressure salesmanship to induce farmers to occupy wide areas. Different states have varying ideas of taxation for forest lands. Extension agents give the same attention to production technic on submarginal lands as they do on the best lands. One group insists upon the restoration of areas in New England, while others insist it would never pay. Coöperation among the many agencies and the several states is not unlike collective action by farmers.

People seem to be coming more and more to the downcast view that our agriculture cannot be handled on a businesslike basis unless the plant is owned and operated by a few giant corporations. Certainly Americans don't want to give up an entire slice of our culture and our civilization. Rather, we want to restore economic stability to agriculture and to increase the culture and the prestige of rural America. Not as it is conceived by any European power, but in accord with the true American conception, we want to build and to preserve a true rural aristocracy.

I, for one, am willing to invest something now for the future of America. And I am optimistic enough as a business man to believe that the immediate result of helping our overextended agriculture by curtailing production on marginal and submarginal lands would be a more prosperous agriculture, an increased purchasing power on the part of a fourth of our population, increased sales, and an enlivened business. Should we, on the other hand, have to wait for new timber lands to become productive before we are paid back in dollars and cents, we'll be doing no more than we already sanction by paying for agricultural research. If a thing is right, it is worth doing now.

Apple-Blossom Time in Virginia

How Long Will this Iron Bridge Last?

. . . . . *A Hundred Years and More say Government Engineers for it is Wrought Iron*

THE Old Rock Island Bridge over the Missouri River at Leavenworth, Kansas, besides carrying highway traffic, served three railroads till 1893. It was then a little over twenty years old. Thereafter, because of the decay of timber approaches and of later damage by fire, it was less and less used and finally closed altogether.

In 1917, as a war measure, the old structure was seized by the Government. In 1924, after it had been abandoned and utterly neglected for fifteen years, it was examined with a view either to repairing or removing it. The engineers found that "the only serious damage sustained by the superstructure was due to the two fires through which it passed." Deterioration and loss of section through corrosion was described as "slight, amounting to possibly one per cent."

The bridge was then fifty-two years old and the Government inspectors reported "no indications of progressive deterioration that will endanger the structure for probably a similar length of time."

This significant comment also appeared in the report: "The superstructure is composed of materials that resist destructive agencies better than the materials now used for like purposes."

The material in question, so far as tension members are concerned, was wrought iron. On the basis of the report, new approaches were built, new floors laid, and the bridge restored to use.

Not only for bridges but for other structural and ornamental objects, wrought iron was the standard material a half century ago. Now, after long experiment with cheaper substitutes, there is an extensive return to genuine wrought iron. This is not a blind, sentimental, or sweeping general movement. Rather, it is discriminate, and governed by direct comparisons of results in the use of the different metals.

For some purposes, the superiority of wrought iron has always been recognized. Sheets, plates, window sash, wire, and nails are among the wrought iron products lately restored to the preferred list.

Information concerning any proposed use of wrought iron may be had by addressing

WROUGHT IRON RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
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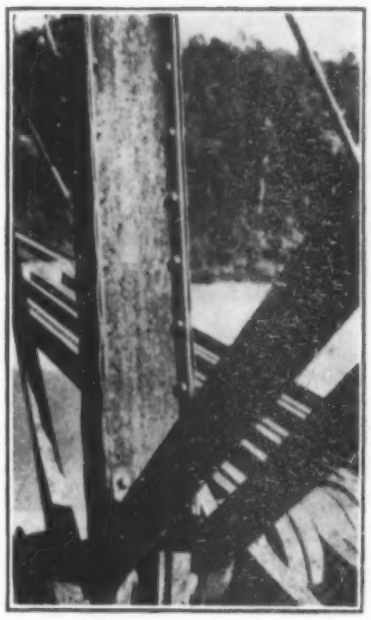

Photograph taken to show "worst visible damage due to corrosion" on old bridge at Leavenworth in 1924. No marked effect of corrosion is seen.

* * * *

Above: General view of the bridge, also taken in 1924, preparatory to repairs.

Wrought Iron

MAKE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE

Use Powder

Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

No Pumice—No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains nothing to injure the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove that it can preserve teeth for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than other anti-acids.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, maximum freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

In use over 60 years

Getting On in the World

Profit From Trout

THE signboard read: "Troutwold 2 Miles." Following its direction, we come to a stop in a thin grove of slender Norway pines.

Before us is a rambling one-storied house of whitewashed logs, its low eaves lost in the green of shrubbery and vines. To the sides of the little, clear space are smaller cabins, half hidden in the trees. As the car stops, a young man in high, canvas-colored wading boots, hatless, with his blue-flannel shirt open at the throat emerges from the larger house.

"Jones is my name. Come right in. You're the first here today. Fishing should be good a little later."

When we had changed to fishing clothes, jointed our rods and assembled our tackle, Jones led us forth by a well-worn trail, ending at the margin of a small lake, its banks close grown with overhanging foliage. Only when we had arranged ourselves in a square-ended boat and Jones had pushed off from shore was the artificial nature of the lake apparent. A low dam of logs and earth, sodded above the water line, marked the southern end of the pond. To the north, the flowage extended in a crescent shape, perhaps 200 feet its greatest width, for a quarter mile or more.

The water lay smooth as a mirror in the warm afternoon sun. "They won't feed while it's so bright," Jones said. "We may as well get into the shade and wait for a little breeze or some clouds."

When he had maneuvered our craft into the opposite bank and the protecting shadows of an overhanging birch, we settled back with our pipes. While we awaited some vagrant cloud to shadow the surface of the pond, I drew from the young man the story of Troutwold.

"When I left the state university in my junior year," he began, "I had neither trade nor profession. I drifted from one job to another, trying to find out what I wanted to do. I was raised in the city but had always been fond of outdoor sports. Office jobs soon grew tedious. I was only a fair salesman. I was never an actual failure at any of the jobs I held, but couldn't seem to adjust myself to the routine of business.

"From high-school days I had been interested in trout fishing. When I was a boy every stream in this part of the state offered good fishing. The automobile and good roads soon changed all that. In spite of closed seasons and smaller bag limits, the game hog and the increasing numbers of fishermen threatened to exterminate brook trout entirely. And as the forests were logged away streams became shallower, smaller branches and feeder springs dried up. The speckled trout demands cold water and prefers a swift stream.

"Fishermen who had flocked to this region from great distances turned to the Nipigon and other Canadian streams for their sport. No group of sportsmen is more exacting in its demands or more rigid in its code than the fly-casting fraternity. Your fly fisherman is as choosy about his equipment as the big-game hunter. He respects the trout as an adversary and never, if he is beyond the novice stage, fishes for the pan. I wish you could see the skill of some of the men who fish here—city doctors and professional men who take up fly-casting as others do golf, and get more thrill from fighting a two-pounder on a five-ounce rod than you could pack into a summer of golf.

"The idea of a fish farm and private fishing grounds had been growing on me for some time when I was discharged from the Army in 1919. When I bought the first eighty acres on King Creek with a small down payment, it required most of my capital to put in the dam and clear away the underbrush from the site of the pool. Most of this work I did myself. Flowing springs above my dam insured a supply of cold water, and a clay subsoil prevented loss through seepage. When the flowage was filled I had nearly four acres of pond, with almost perfect living and breeding conditions for trout.

"To the native stock of King Creek impounded by the dam, I added 50,000 fingerling trout the first year. Since then, at least four young fish have been planted in the pond for every mature trout removed. Mortality, even under favorable conditions, is high, but this steady replenishment, together with the increase through spawning, prevents exhaustion of our pond under intensive fishing. We feed them ground packing-house waste, but only enough to augment the natural feed brought down the creek. A game fish is better off for having to forage and fight for his food.

"Late in the second season I opened the pond to the public. Brief announcements in the newspapers of the larger cities near by brought out the first customers, and before cold weather nearly 3000 trout were taken—all native fish. My fingerlings were still too small to catch. I charged a fifty-cent fee and twenty-five cents for each trout caught, limited the basket to ten and insisted on an eight-inch minimum, whereas the state law permitted the taking of seven-inch trout. Only fly fishing was allowed.

"The idea caught on at once, and the third season brought increasing numbers of fishermen to Troutwold. I had built five two-room log cabins, furnished them in camp style, and from May to October a night's vacancy was rare. During these months I experimented with the serving of meals. I learned that my patrons preferred plain fare. In old Mike I found just the man for that department. An old-time lumber-camp cook, with no family ties, he has been with me six years now. A great story teller, Mike gets on well with all our guests. In the winter he keeps busy at repair jobs, overhauls and paints the boats, cuts the firewood for the year. Until the fourth year all income above bare living expenses was plowed back into the property. An electric-light plant and running water in every cabin were undertaken when the success of the venture seemed to warrant their cost.

"Each season has seen the revenue larger. Increasing numbers of fishermen learn of the accessibility of Troutwold, and nearly every day tourists drive in, wearied of fishing in the depleted streams. An hour's easy driving from the city, there are men who come out twice a week for an hour or two of recreation and sport. The cost as compared to that of a trip to some distant stream is very reasonable. Few ardent fishermen enjoy fishing under conditions which suggest the aquarium or a hatchery. So we have tried to keep the surroundings in as natural a state as possible.

"Our big income is from the fishermen, of course. Last year we grossed about $6500 from that source alone. In addition, we sold to cafés and dining cars $1200 in table fish during the winter months. Income from meals served and rental of the cabins brought our total to more than $10,500. Since the fifth year my net income has never fallen below $5000. Add to this that I am doing work for which I seem to be fitted, and that I own the place clear of all debts and am independent. That's why when a private fishing club offered me twice the book value of the property last year, I couldn't let it go. You grow attached to something you've built up with your own hands, and I don't know much about anything but trout after nine years."

A tiny puff of wind, blowing across the pond, ruffled the sunny surface. Fifty feet out a two-pound trout left the water in a gleaming arc.

Jones reached for his paddle and pushed the boat gently off from shore. "They're getting hungry," he said. "Try over there where that big fellow broke."

—HENRY DENNIS.

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DENNEY ALSO MAKES
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AND OTHER TAGS

MAKING OF A SPORTSWOMAN

(Continued from Page 31)

Miss Casson pulled up her lathered steed with a reckless jerk and appeared to hurl herself headlong from the saddle.

"Hullo, Sammy," she said. "Thought I'd drop in to welcome the newlyweds home."

Sam introduced Millicent. The girls shook hands. Millicent found herself being assayed in the stare of bold black eyes. She felt a worried sort of disappointment. Joyce was a stunner. Sun and wind and rain and horses hadn't hurt Joyce's looks. She was tall and wiry, and tanned skin went well with her eyes and bobbed chestnut hair. Millicent, with a woman's inward secret humility when appraising another woman's looks, wondered why Joyce had been given beauty as well as athletic ability. It just wasn't fair.

"Awfully glad to know you," Joyce said. "Guess Sammy told you I'm a buddy of his."

"Oh, yes," said Millicent. "Sam has talked about you a lot."

Sam beamed, oblivious of undercurrents.

"Want you two to get together, Joyce," he said. "I've told Millie you'll give her some pointers on riding."

Joyce stared at Sam.

"Oh, doesn't she ride?" She turned to Millicent, "I thought everybody rode these days."

"I never had the opportunity before," Millicent said; "but I'm very keen to learn."

Sam said: "I think she ought to start on Teddy."

Joyce looked Millicent up and down.

"You don't want to break her neck this soon, do you?" she said. "Better buy her a pony." She stared a moment longer at Millicent and blurted, "How are your legs?"

It occurred to Sam that Millicent was somewhat bewildered.

"That's horse talk and Millie doesn't savvy it," he said, grinning. "She doesn't know how hard you have to grip to stick on a flat saddle sometimes."

Millicent recovered her composure.

"I'll start on Teddy," she said, her voice cold.

Joyce shrugged amusedly and began talking horses with Sam. Millicent listened to her jabber, rude in its utter exclusion of herself, with smoldering rage. . . . Joyce's mare had foaled. . . . Bulger had ringhalt. . . . Morrie Clark broke his collar bone on the creek jump in last Saturday's point-to-point. . . . That Lexington horse Johnny Kemp bought turned out to be a dog. . . . Gillie Dunning was going to breed his filly to a stud at Mexico. . . . The Hunt and Bridle crowd was getting ritzier than ever. . . .

Listening, Millicent knew what Sam didn't even suspect. Joyce was in love with Sam. Joyce hated her because she was Sam's wife. Joyce didn't think Millicent was the girl for Sam. Joyce believed Millicent would be badly out of it in Sam's sporting crowd. Joyce was biding her time. She'd get Sam yet.

Oh, she would? Not if Millicent ——

She learned to ride. Though her spine protested and other portions of her anatomy suffered, she learned to ride. She got over her seasick feeling; the ground no longer seemed miles away; she even came to forget how hard the ground was. When Sam shouted from his shower mornings, "How about a canter before we eat?" she no longer shuddered. She knew how to change from a trot to a pace; from a rack to a canter. And when Sam, enormously proud of her, said, "You're ready for jumping. I'm going to buy you the best hunter in this neck of the woods," she voiced a little prayer, but kept her chin high. She did not break her neck; only her left wrist and two ribs.

She had better luck with the shooting. The shotgun bruised her shoulder; its hot barrel occasionally burned her fingers. But after many weeks she learned not to shut her eyes tight and jerk at the trigger. She kept them open and squeezed. One Saturday morning she broke seventeen clay pigeons out of twenty-five, which Sam called "damn fine shooting for a girl." Sam, with great glee, promised to take her out after ducks and quail as soon as the seasons opened. In her soul she shuddered, but when Sam said, "Gee, you're a great little pal," she would have gone out after elephants. She felt Joyce's bold, ruthless eyes on her, watching, always watching.

At tennis, Millicent made little progress. Her racket was all wood and her attempts at backhand play caused even Sam, dear loyal Sam, to say, "I'll take the shots to your left, dear." She improved somewhat in swimming, but spoiled her dives by clutching frantically at her nose as she hit the water. Her only outstanding success was at golf.

Through faithful practice and under Sam's patient guidance she got so she could shoot in the eighties. Her woods were weak, but she was deadly with the short irons and deadlier on the greens. Sam's pride knew no bounds. He was all for entering her in the state amateur; and when she balked at that, he browbeat the committee at the country club into placing her on the inter-city match team. He also insisted on entering her in every club tournament.

Millicent, to all outward appearances, had become a sportswoman. The city newspapers referred to her as such when they printed rotogravure pictures of Mrs. Samuel Powell and her prize-winning hunter, Hobo, and Starring in Tournament at Country Club: Mrs. Samuel Powell, and Prominent Young Sportswoman Society Fête Chairman. Her husband said to all and sundry: "That little wife of mine has come along faster than anyone I ever saw." Her friends said: "She's really made wonderful progress when you consider how terrible she was when Sam married her." And even Miss Joyce Casson grudgingly acknowledged: "I thought Sammy had picked a hopeless dud, but she's improved a lot. I'll say that for her."

But Millicent wasn't a sportswoman. The mere acquisition of respectable facility at sports had deceived her friends and impressed the worshipful Sam. It didn't deceive Millicent.

The first intimation Sam got of his wife's essential failure to be a sportswoman came in this way:

Millicent had been paired in the September tournament at the country club with a Mrs. Loesch. They were evenly matched and seesawed to the sixteenth green all square. There Millicent was on in three, while Mrs. Loesch hooked a mashie shot to a trap at the left of the green. She made a fine recovery, pitching to within eighteen inches of the cup. Millicent missed her long putt for a four. Mrs. Loesch looked at Millicent inquiringly. Millicent sank her five and stood aside to watch Mrs. Loesch try for a half.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Mrs. Loesch said, "I thought you conceded my putt."

Millicent said nothing. Mrs. Loesch stepped up and missed the putt. The loss of the hole unsteadied Mrs. Loesch so that Millicent won the match on the seventeenth.

Driving home, Sam, who had been in the gallery, said: "Why didn't you concede her that putt, hon?"

His wife looked straight ahead.

"She always misses short putts," said Millicent.

Sam was silent for a space. Then he remarked: "I think you ought to have conceded it, honey. Good sportsmanship, you know."

Millicent stared at him.

"Good sportsmanship?" she said. "I sank my putt, didn't I? The only chance I had to beat her was on the greens. She's stronger than I am and gets twenty yards more with the woods."

Sam chuckled good-humoredly.

"Oh, forget it," he said. "You'd have beaten her anyway, sweetheart. You're some golfer!"

Millicent suffered no qualms of conscience whatever. You see, this Mrs. Loesch was bosom friend to Joyce Casson. Joyce had made a loud bet in the women's locker room that noon.

The second incident was more serious than the first.

Hunt and Bridle Club members were putting on a drag hunt. Millicent and Sam were in the party of riders, which also included Joyce Casson. Millicent was riding her horse Hobo.

It had rained heavily the night before, and the ground about the jumps was treacherous. There had been some talk of calling off the hunt, but swashbucklers among the crowd outtalked the more conservative element.

Millicent was out of sorts to begin with. She didn't like the Hunt and Bridle outfit. Seven or eight members among the forty-odd were good riders and liked the game for its own sake. The others were a curious mixture of wistful dubs, people who had taken up horses because they thought it smart, and ludicrous four-flushers who sneaked around every tough jump. Liquor always flowed freely at the breakfasts in the clubhouse which preceded the hunts.

That morning Sam had drunk more than was good for him. Sam was no lusher ordinarily, but he liked to trail with the crowd.

Millicent walked over to Sam in the barroom and said: "Please stop, dear. You've got to ride, and I'm worried." Whereupon, Miss Joyce Casson said loudly: "Oh, don't be such a prig, Millie. Sam knows how to carry liquor." Sam grumbled, remarking that he didn't see why Millie had to ride herd on him all the time. But he quit drinking. He saw hot fires in Millicent's blue eyes.

Well, the hunt got started. Millicent allowed Sam and Joyce to draw away after the first two warm-up hedges. The horses were slipping a good deal on the mushy turf and there was a spill at the stone wall on the first turn of the course. Millicent stopped to see if Pete Denney, whose horse had fallen, was hurt. He picked himself up, though, and waved her on.

Hobo seemed to share Millicent's uncertainty about continuing. He took a brush barrier awkwardly and she had to tug with all her might to hold him up in the recovery. He slid three feet and floundered on. The ditch jump at the second turn came next. Millicent heard the dogs doubling back with the rest of the field pounding after them. The practical thing to do was to wait, avoid the hazardous jump just ahead, and cut over to the right to pick up the chase as it swung back toward her. The sporting thing to do was to take the jump and then change course.

Millicent's horse, a wise young gelding, decided the question. Sensing that Millicent didn't care very much about jumping the ditch, Hobo shied and balked. Millicent saved herself from a bad fall by grabbing Hobo's neck. She slid off and soothed the trembling horse.

"I don't blame you one bit, Hobo," she said. "There isn't any sense to jumping that ditch and you know it."

Unluckily for Millicent, the field had swept into view from a wooded pasture toward the right. Sam and Joyce had witnessed Hobo's balk and her unsportsmanlike acceptance of it.

Sam yelled: "Climb on and take him over, Millie!"

Millicent shook her head. She mounted Hobo and rode him back to the clubhouse.

When the hunt was over, Sam, being a pious horseman, asked as a matter of course: "He went over all right on the second try, didn't he?"

(Continued on Page 184)

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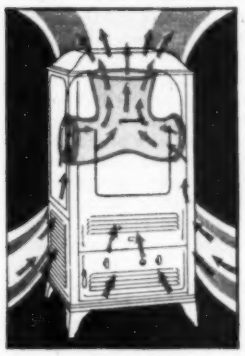

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(Continued from Page 182)

And Millicent uttered heresy:

"I didn't ask him to. It would have been silly."

Her husband stared at her, unbelieving.

"Silly? Why, don't you know you'll ruin that horse if you don't make him jump as soon as he's balked?"

Millicent shrugged.

"Hobo balked because he had sense enough to realize that nobody but a pack of half-tipsy fools would be asking horses to jump ditches on a morning like this!"

Sam blinked. He was hurt, stricken.

"I don't know what's got into you, hon. I sure don't," he struggled. "You shouldn't call our friends such names even when you're peeved about something. And besides —— You make us look pretty shabby before the gang. It isn't sporting to let a horse balk on you."

She felt no remorse, only bewilderment.

"Why should I have risked breaking Hobo's leg and my neck just to impress the gang?"

"I'll tell you. It's because you're a sportswoman, and sportswomen don't balk at jumps."

Millicent wanted to say: "I'm not a sportswoman. I'll never be one. I don't even understand what a sportswoman is. I'm going to quit trying to be a sportswoman." But Sam looked so unhappy, so disappointed in her that she said: "All right. The next time Hobo balks I'll take him over."

Sam hugged her and said he was sorry. He launched into plans for a duck hunt at a private preserve somewhere on the Missouri River.

Millicent listened with a troubled heart. She didn't want to go duck hunting. She didn't want to shoot ducks. She'd never shot anything but tin cans and clay pigeons.

She said: "You go on with the men, Sam. They don't want me along. I'll just be in the way."

Sam said, jovially: "Go without you? Don't be silly. We're pals!" And he hummed a few bars of his favorite popular song:

Wherever you go, whatever you do
I want you to know I'm following you!

Millicent made no further objections just then. But one morning a few days before the time set for the duck hunt, Sam was discussing shotguns and shells. "I'll get you a pad for this stock, hon. You'll be shooting extra heavy loads and you might flinch." He lined up the sights on her light double barrel. "With three and a quarter drams you ought to be able to knock ducks silly anywhere under forty yards."

The girl winced, and set her coffee cup down suddenly.

"Sam dear," she said, "I wish you'd count me out on the duck hunting. I know I'll feel so sorry for the poor things I won't enjoy it."

Sam blinked, his bronzed face showing his thoughts like a small boy's.

"Sorry for them? Ducks? Aw, now, Millie! You're not sentimental about killing a few ducks, are you?"

"I'd rather not. I'll stick to clay pigeons."

To Sam, her refusal implied some criticism of his own sporting philosophy. He hastened to say: "You eat beefsteak, don't you? What's the difference between cattle and ducks? Besides, these ducks go on south and get killed or die of disease or starve to death, anyway."

"I know I'm too squeamish, Sam. But I can't help my feelings, can I? I just don't see any sport in shooting ducks."

"No sport? My golly, woman! You've never been in a blind on a rainy morning when they're flying high, wide and handsome! Wait till you see a flight of mallards come down to the decoys!"

Sam was thoroughly aroused. His intensity startled Millicent. She perceived that Sam felt he was arguing for the good of her soul—aye, even for her soul's salvation. He wound up a lengthy discourse, during which he advanced the proposition that ducks appreciated the precious privilege of being killed by sportsmen, with this exhortation: "You've done darn well with your golf and riding and shooting, hon. I'm proud of you. But you haven't got next to the big idea behind it all. You just don't seem to realize what—uh—sportsmanship means."

More bewildered than ever, Millicent said: "Well, what does it mean, Sam?"

"Mean? Huh! Mean? Why, you listen, and I'll tell you. It means simply this . . . well, I'll put it this way. Supposing you see a duck on the water and he doesn't see you, and you shoot the duck. That's not sportsmanship. That's pot-hunting. But if you stand up and give the duck a chance to get in full flight and you kill it with a clean shot on the wing; that's sportsmanship. See, Millie? You give the duck a chance."

Millicent's blue eyes were bland. She shook her head.

"Why prolong the duck's agony? Why not kill it on the water and be done with it?"

"But that's taking an unfair advantage. Don't you see? You've got to give the duck a chance for its life."

"Yes, but the duck wouldn't have much chance with you, Sam. How many ducks do you miss?"

"I miss plenty. That's why I shoot a sixteen instead of a twelve on ducks and a twenty on quail."

They wrangled the point, lengthily. The argument began to include golf and riding as well as hunting. There was some elusive spiritual quality in conceded putts and desperate jumps across ditches and shooting ducks on the wing with small-bore guns which Sam saw and tried to make Millicent appreciate. But Millicent said: "I think the whole thing is childish. A duck is just as dead no matter how you kill it."

Exasperated, Sam blundered.

He said: "You're just like Joyce says, hon. You were brought up all wr——"

"Oh, I was? I'm certainly much obliged to Joyce for pointing out my faults. I'm sure you and she had a great time discu——"

"Hey, now, hey! Wait a minute! Joyce was only ——"

"I'm not interested in what Joyce Casson says!"

"But Joyce ——"

"Take her on your old duck hunt! No doubt she'd be thrilled!"

And Millicent stormed out of the dining room, ran upstairs and locked her door. Sam, after ineffectual attempts to patch up the quarrel, departed sorrowfully for his cotton-brokerage office downtown.

Millicent's immediate reaction was rage at herself for letting Sam know how she felt about Joyce, and rage at Sam for being so stupid as not to see through Joyce's game. The beast! Sneaking behind her back and criticizing her to Sam. And Sam, instead of resenting it, had agreed with Joyce. So Joyce and Sam thought she wasn't a sportswoman, eh? Well, let them. It was the truth. She wasn't. She didn't want to be. She didn't see any sense in being a sportswoman.

She told herself that she was through with all the silly games. She'd keep Hobo and jump him over hedges when she felt like it, and let him balk when she felt like it. She wouldn't go to any more Hunt and Bridle Club meets. If you had to concede putts in match play at golf she'd not enter any more matches. And she wouldn't shoot ducks or quail or anything, but now and then a clay pigeon. If Sam liked these things, Sam could have them. She was through trying to be a pal to Sam. Oh, yes, she was ——

But that afternoon Mabel LaPere and Dot Overholt dropped in for tea, ostensibly to ask her to serve as vice president of a charity-bazaar committee. It was a legitimate excuse and Millicent accepted; but she quickly penetrated the real motive for the visit. They had come to warn her, with the subtlest indirections, that Joyce Casson was after Sam.

"And isn't that husband of yours getting to be some bridge shark!" Mabel gushed. "If mine could play as well I'd let him sit in on those high-powered games at the country club too."

(Continued on Page 186)

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(Continued from Page 184)

"I was so amused at Joyce," Dot murmured, "she thought it was her playing that won for the partnership. Poor Joyce. Everybody knows that she overbids ridiculously unless her partner sits on her."

"Oh, Sam has his ups and downs at bridge," Millicent said lightly. But she thought: "So that's why Sam had a sore shoulder and couldn't go eighteen holes with me Saturday!"

When her dearest friends had departed, Millicent did some very serious thinking. It was no time to rail against gambling and liquor. Both had caused Millicent plenty of worry since her marriage to Sam. But Millicent had a more dangerous enemy.

She revised her earlier resolutions. She realized that to withdraw from Sam's recreations would be playing into Joyce's hands.

Thus, when Sam came home that evening bearing orchids and a ten-pound box of candy as peace offerings, he found a demurely blooming Millicent, attired in her most becoming frock. And as she snuggled against his shoulder before the living-room fire, she said: "I'm a silly girl, Sam. Will you take me on the duck hunt if I promise not to moralize or shoot ducks sitting on the water?" Sam said he had intended giving up the hunt if she wouldn't go along.

Millicent suffered on that duck hunt. Sam had three particular hunting cronies named Cy, Jim and Ralph. They were red-faced, tobacco-chewing men, and they eyed her with awkwardly concealed hostility. Millicent didn't like any of them. Sam was jovially oblivious of undercurrents as usual, and full of loyal boasts of what Millicent would do to the ducks. She was obliged to sit on an uncomfortable chair in a not too well heated clubhouse living room and pretend interest in the talk of sportsmen.

"How was it in Texas this time, Cy? . . . Poor cover, eh? . . . It's getting worse every year everywhere. . . . No game, and they soak you twenty bucks a day. . . . Now, they want to reduce the limits. . . . What's twenty-five ducks when it costs you at least a dollar a duck to kill 'em? . . . Say, did Jerry get rid of that over-and-under? . . . I told the darn fool it was too clumsy. . . . Well, I see Cy's brought his machine gun along. . . . Aren't you ashamed to use anti-aircraft artillery on poor little innocent ducks, Cy? . . . A double's the gun. . . . Yeah? . . . That so? I'll take my pump and spot you five ducks. . . . Hey, pipe down. . . . Jim's telling about that Illinois river club. . . . My first was a pintail coming like a bat outa he—excuse me, Mrs. Powell . . . well, I dropped it with the left and swung over to pull one down from the edge of a cloud . . . about eighty yards. . . . Yeah, I said eighty yards. . . ."

Millicent yawned.

They piled out at the unearthly hour of 4 A.M. The coffee was terrible. Millicent's lips were blue during the trip to the blinds. The boat had two inches of water in the bottom. Ollie Somebody had forgot to put in enough decoys. The blinds hadn't been rebuilt since the last storm.

Millicent, fumbling with her gun, dropped it overboard. It was grappled for in three feet of water, amid a horrible silence. The rain came down in a cold, dreary drizzle.

Arrived at the blinds, there was a polite argument among the four men which was to have the best station. Much after-you-Alphonse talk. Millicent's teeth chattered. It was finally decided that she and Sam and Ralph should take the off-wind station, while Cy and Jim occupied a smaller blind at the edge of the overflow. Ralph didn't look very happy at being chosen to share a blind with Millicent. He watched the muzzle of her gun nervously.

Decoys were set. They all crouched under cover. Daybreak like soapy steam drifted from the bluffs of the river. Millicent felt like a murderer lying in ambush when she heard the first faint call of ducks. Sam and Ralph consulted in whispers and Sam said, pressing her hand: "You get the first shot, Millie. The boys have signaled a big flock just starting over." Sam's voice was trembling. His eyes were bright. Millicent couldn't understand why. What was so exciting about kneeling here waiting to spring out and kill a few harmless birds?

"All right, Millie! Here they come!"

She got up, stiff-legged, fumbling at the safety catch on her gun. She saw against the morning sky a low-flung ribbon of ducks coming almost directly overhead. She looked at the leader and thought of Lew Sarett's poem: To a Wild Goose Over Decoys.

"Shoot!" said Sam impatiently.

". . . oh, I was once a passing bird like you!" She took aim, led the leader three duck-lengths and fired. The bird crumpled and came tumbling down. Sam and Ralph began shooting. Bang . . . bang . . . bang. . . .

Millicent shut her eyes. She sank down in the boat. She didn't want to see the duck she had shot hit the water. It did not occur to her to fire her second barrel.

"Four!" exulted Sam. "That was a pretty double you got, Ralph!"

"Just luck," Ralph grunted modestly.

Sam turned to Millicent.

"Good shot, girlie! You dropped the leader and they may circle and give us another chance at them!"

The flight did not return, however, and Sam and Ralph retrieved the four dead ducks. Millicent tried not to look at them. She felt like the Ancient Mariner with the albatross.

But Sam's bragging on her first kill bucked her up. Ralph's cynical and hostile attitude nettled her. Ralph thought it was just a lucky shot. She had to prove to Ralph for Sam's sake that she really could shoot.

The awful thing happened during the third flight that morning. A single which had got separated from a flock being fired on by Cy and Jim crossed into Ralph's territory. Ralph was overeager to show off his marksmanship and the killing range of his pump gun. He tried a long shot and missed.

"Why, you missed it!" said Millicent.

The duck was still quartering toward them. Without waiting for Ralph to shoot again, Millicent jumped up and fired at the duck. It came tumbling down, a clean kill.

"Wanta watch that," said Ralph gruffly; "I almost shot you."

Sam said nothing. Millicent turned to look at Sam, expecting applause. Sam's face was red and miserable. He and Ralph did no more talking that morning. Millicent slowly developed the idea that she had done some heinous thing. But what?

Back at the clubhouse, Sam enlightened her.

"I'm afraid Ralph's sore at us for good, hon," he said.

"Why?"

"You went into his territory and killed his duck. Wiping his eye for him was bad enough, but I don't see why you had to butt in that way. He'd have redeemed himself with the next shot if you had given him the chance."

Millicent was flabbergasted.

"Why, I never heard of anything so silly," she gasped. "He missed the duck, didn't he? He acted all morning as if I didn't know how to shoot, so I just thought I'd teach him a lesson."

Sam shook his head.

"You shouldn't hurt a man's feelings wiping his eye on his own duck and not giving him a chance. It just isn't sporting, Millie."

They had another quarrel. The duck hunt was ruined. Sam had lost a good friend, at least temporarily. And to Millicent came the terrifying discovery that Sam was disgusted with her. Outwardly he was on the same basis of comradeship as ever. But Millicent noted with tormenting anxiety that Sam said nothing about taking her on any more hunts.

Then she had a clash with Joyce Casson.

Joyce got Sam into a bridge game at the country club one night about two weeks

(Continued on Page 189)

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(Continued from Page 186)

after the duck-hunting episode. Joyce had been losing heavily at bridge that month and gossip had reached Millicent that Joyce's I O U's were plentifully sprinkled among their set. Millicent knew that Joyce was depending on Sam to help her recoup.

She stood it until two o'clock in the morning, making sleepy talk in the lounge with several other stranded wives. Then she sauntered into the card room and suggested to Sam that he quit and take her home. Sam was trying for a little slam in no-trumps at the moment. He said quite characteristically:

"We're heavy winners, hon. We can't quit until we've played out the rubbers we agreed on."

"How many more?" Millicent wanted to know. She saw Joyce glaring at her, and that got her back up.

"Eleven, isn't it?" said Sam, carelessly. He went on playing.

"Hands or rubbers?"

"Hands," said Sam.

"No, it's rubbers," said Joyce, coolly, and with a wink at Mrs. Bryson.

Mrs. Bryson and her partner were glad enough to have it rubbers.

Millicent looked leveliy at Joyce.

"I think you're lying, Joyce," she said.

Joyce jumped up and she and Millicent had words, with the shamefaced Sam acting as peacemaker. It was quite a scene. The upshot of it was that Millicent went home in the car alone. Sam and Joyce remained to play, and the next day Millicent learned that they had quit losers.

It had come almost to an open break between Millicent and Sam.

Millicent's ultimatum was: "You've got to choose between us, Sam. Either you quit associating with Joyce or I leave."

Sam, forced to an issue he couldn't see, said: "Why, that's nonsense, Millie. Joyce isn't anything to me but a pal."

"I don't like Joyce, and if she continues to be your pal, as you call it, we're not going on," Millicent insisted.

"I don't see what you've got against Joyce."

"She's a liar and a cheat."

"I don't think that's very sporting of you, hon."

"Are you going to drop her?"

"We-ell . . . golly, hon, you're making a mountain out of a molehill. I don't see any reason for this tantrum. . . . I love you . . . you know I love you ——"

"You can't love me and be friends—if that's all you are—with a girl I detest."

"We-ell . . . all right . . . all right. . . ."

The climax came suddenly.

Millicent got a phone call from Mrs. Jurich, who was president of the bazaar committee. Mrs. Jurich was sick in bed and she wanted to see Millicent on a business matter connected with the bazaar fund. Millicent, remembering that she was supposed to be vice president, canceled a golf game and went over to Mrs. Jurich's house. It seemed that the social center, to which the bazaar committee contributed, had made an emergency demand for funds. Mrs. Jurich had tried to get hold of Joyce Casson, who was treasurer of the committee, but Joyce had gone to Chicago for a horse show. Wouldn't Millicent investigate the center's needs and write whatever checks were necessary?

So Millicent took over the work, and after inquiry, sent the center a check for eighteen hundred dollars, drawn against the fund.

Miss Brabin, the secretary, called her up the next day with this news: "The check came back marked insufficient funds, Mrs. Powell. I've called the bank twice but they say they're sure the balance is right—not a third of the amount of the check."

Millicent's eyes narrowed. She said she'd be right over and get the check and make things right with the bank.

A liar and a cheat. She had the proof! She had the goods on Miss Joyce Casson! Just wait until Mrs. Jurich learned of the shortage! It would be all over town.

But all the way down to the social center, Millicent kept remembering something. It was something Sam had told her about sportsmanship. It was something about not shooting a sitting bird. You had to give the bird a chance.

Several days later, Millicent had a caller. She was a strikingly handsome brunette, with bold black eyes. What she had to say didn't come very easily. Summed up, it went about like this:

"Damned sporting of you—covering that check, Millie. I didn't deserve it. I feel a rotter. I had you all wrong from the start. I don't expect you to forgive, or forget, either. But at least, you'll never have cause to dislike me quite as much as you used to."

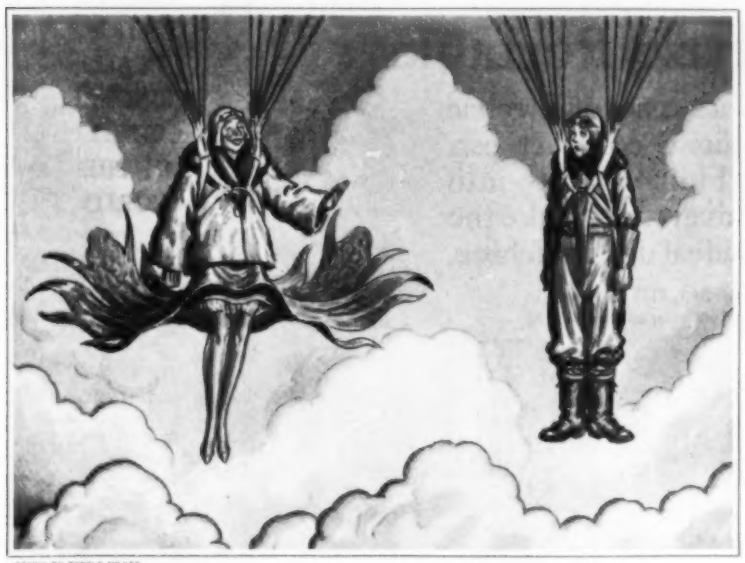
Millicent held out her hand.

And that night, at dinner, Sam acted rather awkward and sheepish. He looked at Millicent furtively and then ducked his head and fumbled with his napkin. What he had to say didn't come very easily, either. But Sam got it out:

"Hon? I . . . uh . . . Joyce . . . that is . . . Joyce . . . well, she told me about the check. I've been an awful sap, hon. I don't guess you'll ever want it to be old times with us again. But I do want you to know that I think . . . well . . . you're a darned good little sport, hon."

Many minutes later, after Millicent had had a good cry and Sam had stopped kissing her, temporarily, she said: "Will you—will you take me duck hunting with you again, dear?"

"Duck hunting?" said Sam. "We'll go to Africa and shoot lions!"



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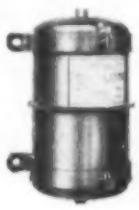

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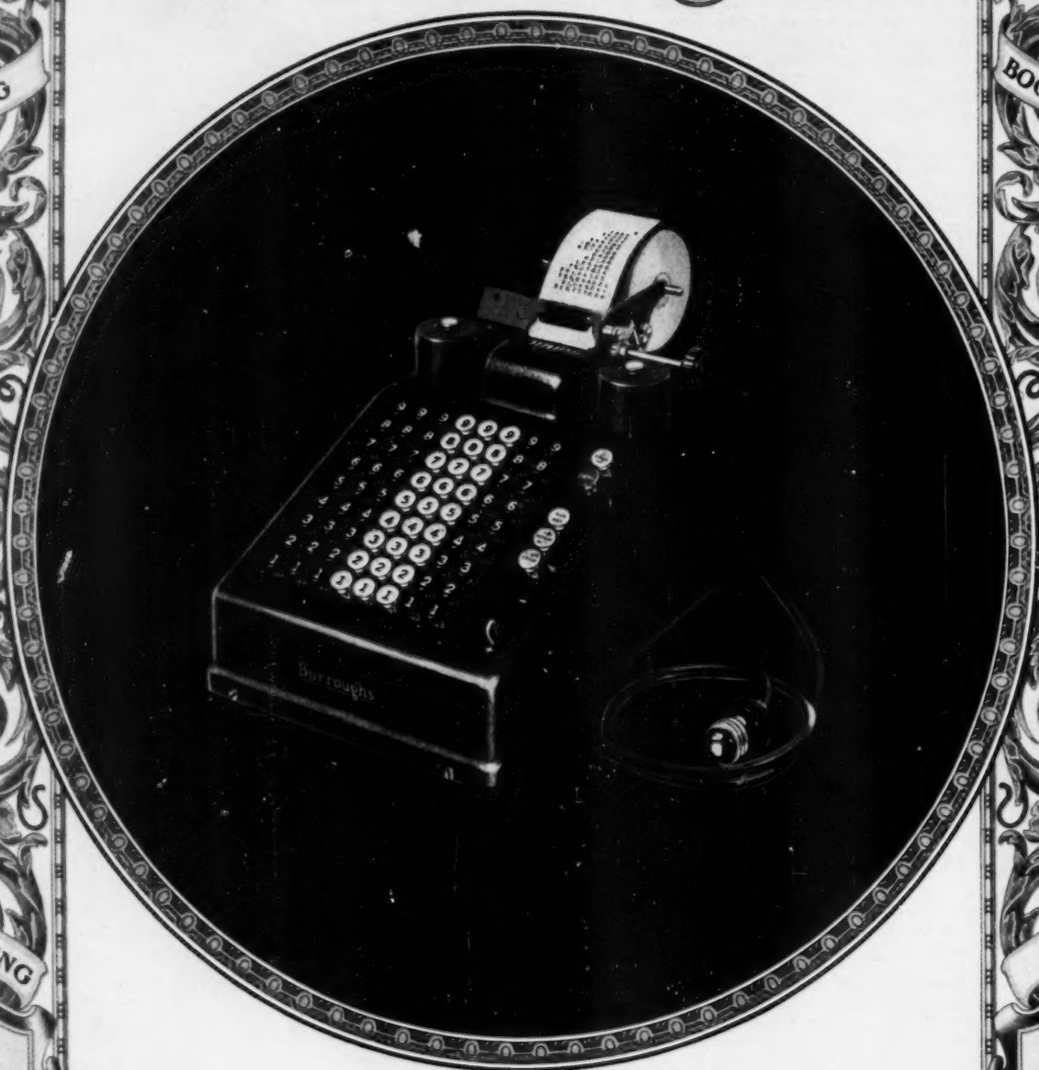

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THE ARDUOUS ART

(Continued from Page 7)

in a scene, but not so effective when he dealt with a dozen, or twenty, or a hundred. She and Smith accordingly reshaped the story here and there, so that there might never be a cumbersome number of individuals in any scene. She pointed out likewise that the star who would play the leading part in the picture was at his best in homely, rugged characterizations.

"He can never," she explained, "look at ease in evening clothes or in formal dress of any kind. He has always played simple rôles, and the audience expects to see him in such parts. This story, as you have written it, has as its actors wealthy, cultivated people. I think the story would be equally interesting if they were country folk, or perhaps people of a small town. And I know that if we can work it out along those lines, the star will do a better job in the picture."

Smith was in his way an artist, but he was also a reasonable man, and her arguments seemed to him impressive and convincing. By the time their work together was finished, he was satisfied that they had arrived at a story which did justice to his original idea.

At some of their later conferences, the director and the star participated, and a new figure entered. This was the supervisor—a sort of associate producer who would be responsible for the money which was to be expended on the picture.

The supervisor was at first unenthusiastic about the story, and Smith—to whom it was perfectly clear that without the enthusiasm of the director, the star and all concerned, this picture must fail—exerted himself to enlist the sympathetic interest of the supervisor. He succeeded in doing so, but only at a sacrifice. The supervisor suggested a further change in the story. Smith disagreed, but he and the supervisor arrived at a compromise, and the script assumed at last its final form.

In Production at Last

The producer approved the finished script, and, in consultation with the director and the supervisor, selected a cast for the picture. Some of these actors Smith, in his days around the lot, had met; some he had seen in other films; and his knowledge of their individualities and of their appearance began at once to color the story in his own mind.

The feminine lead was a natural comedienne. He must find opportunities for comedy in her part. There was an old woman in his story who had been a comic character, but the old woman who would play the part was a naturally pathetic figure. Her comedy, Smith thought, might best be transferred to the lead, while the old woman could be given opportunities to bring tears to the eyes of the audience. The villain in Smith's story was a handsome chap who had a way with the ladies. The heavy who would play the part did not fit this characterization, but he was the only actor even moderately suitable who was available. The character which he would play must be modified, in order that the audience might not perceive the absurdity of presenting him as a Lothario.

So Smith himself began presently to suggest changes in the story, in order to fit it to the personalities who would bring it to life upon the screen; and the others concerned agreed readily enough to his suggestions.

At the same time, under instructions from the director, designs had been drawn for the various necessary scenes, and these sets were being constructed on the stages available for the production. There would be three interiors, but there would also be a garden scene, and another in an orchard, and still another in the grand stand of a country-fair grounds. Smith supposed that for these scenes actual locations would be sought, but on a visit to the stage one day he found that they were being constructed there. He went to the supervisor with a protest.

"It's a matter of expense," the supervisor explained. "If we took the whole company out on location for these scenes, it would waste time and money. It will cost us about seventy-five hundred dollars a day to shoot this picture—seventy-five hundred dollars for every day the company is working. If we get three minutes of finished film a day, we'll do well. It's cheaper to build these sets right here than it is to cart the company all over Southern California to find locations. Salaries go on just the same, whether you're rehearsing, or acting, or riding around in an automobile. So anything we can build on the lot, we'll build."

Smith once more found himself convinced that he had been wrong. The justice of the company's position in this matter was manifest.

Two months after Smith sold his original story to the company, the actual production of the picture began. Smith had been sufficiently interested in the preparatory work to forget the delays which heretofore had intervened, but the production delays which now ensued reduced him, after a few days, to a state of incredulous amazement.

The first day's work produced no film at all. The director began with a scene which occurred at a family dinner table. Smith had visualized this scene so clearly in his own mind that it was already reality to him. The actors had been given their lines two days before, and their lines were brief. The action of the scene was simplicity itself. A father, a mother and two children at dinner; a brief word from the father suggesting that he resented the fact that his son had been out late the night before, and a telephone call for the boy, which was answered by the father, while some byplay occurred at the table.

Smith appeared on the set at eight o'clock in the morning, to find the cast already assembled there; and he expected that the scene would be shot and finished within the half hour. What happened astonished and perplexed him.

When Smith arrived, the lighting crew were engaged in adjusting their equipment. The set was crowded with huge arcs like lurching, stoop-shouldered giants, the floor was a tangle of heavy wires, and half a dozen carpenters were rearranging one wall of the dining room in which the action would occur, to make a place for the cameras there.

From eight o'clock in the morning until lunchtime, Smith, the director, and the actors in their make-up, stood wearily about, discussing the prospective scene, rehearsing some of the lines, killing time in every way that offered, while the cameramen and the lighting men and the sound operators worked to get all in readiness for recording the picture.

Ready for Rehearsal

Smith ventured a protest to the director. "I should think," he urged, "that all this could have been done yesterday or the day before, so that you could begin to shoot when you got here this morning."

But the director shook his head. "The cameramen were busy yesterday on retakes on their last picture," he explained. "They worked till half-past eleven last night, and Gus—he's in charge of our job—had to look at the rushes this morning. Then most of this lighting equipment was busy on Stage 6 last night, and the sound man couldn't do anything until the lights and the cameras were here."

Smith was about to ask another question, when the head cameraman reported that he would be ready at one o'clock. "I won't bother about lunch," he explained. "I know you want to get under way."

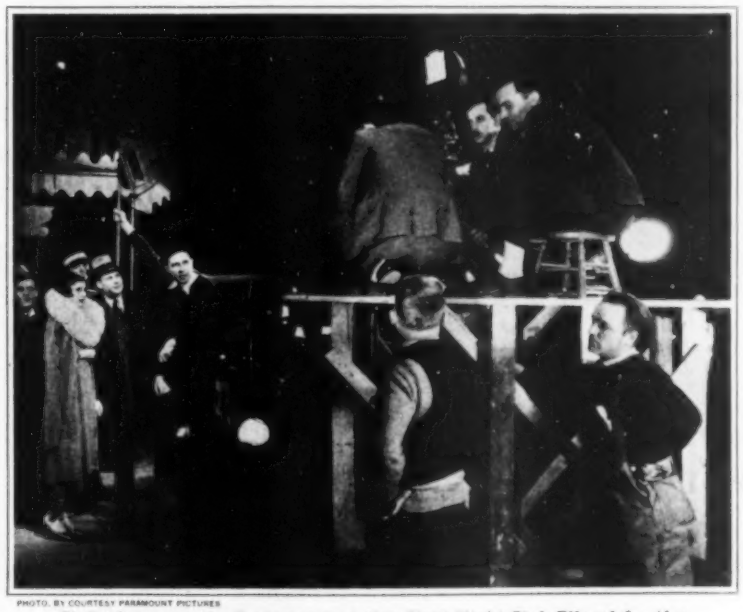
So Smith and the director departed to lunch together. Smith was still rebellious at the morning's delay, and he was astonished at the director's matter-of-fact acceptance of the situation.

"I don't see," Smith confessed, "how you can work under these conditions. If I sit down to write a story, and something holds me up for half an hour, I might as well give up for the day. I don't see how you ever do a decent job, ever get any feeling into a scene, when you've waited six or seven hours before you can shoot it."

The director shook his head. "This isn't bad," he returned. "And there's nothing you can do about it, except wait till they're ready to go ahead."

They returned to the set after lunch, and Smith was again full of eager anticipation. The actors were there before them, the set was clear, the table was ready with a half-eaten dinner on the plates. The director and his assistant checked up on the various properties; then, while the script man stood by with an

(Continued on Page 193)



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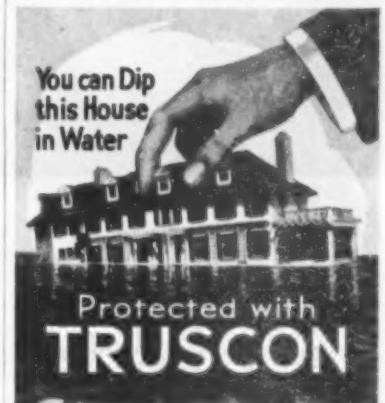

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ENTREE:
NOISETTE OF LAMB AU LETTUCE FARCIE
MEDAILLON OF SWEETBREAD, LEVIATHAN TOURNEDOS, SUZETTE
BREAST OF CHICKEN, VATEL COTELETTE OF VENISON, ROMANOFF
CHAUD-FROID OF QUAILS, POIRETTE
FRENCH ASPARAGUS, SAUCE HOLLANDAISE PUNCH A LA ROMAINE
ROAST:
ROAST SIRLOIN OF BEEF AU JUS
ROAST TURKEY WITH AMERICAN DRESSING, CRANBERRY SAUCE
ROAST LARDED PHEASANT AUX MARRONS, CREAM SAUCE
VEGETABLES:
NEW HARICOTS VERTS CORN FRITTERS WITH HAM LIMA BEANS
NEW GREEN PEAS A LA FRANCAISE
MARROWS, ROTI ETUVE MASHED MUSHROOMS
POTATOES: BOILED, BAKED, MASHED, SOUFFLE, STRAW AND SWEET
SALADS: LETTUCE FRENCH DRESSING RACHEL ROMAINE
COMPOTE: PEARS CHERRIES APPLES
DESSERT:
SOUFFLE ROTHSCHILD PEACH MELBA BISCUIT AMBASSADRICE
FRENCH VANILLA AND FANCY ICE CREAM
PETITS FOURS MILLES FEUILLES
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(Continued from Page 191)

open copy of the script in his hand, the director said:

"All right. Let's run through it once and see how it sounds."

The actors took their places at the table, and the director called to the sound man: "All right, Bob?"

Bob replied that he was ready, the director nodded and the scene began.

Smith, watching and listening, felt an instant dissatisfaction. The girl who played the lead failed, he thought, to get the proper quality into her lines; the boy forgot one line altogether; the father spoke too rapidly. When the scene ended, Smith was about to suggest these things to the director, but before he could do so, the director called to the sound man:

"How about it, Bob?"

The sound man was an efficient young chap, and Smith had already learned to respect his abilities.

"That mike over there," he reported, "is too near the telephone, so the bell sounds too loud. We'll have to move it. Then we'll have to hide a mike on the table, to pick up what the kid whispers while his father's at the phone. I didn't get his line at all."

The director nodded. "All right," he said. "Go ahead."

And he turned and spoke to the actor who played the father's part, drawing him a little aside and talking with him quietly there.

The author had the wit to perceive that whatever defects he might have discovered in this first reading of the scene might have been apparent to others as well as to himself; so he held his tongue, waiting to see what amendments the director might make in the original version. It required some twenty minutes to relocate the microphones in order properly to record the scene. There had been a microphone in the wall of the set, beside the telephone. This was removed and placed behind a picture about six feet away from the instrument. The wire of another microphone was brought up under the table, concealed by the tablecloth, and the instrument itself was hidden on the side of a teacup farthest from the camera, where it would not be visible on the film.

Changes in the Dialogue

When these preparations had been completed, the scene was read again; and this time the sound man professed himself satisfied. Smith discovered that the faults which he had perceived in the first reading were less. To his inexperienced eye and ear the scene was already passable. But the cameraman was not satisfied with the lighting, and there followed a period of experiment and readjustment of the various lights, until the faces of all the characters were best revealed to the lens.

While this was in progress, the director again drew aside the actor who played the father's part; and the author, listening without appearing to do so, could hear the director running through the other's lines, illustrating by the modulation of his tones, and by an explicit pantomime, how he thought they should be read.

Up to this time the cameras had not come into operation at all, but by midafternoon the director was at last ready to shoot.

He called to the sound man: "Ready, Bob?" and had the other's assent.

His assistant nodded to the chief of the lighting crew, who shouted: "Shake 'em up!"

The lights flashed on and off, there was a click and clash of switches opening and closing, and then the director said quietly: "Now, silence, please."

His assistant blew the whistle which enjoined quiet upon all those within hearing distance of the microphones, and the motor, which actuated not only the sound machines but also the three cameras which would take the scene about to be enacted, began to hum.

But one of the cameramen immediately held up his hand as a signal, and the motor stopped. There was, he explained, a rattle in the motor on his camera, which the microphones would hear, and a delay followed while this motor was removed and a new one fetched and attached.

When the lights were switched on once more, they flared for a moment and then went out, and the electrician assigned to the company said briefly: "Fuse gone."

"Get after it," the director told him, and the man hurried away.

There was apparently some difficulty in locating the particular fuse whose failure had caused this new delay. The director utilized this time in rehearsing the scene, with particular attention to the boy who would furnish the major part of the comedy in the brief episode. Then the sound man drew him aside; and after these two had consulted together for a moment, the director called the author, and Smith went over to join them. The director explained what was wanted.

"Can you change a couple of lines in the father's part?" he asked. "Where he says 'be still,' that *s* sounds bad on the mike. His voice registers all right except when you give him an *st* to start a word. He says 'stay' in another place too."

"Have him say 'be quiet,'" Smith assented. "And 'chase around all night' instead of 'stay out.'"

The director nodded, and crossed to tell the actor this change in his part. The script man joined them, and made a notation on the copy of the script with which he had been following the scene. By that time the fuse was repaired, but the director, before preparing to shoot, tried another rehearsal without the cameras, and when it was finished he drew Smith aside with a new suggestion. The scene, he thought, would be more effective if it were ended by a definite and interesting incident or line.

"Can't we have the old man tell the boy to leave the table?" he inquired. "The way it's written now, it's just an episode and doesn't get anywhere. It might get by all right, but the more action and movement you can pack into each scene, the better. As it is, the only movement is where the old man gets up and goes to the telephone, and then comes back and sits down again. The old man is talking to the boy's girl over the phone. How would it be if the kid sister says something to the boy, or makes a face at him—teasing him, you see—and that gets the boy sore, and he makes a wisecrack at his father, and the old man makes him leave the table?"

Smith, despite his impatience, perceived the justice of this suggestion. Not only would it improve the scene but it would help the characterization of the individuals who played their parts here. He took the scenario from the script man, borrowed a pencil, and began, by interlining and erasure, to make the alterations the director had suggested.

The High Cost of Retakes

The director was pleased with the result, and so was Smith, but it became necessary to put these new lines into the mouths of the actors and to drill them in the new business. By the time they were reasonably perfect in their parts, it was late, and the director had an engagement for dinner. The company was dismissed, to resume the following day.

Smith was disappointed, and he confessed as much, that evening, to the supervisor.

"If it costs seventy-five hundred dollars a day every day the company is working," Smith pointed out, "we're already running into the hole."

The supervisor nodded. "But you always waste a day or two getting started," he explained. "After the company gets used to working together, things go along better. It isn't these first delays that eat up the time, it's the retakes after your job is done."

"Retakes" was a new word to Smith, but he was to become wearily familiar with it later on.

During the course of the succeeding three or four weeks, Smith learned a great deal about the moving-picture business. He had come to Hollywood with a more or less conventional picture in his mind of the moving-picture world. There was much in this preconceived idea which was glamorous, amusing and of absorbing interest, but he was not long in discovering that his preconceptions had omitted the most striking and distinctive characteristic which was displayed by practically everyone in the business.

Smith himself was a conscientious workman in his own profession. He prided himself on the fact that he revised his manuscripts over and over, until he could find in them nothing to improve. But he was not prepared to find this same demand for perfection on the part of all those connected with the business of manufacturing a moving-picture film.

Smith encountered this characteristic first on the morning when he saw the rushes of the initial scene in his picture. This scene had been photographed by three cameras each time it was enacted; and it had been acted five several times. Its duration was somewhat less than a minute, but Smith, in the projection room with the

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Lawrence Gray and Marion Davies in Tallyho Scene From "The Gay 90's"

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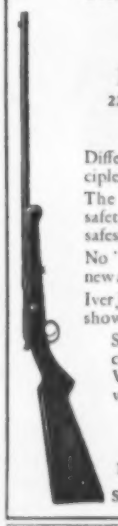

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What the well-dressed shoulder will wear

by SCHUYLER WHITE
FORMERLY MEN'S FASHION EDITOR
Vanity Fair

"SHOULDERS play a most important part in the turn-out of a well-dressed man. The way they are dressed determines whether or not a man is to appear to his best advantage.

It is generally recognized that the proper hang of the trousers is the first and most important consideration of a well-dressed man.

The braces should blend in colour and design with the shirt and tie worn. In this way they will be found to correspond with the suit, since the shirt and necktie are invariably selected because of their relation with the suit worn.

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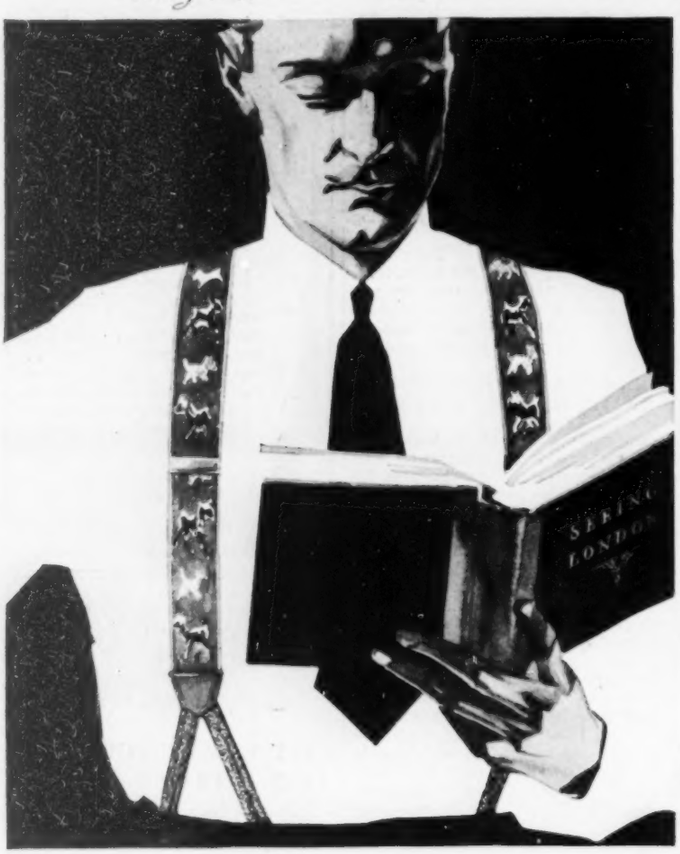

THE braces worn by well-dressed shoulders this year will not be chosen by chance—but selected with discrimination. A particular pair of braces will be purchased to harmonize with a particular ensemble.

So Pioneer, ever alert to the trend of style, has designed braces with a definite relation to the Spring styles of 1930. And more than that! There are Brighton Garters in matched sets to carry through the ensemble effect to a completely correct conclusion. You'll find Pioneer Braces and Belts and Brighton Garters at your favourite shop.

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director, the head cameraman, the sound man and the assistant director in charge of the script, sat while each of these fifteen versions of the scene was run off on the screen for study and comparison.

They had shot the scene the previous day, spending all the morning and half the afternoon in the process; and as they reenacted it over and over, they had sought on each occasion to remedy those faults which the previous version had revealed.

But they had been able to see only through their own eyes, to hear only with their own ears. They saw now through the camera, and heard through the microphone. In one scene, the voice of one of the characters failed to register; in another, the telephone bell was so loud that it caused a crackle of sound, and a shrill and unpleasant overtone. In three of the rushes, the lighting had been bad on the face of the father while he stood at the telephone. On the best film of all, there was a light streak and a scratch.

Smith himself thought any one of the fifteen rushes reasonably good—good enough. He heard the critical comments of the others as they watched, but these comments were made in matter-of-fact tones, with no suggestion of impatience or resentment. So he was not prepared for the attitude of the director when the rushes were finished.

The director said calmly: "Well, they're lousy. Maybe we can straighten it out in the cutting, but we'll probably have to retake the scene before we're through."

He spoke to the cutter at his elbow, giving technical instructions which Smith was unable to follow.

Smith said, "The scene looked pretty good to me."

The director answered, "We can tell better, after it's cut. But I don't believe it will do."

And they went back to the set to proceed with the business in hand.

Smith, during the days that followed, was to see scenes rejected for a dozen different reasons. There was too much light on the lead's nose. The heavy emitted a puff of cigarette smoke at such a time that his utterance was clouded when he spoke an important line. One of the cameras slipped out of synchronization. A property which had been on the set when the scene was first shot was forgotten in the next scene, taken the day after. A certain scene sagged, lacked movement, was static. Another scene needed a laugh, which had to be inserted. In another, the dialogue was monotonous and uninteresting, and had to be rewritten. And so on, and on, till Smith himself was wearied.

Delays and Distractions

There were countless delays from causes impossible to foresee. The mechanical plant necessary to record the scenes was so complicated that the failure of any single part of it was sufficient to throw the whole out of gear.

Outside noises reached the microphone. An actor jumbled his lines. A dog barked at the wrong time. One of the actors proved incapable of reading, with proper effect, some of the lines assigned to him; and these had to be shifted to another character.

And at the same time, as the pressure increased, a sort of frenzy seized on everyone connected with the making of the picture. A day's work might run far into the night; it ended only when everyone was too exhausted to continue. Whole sets were scrapped and rebuilt, scenes discarded and rewritten; one actor was dismissed from the cast and another substituted, requiring many retakes.

The incessant strain told upon them all. There was some grumbling, some complaint, but there was no shirking. Smith began to perceive here a resemblance to something in the back of his memory; he tried to locate and identify this resemblance, and he at last succeeded. Cellini's famous account of the frenzy and despair which accompanied the casting of the Perseus. Smith reread that passage in the Autobiography; he shuddered and trembled again at the picture it presented of roaring fires, of feverish labor, of pewter and furniture and carpets and household goods all poured into the crucible from which was to emerge—a work of art!

This task in which he had a part was, he perceived, just such a phenomenon; there was the same fury, the same refusal to count the costs, the same determination to do the thing right if it could be done, no matter at what price in flesh and blood or in money. He himself began to partake of that frenzy; the story went home with him at night, it churned in his dreams, he lived with it. And he labored in a great weariness, like a man chained to a huge wheel, with no end of the task in sight at all.

He was too weary to be glad when one day the shooting of the picture was finished. At the end of the last scene, the director turned to him with a nod.

"All right," he said. "We'll get it cut tonight and have a look at it tomorrow."

"You mean it's done?" Smith asked dully.

"Outside of retakes, yes," the director agreed; and Smith nodded and went home and slept that night like a log.

The Chamber of Horrors

Up to this time, the producer, except for occasional rushes, had seen nothing of the picture in its final form, but when Smith met the director on the lot next morning, it was to learn that the producer would sit in with them at the first running of the picture that day.

"Is it all cut?" Smith asked.

"Not smoothed up yet, of course," the director confessed, "but there's enough so he can see what it's like."

Smith entered the projection room with no particular misgivings. He had watched the shooting of each scene, he had seen sections of the picture run in sequence after they were assembled, and it seemed to him an adequate presentation of his story.

Also, he knew that, whether adequate or not, it was a conscientious job. Everyone connected with the work had put into it his or her best efforts. Yet when he went into the projection room, he caught the nervousness of those about him; and when the producer called Smith to sit beside him, Smith moved forward guiltily, feeling not unlike a small boy who has been caught in the pantry where the sweets are kept.

He knew from the supervisor that the picture was already some forty thousand dollars over its budget. Smith took it for granted that if the job was not done now, it never would be. The die was cast; the thing was in the lap of the gods.

Before the lights went off, the producer asked the cutter, "How long does it run?"

"Seventy-three forty," the cutter replied, "with six scenes out, and a couple of dissolves, and a few fade-ins and fade-outs. We can bring it down to sixty-five hundred when we get it smoothed up."

The producer nodded and pressed a button. The lights went out and the showing of the film began.

It was received by those in the projection room in an absolute silence. When the first comedy line came along, Smith smiled self-consciously, and looked at the producer, but there was no amusement in the other's countenance, and Smith thereafter was too frightened to be amused. There were three or four strong comedy scenes at which audiences might be expected to rock with laughter, but no one rocked with laughter here. There were a dozen scenes of definite human interest, but in the midst of one of them, when Smith thought the other man must be absorbed in the action on the screen, the producer leaned forward and picked up the telephone and made an appointment for 11:30 that morning. There was one scene which seemed to Smith packed with tense and moving drama, but when he ventured to look at the producer, the other yawned, and a moment later leaned forward to make a memorandum on

(Continued on Page 197)

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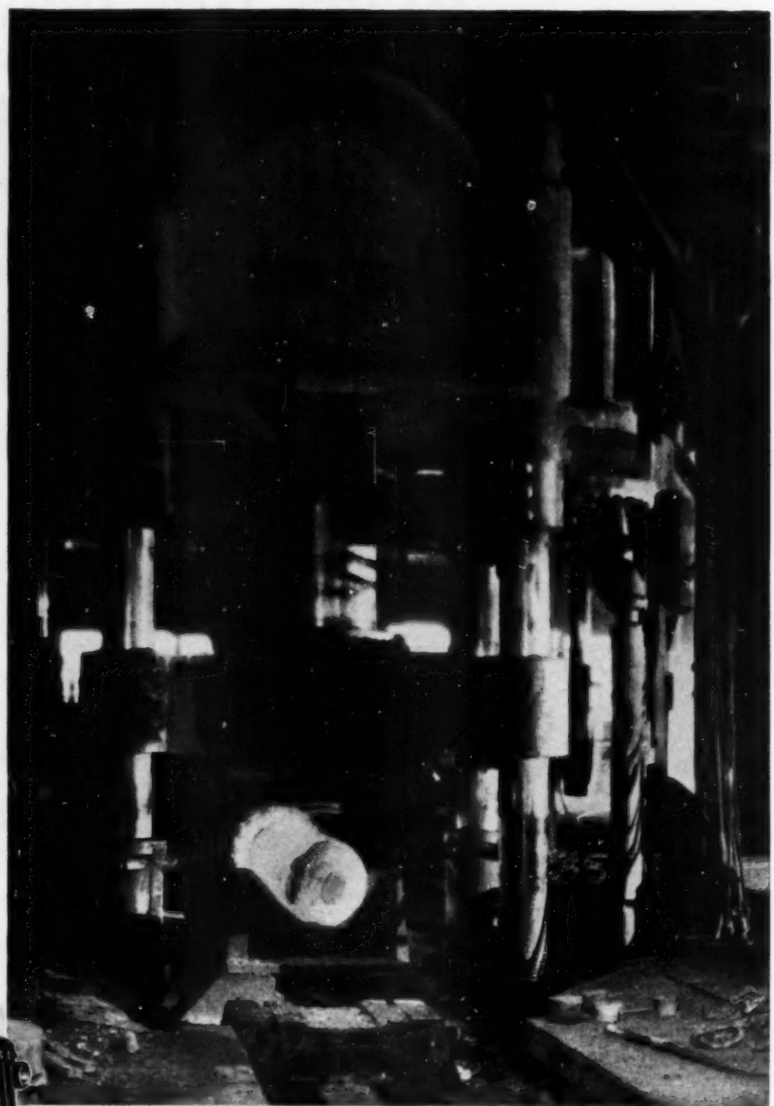

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Allis-Chalmers
Monarch Tractors

(Continued from Page 194)

a pad on the table before him, and Smith cringed like a whipped dog.

When, abruptly, the running of the picture ended and the lights came on, Smith sat huddled in his seat, feeling curiously naked in the sudden glare, waiting for someone to speak, and fearing what that word might be.

After a moment, the producer rose. He lighted a fresh cigar, and he said, pleasantly enough: "Well, Mr. Smith, I think it's going to make a pretty good picture."

Then he turned to the director, and while Smith listened in a growing amazement, the producer proceeded unerringly to pick out this scene and that one as weak spots in the picture. There the sound recording was bad; here the story was not clear; there the actors did not evince the emotions they should have felt; the dénouement would be more effective with a preliminary scene showing so and so.

Smith was at first dazed, then interested, then respectful. He knew something about story structure, and he could not fail to recognize the justice of most of the producer's criticisms now. The director appeared not to agree with all of them. There was some discussion, and the producer appealed to Smith for his opinion. Smith agreed in most respects, disagreed in one or two. In one case where he and the director were agreed, in opposition to the producer's views, the producer yielded. Sometimes Smith and the producer overruled the director, sometimes the producer and the director overruled Smith.

The director said, at last: "All right, we'll make those changes."

"How long will it take you?" the producer asked.

"About four days of retakes," the director estimated. "The rest we can do in the cutting room."

Yes-Men at the Preview

The producer nodded and turned away; and Smith and the director and the supervisor left the projection room together.

Smith said doubtfully, "Going to cost a lot of money, isn't it, to make these changes?"

The supervisor nodded. "But I think it will improve the picture," he added, as though that disposed of Smith's objection.

"I think it would get by pretty well as it stands," Smith urged, but the supervisor shook his head.

"You'd lose 'em in two or three places," he admitted. "Needs jacking up here and there!"

The four days of retakes ran into a week. There was another studio run of the picture, and then more retakes. The total cost was now almost a hundred thousand above the original budget figure, and the end was not yet in sight.

After another session in the projection room, the producer decided that, except for the last two reels, the picture was all right, but the ending, he felt, was still unsatisfactory. So Smith and the director wrote and rewrote the later scenes until they had a manuscript version which the producer approved.

When the picture at last assumed a more or less final form, it ran seventy-four hundred feet; but the director and the producer agreed it was ready for preview, and by arrangement with one of the Santa Monica theaters, it was put on there one night in place of the regular picture.

Smith went to the preview with the director and the director's wife. The producer and his wife, and most of the members of the cast, were there. In the lobby, either before the showing of the picture or afterward, Smith saw everyone who had been even remotely connected with its making.

He had heard a good deal for years about yes-men, but it seemed to him that there were no yes-men in Hollywood that night. Everyone who had seen the picture had some criticism to offer. This scene and that one was dissected, analyzed, torn down and rebuilt. They gathered around the producer in the lobby to hear his opinions, and when he left at last, he had appointed a meeting with the director and with Smith for the following morning at the studio.

Smith went back to his hotel feeling hopelessly that the film was a foredoomed failure; that, despite the best efforts of them all, it had no least chance of success. But he found some comfort in his conference with the producer next morning. The director's wife had liked the picture; so had the producer's wife; so, in the opinion of these judges, had the audience. But there were still two or three places where the audience lost interest, there were comedy lines or situations which failed to get a laugh, there were obscurities in the plot. The producer ordered the retaking of three scenes and the elimination of half a dozen others.

A week later, the picture, reduced now to sixty-one hundred feet in length, was again subjected to a preview. Smith by this time was calloused; his critical judgment was atrophied; he could perceive no truth or beauty in the work at all. And also he was obsessed by the knowledge that the picture had cost a great deal more than the original estimate. A fortune had been spent to make it what it was, and it was, to Smith's wearied judgment, not worth the trouble or the expenditure.

He had begun to understand that what seemed a hideously large sum to him was a commonplace to these men; that they would have spent twice or thrice as much if the picture deserved and required it. Nevertheless, this matter of the cost was foremost in his mind when he joined the producer in the lobby afterward; and he expected some comment, some caustic criticism.

He even said ruefully, "Well, I'm afraid it won't earn what you spent on it."

But the producer answered calmly enough: "Well, I don't care if it doesn't earn a nickel! It's a good job, and it ought to get a lot of favorable criticism."

Smith found it hard to believe his ears. He went groping back to his hotel.

He saw, a few days later, a final studio run of the picture, with half a dozen exhibitors and publicity men in attendance to discuss the advertising campaign that would launch this film in the market place, but Smith had no part in this discussion. The job of telling his story in moving, talking pictures was done.

Back to an Easier Art

Smith had written his original story in six working days of two or three hours each. To tell the same story in moving, talking pictures had required weeks that ran into months; and a working day might be sixteen hours long.

Smith had written the original story alone, with no help at all. To tell the same story in moving, talking pictures had required and received the intelligent, earnest and sympathetic coöperation of the producer, the director and his assistants, the supervisor, the scenario writer, a dozen actors, nine cameramen, seven sound men, forty-two electricians, six carpenters, two scene designers, four painters, a complete laboratory staff, the forces of the cutting room, and a score or more of other men in various capacities.

Smith had written the original story at a total cash expenditure of a few cents. To tell the same story in moving, talking pictures cost two hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars.

Smith had gone to Hollywood with a vague and uninformed idea that to tell a story in moving pictures was a simple, straightforward business; he came home from Hollywood to the familiar surroundings of his own office, sat down at his desk with his typewriter at hand, reached for a sheet of blank paper, and returned to his own profession with a vast relief.

He had thought of his own art, in the past, as a jealous mistress; he had fretted sometimes at her insistent demands. But she was, he now understood, incredibly complaisant by comparison with the most arduous art of all.

DRAWN BY H. BARNDOLLAR

H. Sweetie Lovington, Idol of the Silver Sheet, Just Can't Resist the Glare of a Spotlight

LUMINAIRE
The FAN BEAUTIFUL

FRESH, COOL BREEZES but no dangerous drafts

THIS attractive ornamental fan brings both beauty and comfort. Its soft lights and graceful design add to the charm of any interior setting. The fan with its six new airplane type blades moves more air than the ordinary fan and the patented Victor BREEZE-SPREADER sends the cool air in all directions. Being on a standard, the Luminaire can be placed anywhere. No radio interference from motor. Ideal for homes, hotels, clubs, exclusive shops and showrooms. Write today for name of nearest dealer.

Cooking Odors Banished

No home need be filled with disagreeable kitchen odors. This Victor Clean-Air Ventilator will quickly take them out. It can be installed in ordinary window in a few minutes and connects to any convenient electric outlet. Moves over 900 cu. ft. of air a minute—sturdy motor does not interfere with radio reception. Exceptionally low priced. Several other models for both new and old homes—send for illustrated literature today.

Dealers—These Victor products hold great possibilities for you—write at once for complete details.

THE CINCINNATI VICTOR COMPANY
712 READING ROAD, CINCINNATI, OHIO

BREATH-TAKING Beauty! Decorated folding Bridge Set in rich Oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Upholstered seats, decorated leatherette top and two insertable ash trays for corner legs. Write today for beautiful folder.

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Protection Against
ACCIDENT
and
SICKNESS
For Only $10. year No Dues or Assessments
Men, Women 16 to 70 accepted
NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
Policy Pays
$10,000 for loss of life, hands, feet or eyesight. Many unusual protecting clauses. $25 Weekly benefits, pays doctor and hospital bills. Covers Automobile, Travel, Pedestrian and many common accidents. Covers many common sicknesses, including typhoid, appendix operation, lobar pneumonia, etc., etc. Largest and oldest, exclusive Health and Accident Insurance Company. Don't delay, you may be next to meet sickness or accident. Mail coupon today for free descriptive literature.
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714 Wallach Bldg., Newark, New Jersey
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Address .....
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YALE . . . the greatest name in LOCKS AND HARDWARE

For Your Protection . . . Always look for the name YALE on the product

Yale makes Builders' Locks and Trim, Deadlocks, Deadlatches, Springlatches, Padlocks, Cabinet and Trunk Locks, Bank Locks, Safe Locks, Prison Locks, Door Closers.

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STAMFORD, CONN., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ontario

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Members of the S. S. of S. S.—Attention!—By Richard Connell

Notice

THE following candidates have been proposed for election to the Select Society of Stuffed Shirts, and will be voted on at the next meeting. Names and qualifications for membership are given herewith.

Signed,
T. FINNEGAN-SMYTHE,
Sec. and Ass't Sec.

MR. FELIX RAMSBOTTOM, Los Angeles, California.

During the past year Mr. Ramsbottom wrote fifty-eight letters to the editors of various newspapers; in nearly every case on matters about which he had slight, if any, knowledge. Each began: "*Sir:* My attention has been called ——" Each ended: "Obviously, something should be done about this." In no instance was anything done about it. Fifteen of the letters contained the words: "Verbum Sap." Twelve of them were headed: "Writ Sarcastick."

MR. FILLMORE G. OMELET, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Omelet is a minor political office holder, a mint spy, or something equally trivial; yet he contrives, by looking and talking in a grave, mysterious way, to give the impression that the President is only a figurehead and that he, Omelet, is the real brains and spark plug of the Administration.

MR. WILFRED DEWSON MAGOON, Halibut Center, Mass.

Mr. Magoon inherited $3000 from his aunt, a lady barber, and invested it in the Wild Huckleberry Oil Well, Gold Mine and Oyster Ranch Company common stock, unlisted, to pay 30 per cent, and due to go from 14½ to 198 any day. He did this on the advice of Mme. Tilly Busk, who told his fortune by subtracting his lucky stars from the number of his freckles, and multiplying by three, since he was born under the sign of Wiskus, the Soft-Shelled Crab. Ultimately he used the stock certificates to paper a henhouse. Since then Mr. Magoon has repeatedly issued public statements that "Big Business is as crooked as a bed spring," and that "America, financially, is headed straight for the ash can."

DR. NEWTON WHELK, Hazelnut, Nebraska.

Doctor Whelk is a well and unfavorably known veterinarian, whose cow-side manner is so portentous that he is often taken for a distinguished physician—an error he makes no attempt to dispel. Born and bred in Nebraska, as were his forbears, on a recent trip to England to study whooping cough among shotes he earnestly endeavored to pass himself off as a native of that country, by broadening out his "*a*," saying "Kyur" for "Thank you," and speaking with a certain disdain of an apparently barbarous place called "the States."

MR. TITUS MCBUTT, Coke Park, Ill.

Mr. McButt attended all the principal prize fights during the past twelve months, paying from ten to fifty dollars for his seat. After every bout he declared vehemently that he, The Public, and not one of the gladiators had been fouled; also, that pugilism was brutal and should not be permitted; and furthermore, as a spectacle it was not worth an emaciated dime. However, at the next big fight, Mr. McButt was certain to be found in a ringside seat, for which he had paid a fat price.

EX-SENATOR LUCIUS P. WINDBEETLE, of Cramp City, Ohio.

Senator Windbeetle's record for the year follows:

Public banquets attended	97
After-dinner speeches made	96

The senator would have made a perfect score if, as he rose to speak at the ninety-seventh banquet, a fellow guest had not shot him slightly.

Words uttered	1,352,741
Words of interest or value uttered	0
Funny stories told	27
New ones	0

MR. JOHN GREEN, Gulp Falls, Alabama.

Mr. Green possesses and makes use of a tenor voice which can and does shake peas out of their pods in the next township. Finding engagements to sing hard to get, he changed his name to Giovanni Greenelli and bought a black velvet hat, declaring that all the big concert managers and directors of opera houses are in a conspiracy to give native talent a dirty deal.

JAY BELMONT MINK, Old Pestbury, Long Island, N. Y.

Having been elected to a good New York club by mistake, Mr. Mink has snored every night in the library for twenty years, and raises a row if anybody else does so. He has yelped at his waiter at least once in the course of every meal, and he has consistently blackballed every candidate put up for membership, whether known to him or not; so that the club is dying on the vine for lack of new blood. In his occasionally pleasant moments he makes puns.

DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Humorist: "Tut, Tut, My Dear—This is a Fine Thing to Happen in a Master's Bedroom!"

Baked Ham in 30 Minutes

New Cooking Magic
Saves Labor—Improves Flavor

HORMEL Flavor-Sealed Ham comes to you ready cooked. Cooked a new way—Flavor-Sealed. All the savory juices saved!

And because it is ready cooked, you can prepare the Half Ham in 30 minutes; the Whole Ham in 60 minutes. Preliminary boiling, simmering or cooking are not needed—just the final oven-browning.

You may have grilled ham in 3 minutes. Cold ham instantly.

Ham with flavor and tenderness such as you've never tasted! For each ham is cooked in its sealed container. Nothing escapes. Savory juices that usually cook away in steam and water are all saved. Flavor-Sealed cooking gives you young, mild-cured hams with all their full richness.

There's no waste in Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham. No bone, no skin, no surplus fat. Cooking shrinkage is almost nothing. Every morsel is usable, and delicious. The juices are marvelous flavoring for soups, vegetables and combination foods.

At all leading food stores. Whole Hams or Halves. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

★FLAVOR-SEALED ECONOMY

Flavor-Sealed Ham is without bone, skin, or surplus fat—while ordinary ham is about 1/4 such waste; also there is almost no cooking shrinkage in Hormel Ham, compared to a shrinkage of nearly 1/4 the weight in home cooked ham.

Only Hormel Foods are Flavor-Sealed

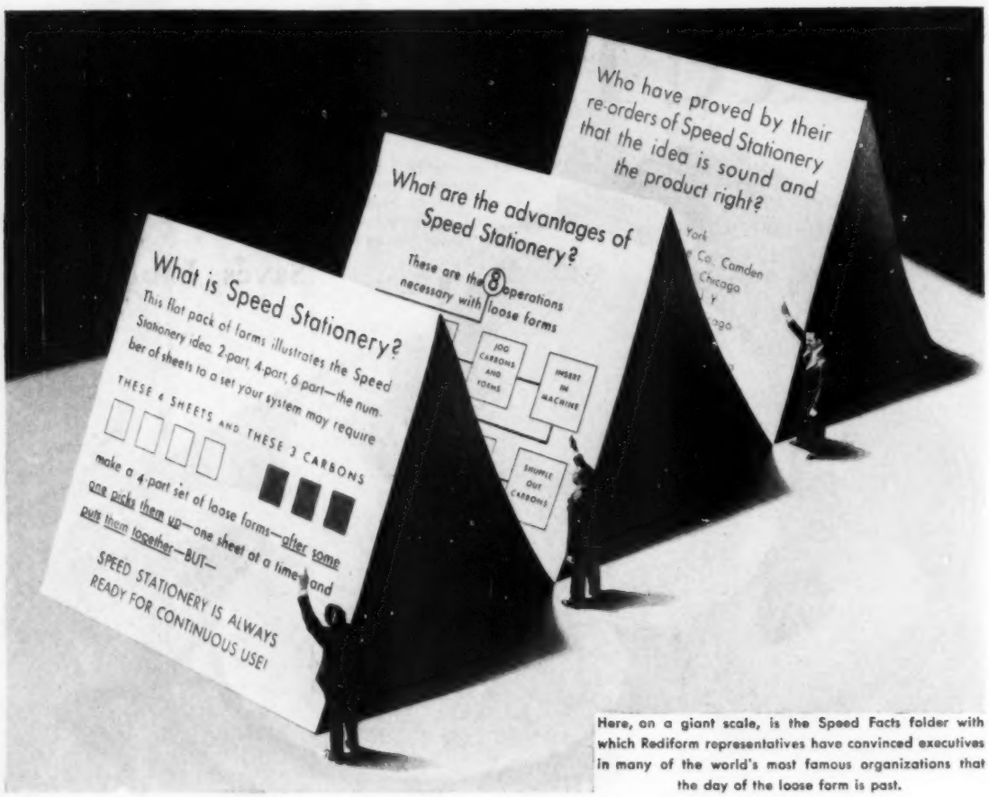
Included are Ham (Whole and Half), Spiced Ham, Pork Tongue, Luncheon Meat and Chicken (Whole and Half).

U. S. INSPECTED and CERTIFIED

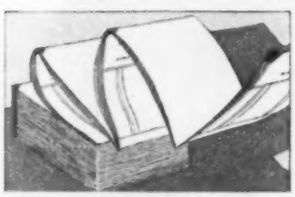
HORMEL ★ *Flavor-Sealed* **HAM**

READY COOKED *WHOLE OR HALVES*

A VERDICT IN 4½ MINUTES

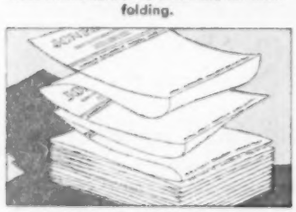

What is Speed Stationery?
This flat pack of forms illustrates the Speed Stationery idea. 2-part, 4-part, 6-part—the number of sheets to a set your system may require
THESE 4 SHEETS AND THESE 3 CARBONS
make a 4-part set of loose forms—after some one picks them up—one sheet at a time—and puts them together—BUT—
SPEED STATIONERY IS ALWAYS READY FOR CONTINUOUS USE!
What are the advantages of Speed Stationery?
These are the 8 operations necessary with loose forms
Who have proved by their re-orders of Speed Stationery that the idea is sound and the product right?

Here, on a giant scale, is the Speed Facts folder with which Rediform representatives have convinced executives in many of the world's most famous organizations that the day of the loose form is past.

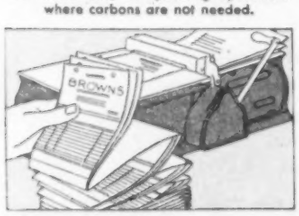


Rediform interleaved: Forms in continuous strips, folded zigzag in flat packs of 500 to 1000 sets with carbon already inserted.

Rediform interfolded: For billing machines, typewriters, and other similar devices where carbon is available for manifolding.



Rediform ZIG-ZAG: Single forms only—not interleaved, for speeding operations where carbons are not needed.



Rediform FLATPAKIT: Forms in two or more continuous strips for Rediform WIZ Autographic Registers.

Loose forms and loose carbons are loose office practice

ACROSS your own desk a Rediform representative with his zigzag demonstration folder can lay before you the facts of the greatest business form development since carbon paper was invented.

Evidence that can be presented in less than five minutes has convinced many a million-dollar concern that Speed Stationery and *continuous* typing must replace loose forms and *intermittent* typing.

The facts in this folder are revolutionizing business forms.

They show you *why* Rediform Speed Stationery reduces clerical costs of billing, invoicing, and similar multi-copy record writing as much as 25 to 50 per cent.

They show you *why* the extra handling required by loose forms and loose carbons makes old, laborious hand methods too slow for this Age of Speed.

They show you *why* time-saving is so vitally important in reducing office expense today.

They show you *why* Speed Stationery is so easy to adapt to your own individual requirements.

They show you *why* Rediform Speed Stationery has been ordered and re-ordered by concerns like Budd Wheel Company; Dillon Reed & Company; Skayef Ball Bearing Company; Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation; Lawrence Portland Cement Company; Kelvinator, Inc., and a host of others.

They show you *why* it pays to throw carbon paper away.

Call the American Sales Book Company office in your city today and ask to have these facts put in your hands. Or mail the coupon below for a Speed Facts demonstration and complete information.

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Executive Offices: Elmira, N. Y.
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SPEED FORMS

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THE LESSER BIRD DOGS

By Don Cameron Shafer

I GUESS I will have to get me a springer. This is a momentous and history-making decision in the life of any lover of the true bird dog—the setter, or his short-haired counterpart, the pointer.

But in a couple more years, Ahwaga Trojan will not be quartering through the cover to find birds for my gun. Hundreds of game birds have been shot over this noble setter, but all too soon I shall need a pup to start before Trojan gets too old to show the youngster all the tricks of bird hunting. One of the saddest moments in a sportsman's outdoor life is to see his favorite hunting dog grow old and to realize that soon his companion of so many pleasant days afield will not be with him on the hunt.

I don't pretend that I actually prefer the lesser bird dogs—by that I mean all the hunting spaniels, as well as the springer—but where can I find the kind of setter pup I need? Not that English setters are scarce—or the Irish and Gordon, for that matter—but mighty few good old-fashioned gun dogs of this breed—which I happen to prefer—are left. For this reason the smaller bird dogs—the springer spaniel, the cocker and the field spaniel—have become very popular with younger sportsmen throughout the country in the past few years. This is getting back to first principles, because the setter originally was developed from the spaniel, crossed with the hound of the period to give the new dog more legs, height and size, as well as nose.

Wide-Ranging Dogs

These small bird dogs are not new. Spaniels are older than the history of dogs. The first spaniels were brought out of China hundreds of years ago, and, because they were very popular in Spain, were called spaniels. Old prints of fowling, or bird hunting, invariably show the sportsman accompanied by spaniel dogs, if the prints are really old. Comparatively speaking, the setter and the pointer are new dogs. They are man-made dogs—made purposely to find and point coveys of game birds for the guns of the hunters, or to locate flocks of game birds and to set, or crouch down, so the nets could be thrown over their heads. The small cocker spaniel, usually black and white, with white predominating, but sometimes liver and white, solid black or liver, was purposely developed to find and flush woodcock in heavy cover—hence the name. Most of the old-time market hunters here in Schoharie used these small dogs to find and tree grouse which, held by the barking dog to the lower limbs of trees—the barking also guiding the hunter to the spot—fell easy victims to their old muzzle loaders. The field spaniel is a larger dog, and stronger, as he needs to be for more active service in the open fields, where he hunts all kinds of small game, furred as well as feathered. This dog may be black, or red, or even with a lot of white, and it is difficult to tell them from the cockers except by size. The Irish water spaniel was more popular with the snipe and duck hunters and, in time, became almost entirely a water dog. In the past few years the larger springer spaniel has become the most popular gun dog of all the spaniels, and is rapidly replacing both the setter and the pointer among the younger sportsmen.

The springer is so called because it does not point but springs the game from the cover. It looks like a short-coupled, heavily built English setter, weighing about forty pounds or more. It is true that springer spaniels often will hesitate, or even point a bit before close-setting game—including cottontailed bunnies—but this is not their nature and is not encouraged in their training.

The spaniels are all eager hunters. Being short-legged, they do not work fast or far. This is essential, because they spring, or flush, the game at once, and must be kept close to the guns. Few amateur hunters realize that the effective range of the best shotguns is only about two hundred feet. Spaniels are better dogs for the average hunter because they are also much easier to handle and very little actual training is necessary. They are all natural retrievers, intelligent, good-natured, obedient, bold in the roughest cover, and all-enduring. They make excellent pets and house dogs for those sportsmen who must keep their hunting dogs in the house.

Unquestionably, the reason why these lesser bird dogs have become so very popular of late is because most of our well-bred, long-pedigreed setters and pointers, long so popular with bird hunters, have been thoroughly ruined as gun dogs for most folks. All that was considered desirable in a dog as a hunting companion and an assistant in shooting a few birds has been systematically bred out of them. There is too much daylight under most of these dogs today. They have become dogs of the chase—and you do the chasing! The bench type of bird dog—beautiful animals, it is true—more than likely never had nose on a bird—not for generations on end. There is little or no hunt left in most of them. And the winner of many field trials and a national champion may be a whirlwind and a wonderful dog, but, unless you happen to live in Texas, where there is lots of room, you will have to take out a license in three states in order to hunt him. Field trials were started to discover and develop the best in hunting bird dogs, but they have degenerated into a running race. Recently I visited a friend who has several field-trial prospects. He volunteered to demonstrate a couple of these wonderful dogs. When he let loose of their taut collars, those setters were off like a couple of Thoroughbreds coming down the stretch at Saratoga. In less time than it takes to tell it, they were just a couple of small specks against a distant hillside two miles away. Those dogs would be about as useful to me in my hunting as a pair of stilt-legged Russian wolf-hounds.

Before these days of modern field trials, where speed alone counts, dogs that ranged all over the state were not considered good bird dogs. Most of us hunt afoot, in rough country and in heavy cover, mostly for grouse and woodcock, and the dog must be in sight at all times to be of any use at all. Our most numerous game bird, the ring-necked pheasant, does not set well to dogs, and an old cock will run out from under the point after a bit and, unless the dog is working close to the gun, will be gone long before the hunter gets near enough to shoot. This speed mania and wide-ranging instinct has been bred right into setters and pointers, until now it is difficult to buy a pup that will stay in the same township with you. Someone said, years ago, that the ideal field-trial dog is one that runs away, but not quite. One certainly needs a discriminating eye to distinguish between the average field-trial dog and a genuine bolter. In their eagerness for more speed and wider range—because the number of birds a dog could find, no matter how or where, even if the judges had to use ten-power glasses to see the point, decided the heat and the race—both setter and pointer breeders have developed a race of self-hunters and bolters that are of no service to any bird hunter. Not only are such dogs of no assistance but they usually scare every bird out of the country long before the hunter gets to the cover.

It is argued that these fast dogs find more birds. Maybe they do at field trials, where the birds are let out of crates the night before. But little good it would do me, when hunting up Cole Hollow, to have my dog staunchly pointing a cock grouse on top of Panther Mountain, five miles away, and one of them straight up.

Marks of the Bird Hunter

One of the results of this field-trial breeding is that it has produced a dog that is very difficult to break for actual shooting. So many of them are natural bolters and so headstrong and temperamental, and bred-in-the-bone self-hunters, that they cannot be trained for close-working gun dogs, not even with a forty-foot rope and a choke collar, which is all its name implies, and more. It used to be that you could buy a good setter or pointer pup and in a few easy lessons produce a good gun dog that would work close, point game and retrieve the kill. But not any more—not once in ten times trying. Whatever may be the qualifications for field-trial work and records, be it remembered that this is not hunting. Every sportsman who goes bird hunting knows that the real meat hounds are those well broken, always under control—staunch and steady dogs that work through the cover reasonably slow and keep somewhere near the guns. They are staunch to point, steady to the roar of guns, and good retrievers. They come in when told, respond to the whistle, and keep close when so ordered. While no one wants a roader or a slow poke that will hunt all day under the dining-room table to find a bone, bird hunting is not and never has been a cross-country run.

So the short-legged, heavy-set, easy-going springer has come into its own again. He is heavy-bodied, thick-legged, physically and temperamentally slow and easy-going. He was made that way, bred that way and kept that way purposely, so men on foot could hunt small game in heavy cover and enjoy every minute of it. These big spaniels have the courage and the heavy coat to face any kind of cover, even the thickest brier patch where pheasants and rabbits hide. You see more and more of these dogs in the field every fall. With the more open cover full of imported pheasants, every man with a gun is now a bird hunter and he thinks he needs a bird dog. But the amateur gunner also likes to shoot rabbits, and maybe take a crack at a squirrel or two, so the eager little spaniel of any of the three popular breeds makes him an ideal hunting companion.

And the owners of these smaller game dogs can afford a loud laugh or two at the red-faced, panting men in canvas coats, carrying cold guns, who are forever running after bolters or asking if you have seen anything of a large, long-legged, black-and-white dog trailing forty feet of check cord, and, when last seen, going rapidly in an easterly direction.

Unsightly cracks... Easily resurfaced

You can easily make cracked walls and ceilings good as new with Rutland Patching Plaster—the quick, money-saving mender. Just mix with a little water, then fill crack or hole. If you want a perfect, lasting job, be sure to ask for *Rutland* Patching Plaster—made by the secret Rutland formula that insures absolute whiteness and permanence. At paint, wall-paper and hardware stores. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vermont.

RUTLAND PATCHING PLASTER

A dandruff treatment that *works!*

Yes, dandruff can be checked. Your doctor will tell you that *pine tar* and *cleanliness* will keep dandruff out of your scalp. This treatment combines *both* remedies:

Wet your hair. Massage the rich, tonic pine-tar lather of Packer's Tar Soap well into the scalp. Rinse. Again lather, massage and rinse thoroughly—finally with cold water.

In severe cases, do this every other day until scalp clears up. In milder cases, every 4 or 5 days. To prevent recurrence, keep up *regular* weekly Packer shampoos. Don't expect *any* now-and-then care to keep your scalp dandruff-free.

Sample Cake and book on hair health—10¢. **Packer's**, Dept. 22-E, 101 W. 31st St., New York

PACKER'S Tar Soap

Healthy Box Flowers

Better than in the open ground. The Perfecto Flower Box, with its patented system for feeding water properly at the roots with air circulation beneath the plants, prevents souring and grows beautiful flowers. Enamel finish in either Green, Old Ivory or Red. Five Sizes. Write for circular and your dealer's name. Sample 20" length delivered upon receipt of $1.50. West Mass. 25c extra.

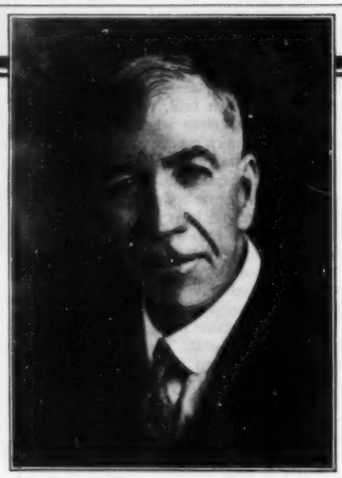
Metal Egg Crate Co., 604 Wolfe St., Fredericksburg, Va.

The FLORSHEIM *Shoe*

FOR distinguished custom appearance, with made-to-measure comfort, look to FLORSHEIM SHOES. They're superior shoes in every way . . . you can see it, feel it always . . . they give you all that you desire and more. The PRINCETON . . . Style M-394 . . . *Most Styles* $10

The FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY *Manufacturers* CHICAGO

Just Out of Curiosity—



W. E. Cummings, back in 1924, wrote a short letter. He asked just one question. Promptly he received his reply.

Now He's Making EXTRA DOLLARS Nearly Every Month

The question was, "How can I make more money?" The answer was easy. He found it easy, too, to make the money. He simply told his friends and his neighbors that he was authorized to forward their new and renewal orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. It paid from the beginning, paid generously. That was six years ago. It's still paying.

Your opportunity is even greater today. Send the coupon below and you'll soon be "loaded" to make extra dollars for yourself, easily, pleasantly, without previous experience.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
795 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'm curious. What's your cash offer?

Name ..... *Age* .....
(Please Print Name and Address)
Street .....
City ..... *State* .....

THE SOUL KILLER

(Continued from Page 50)

him, with knives in their teeth for cutting the ship's cables. That would doom her. Not Zack Wilkins himself could work her through that narrow opening in the reef, flat against the wind. She would strand; and a stranded ship, by the law of these green isles, became Fijian property; her people were put into the ovens.

Barzillai Shand winked his eyes. The Horse was in the perfect attitude of a trader in a doubtful region. Her big guns were shotted and run out. No doubt the powder tubs and flasks were on deck, and matches kept burning in buckets through the night watches. The boarding nettings, tarred and sanded very stiff, to turn cutting edges, were triced up with whipping lines to the lower yardarms. Barzillai could see the outlines of the ammunition chests on the fore and main crosstrees, which were fitted with arrow-proof screens. There must be at least two men stationed there, with blunderbusses crammed full of Number One buckshot—enough to get under the skin of any cannibal.

The one place left to enter the ship was astern, under the jolly-boat's keel, and Bar, pulling himself up there by the rudder chains, was very silent. There was no more than a faint clink of chain, a drip of water from his body, yet, when he slid over the rail, a musket was immediately presented at his heart.

It was in Molly Wilkins' hands. Her face was shadowed by a Manila hat, but there was no mistaking the round of that shoulder in its tight calico sleeve. It was Molly herself, and Barzillai remembered with a movement of recoil that he was dressed as a cannibal, in a loin cloth and nothing else besides. He felt his godlike proportions and propensities shrivel to a pin point. He was, after all, only little Barzillai Shand, whom Molly Wilkins had aforetime taken across her little checkered apron; the very Molly who, when he had been sick, had mothered him, given him doses of calomel and jalap, applied blisters to his chest and leeches to his calves. If she was on deck now, at this hour, it was likely because she was nursing a sick man. Yes, Barzillai made sure of it. A tent made of an old sail had been pitched just abaft the mainmast, and the sick man's groans were audible.

"Barzillai Shand," Molly whispered, her eyes round as moons. She grounded the gun butt with a smart shock against the deck, and immediately, but in a guarded voice, pitched into him. "Don't come to me with some cock-and-bull story!" she cried rapidly. "Because I know absolutely what has happened! Doctor Lyall has been here and told us everything."

"Doctor Lyall."

"I don't wonder your head drops. I knew, of course, when you ran away, part of what would follow, but I couldn't imagine it would be anything so dreadful. You have behaved abominably, and now you have actually the audacity to appear before me in your ——"

Molly might have been preparing to use the word "unwhisperables," which had currency then, but the shock of Barzillai's glittering and godlike nudity fairly took her breath. And certainly, if a god should choose a mortal body for his shrine, he could do worse than Barzillai. But the intrepid Molly was not stopped for long.

"What did you think, when you took French leave of the Horse last trip, that I was going to report back to your mother and sister? Did you think I would gloss it over? I didn't. I told the truth. I told them you had run away on a cannibal island and taken a cannibal woman for your wife. Did it ever occur to you that Captain Zack might risk his life hunting for you, even going up to interview those horrible mountaineers, on the off chance that they might have hidden you? I suppose now you're a cannibal yourself, and eat long pig when you can get it. Step up here and let me see if you have filed your teeth."

Barzillai ran a hand through his dripping hair. His godlike ears of late had not been accustomed to such language. He felt dying out of him all of his grandiloquent impulses. He was uncommonly like a sailor returning from a drunken frolic; this last year's scenes of beauty and horror were perhaps a dream, and he was waking.

Lucky it was too dark for him to see the withering scorn in Molly's eyes.

"Well, haven't you a tongue in your head?" Molly asked him. "Haven't you one mortal thing to say for yourself?"

That was Molly—always in a mood to treat grown men like children. She was no better with the cannibals. When the king had clubbed his father and shoveled sod over the still-throbbing body, she had not been afraid to tell him what she thought. She had given him a dressing down, too, for his trick of shooting uncooked bits of yam out of a child's popgun at the legs and necks of the ladies of his court. Once, on board the Horse, she had cuffed his grimy paw out of her dish, and when he had reached for his club, she had calmly reached for her scissors.

And Barzillai had seen her go ashore through surf in a chair made of the arms of friendly cannibals, her own arms around their necks to steady her. He had seen her clap her hands for joy when the palms, the strands and mountains of the blue isles of Fiji had shown on the horizon. She, too, like Barzillai, loved these footholds of earth where yesterday and tomorrow were no more distinguishable than the boundaries between this world and the next. There was no reason, he reminded himself, for her taking this high tone.

"These cannibals are good enough for you to trade with and bamboozle, I take notice," he muttered, hoarse with fury. "You can buy a load of *beche de mer* here for a musket every sixteen hogsheads and sell it in Manila for twelve thousand dollars, and not turn a hair; but to treat them as human beings is just beyond you."

"I should hope," Molly countered with steel in her eyes, "there was some difference between trading with them and marrying into them. I should hope so, Mr. Barzillai Shand. Why, they're not human. Even Doctor Lyall admits they're beyond redemption until they give up nakedness and plurality of wives. And you, nail and flesh with them, with a cannibal wife ——"

"She's not. They won't allow her."

"She sneaks it then! Don't I know!" Molly cried excitedly. "Anything that's a delicacy with the men can't be kept away from the women, and you know it! . . . You go below and get some clothes on. Zack will fit you out."

"Don't think," Barzillai said intensely, "that I have come back here to fetch and carry for Zack Wilkins. I'm comfortable where I am."

"Comfortable."

"Yes, ma'am. I've got canoes, houses, food and drink. I don't have to lift a hand. None of this 'One bell there, bulls, shake a leg' in the wet watches, and tearing the nails out of your fingers getting in rain-soaked sail. I'm waited on by inches. I can't take a drink without their setting up a shout. As a matter of fact," he stated finally, taking his courage in both hands, "I am a god."

"A god, are you? A god! You, Barzillai Shand, a god! You are a fool!"

Barzillai felt his body, dried by the night wind, burn and creep.

"I am a god. A soul killer," he insisted dully. "I kill the soul. I kill the soul." And he felt that he was at least capable of this, that he had killed millions, stuck them like pigs in a slaughterhouse, speared them, clubbed them down, these terrifying women souls who slid their phantom arms around his neck.

"You kill the soul! You're moonstruck!" Molly said, exasperated. "It's what I told you would happen to you, my poor boy, if

(Continued on Page 205)

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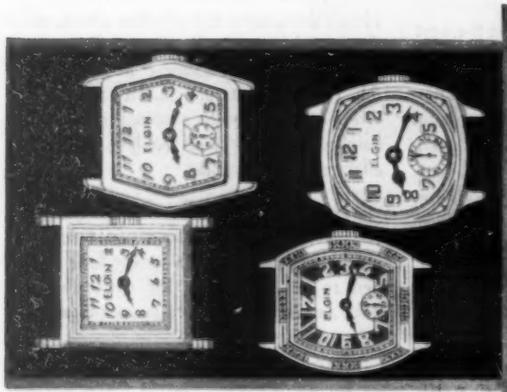

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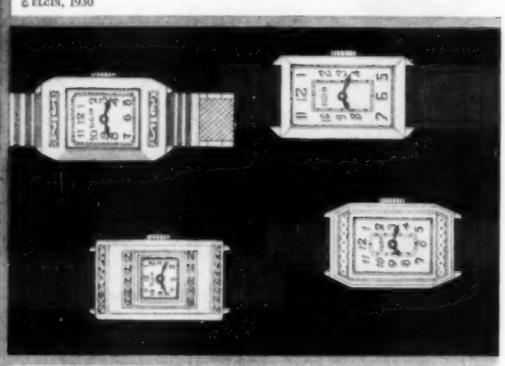

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(Continued from Page 202)

you slept out in the light of the moon. The moon has rolled over your brain and cracked it. You couldn't in your right senses have set these poor tawnies against us."

"Set them against you? Do you think I would? Why, you have brought it on yourself by putting Vong Ouvie in irons."

"We won't argue it," Molly Wilkins said decisively. "I'll simply say that I could never face your mother if I let you go ashore again, after having had you this close."

Unexpectedly she threw the gun barrel up against him and stood with her finger on the trigger.

"I will show you what we think of gods aboard this vessel!" Molly cried bitterly. "Go forward, sir, into the forecastle."

Barzillai Shand, quick as a lizard, struck up the gun barrel, twisted it out of her hands, and dropped over the rail under the jolly-boat's keel. He heard shouts, a stamp of feet, a musket fired, but the night was black, wind was blowing, there was a slapping of waves which covered the sound of his swimming. It was not till he had felt sand under his toes that the shift in the wind's direction occurred to him. It was no longer blowing in over the reef, but directly offshore. There was rain in it, and he could hear the beating of raindrops on the big-leaved vegetation inland. If the wind held in this quarter, the Horse, even with her cables cut, could make shift to slide through the break in the reef and escape, despite the fact that the king, to propitiate the god of the ocean, had tied three women to a stake driven into the shoal there, at a point where the tide could not quite drown them.

But coming in flaws, catspaws, as it did, the wind might shift. The priest—Old Snuff, Paddy Connor called him, from the begrimed look of his hairy body—would, naturally, not try to shake the ship ashore against the wind. He would wait a little. Horror-struck, Barzillai remembered that in his hot anger he had forgot to put Molly on her guard against that danger to the ship's cables.

He walked out of the water. From the shadow of the mangrove screen, Vatai called softly, and came running.

"Good is your coming, my noble Lord Nephew!" she cried, sinking to her knees. "A chief has come from Lakemba. He has told the king that you are not a god but a runaway white sailor, wrecked a year ago on his island. The king is angry and has sent Paddy Connor for you. . . . Ah, love me—love me and strangle me!" Vatai cried. Her cheek was against the wet calf of his leg; she put into his hands the thick rope of her hair, twisted invitingly about her throat. "Haste. Do you not see that if you were to die, and the king so angry, there might be nobody of rank high enough to strangle me? Strangle me now, beloved, and I will wait for you upon the mountainside."

"If I were to die," Barzillai repeated, feeling the earth struck from under him. "I am a god! I cannot die!" he told her harshly.

"The gods die. Everybody dies. Your father, the soul killer, died from sitting on a stump," Vatai reminded him, and shivered close. He clucked his tongue. This cursed mythology of Paddy Connor's would trip him end for end yet. He walked sulkily away. But Vatai followed him, trailing that polished bow of hers made from the pendent shoot of a mangrove. She clutched against her breast four or five arrows, satin smooth, of the thickness of a lady's ring finger. Most of them were specially barbed for killing fish, but there was one fire arrow in the lot, Barzillai noticed.

"Let us say I am not a god," he whispered. "Let us say I am what the chief from Lakemba says—a sailor, a runaway. What would you say then?"

"Cannot a god enter the body of a sailor? Pity me. Love me and strangle me," Vatai repeated resolutely.

Barzillai's throat ached. He twisted his fingers in her hair and dislodged her wreath of aromatic leaves. The palm shapes at his back looked young and feathery; nothing, it seemed, on this magic island was old and cumbersome, unless the weight of this conscience brought from Salem. He seemed to hear again the missionary, Lyall, singing, "The rapids are near and the daylight is past"; and now the song had something dark, prophetic, in its very echoes. Could he deliver up Molly Wilkins to the mercies of these cannibals without one move made in her defense? But then, she thought that he himself had turned cannibal. She had wanted to know if he had filed his teeth.

The voice of Tim Jaggars, the trading master, boomed through the bamboo wall of the trade house:

"I tell you, these cursed tawnies shall never feed on my body. It's too late to reach the ship and the beggars are swarming on the beach, but I have got the nozzle of my pistol into this powder keg."

"Here's a better scheme," suggested the ship's armorer, who had been ashore with his forge, making trade chisels out of hoop and strap iron. "Lay a train of powder to the kegs from outdoors, and when they rush us, throw a shovelful of fire through the door onto the train, and trust to getting away through the back wall of the house."

Barzillai had got as far away from them as the batter house. The fire trench in front of this was barely smoldering. It was here that the sea slugs were spread on bamboo rafters, smoked and cured, but since yesterday the king's men had stopped bringing down firewood. These slugs made up the bulk of Wilkins' trading to these islands. The king's fishermen tore them from the reefs at night—their feeding time—by torchlight. The pay was one workable musket for sixteen hogsheads of the fish. Old Houqua, the lemon-tinted Hong merchant at Canton, China, bought the slugs in Manila, to sell to the soup makers of his native city, for these fish were as necessary to a soup as birds' nests. The profit was handsome enough to lure Salem ships here voyage after voyage, though the reefs were dangerous, and often indicated on the charts by one or two small dots only. There was no insuring ships on such voyages.

And indeed, Salem insurers who should see, now, the beach beyond the batter house alive with cannibals, would certainly have seen no reason to change their settled opinion about these Fiji voyages. The young men were bringing down backloads of spears to the water's edge. Some were practicing the art of bullet dodging by zigzagging through the sand and now and again throwing themselves flat. Yells rang out, shrill enough to pierce nerve, vein and bone. Barzillai, staring through the pungent smoke from newly kindled ovens, could see the fighting men arranging hair and beards for battle. The king sat on a powder keg, with the club, Damaging Beyond Hope, between his knees. And Old Snuff, the chief priest, lighted up by the flame of a ceremonial sandalwood fire, stood with his arms raised to heaven, while an assistant dripped lemon juice on his hairy wrists.

Vatai whispered passionately to Barzillai, "Let us go to our cave. Let us go to our cave in the mountains. There is plenty of arrowroot and turtle there." But Barzillai, fatally obsessed, shook her off. He stalked into the very midst of the king's forces.

"Where is the Lakemba chief?" he cried sternly, but that man could not be produced.

"Why have you not shot the big gun as you agreed?" the king asked surlily, and plucked a scarlet parrot's feather from the wreath on his brow.

"I have been killing souls," Barzillai said. And added menacingly, "Who knows whether I am done killing souls? Who will affirm that I am not a god, the soul killer?"

The king sheepishly pointed his club at Old Snuff, whose arms were still raised.

"That man!" Barzillai shouted contemptuously. "Let us see what he can do by himself! Let him exert himself to shake the Salem ship ashore, and I, by my art, will prevent him. Come, let this tooth of the black ant try to shake the ship ashore, as he did the French ship. Let him only try."

Old Snuff was in a fix, for the wind was still offshore.

"Well, begin to shake!" the king roared.

"Is a white sailor going to tell me when to shake?" the priest grumbled. "I cannot shake unless the god enters me."

"A sailor. Would the king have been so foolish as to give his daughter in marriage to a common sailor?" Barzillai cried cunningly.

The king saw the force of this at once. If Barzillai was not a god, his own position was in danger of becoming ludicrous.

"Shake the ship ashore," he commanded, and laid hold of the spear, The Priest is Too Late.

Old Snuff had no recourse. He was between the devil and the deep sea. He swayed and howled, his clotted locks falling in his eyes, his head as stiff on the shoulders as if spiked onto an idol. His assistants began to walk round him in a circle, looking into the heavens and under their feet with ludicrous nose movements, as if smelling a rat somewhere.

And then Old Snuff, perhaps hoping against hope, did begin to shake. His knees and elbows knocked together, he shook his left leg by itself, his right leg, both together. His face was hideous, dark purple, the veins at his temples twisted. His eyes were glimmering white blots against black paint; he had turned them into his head. And now he underwent that distortion, that bone-cracking, ligament-tearing change of his shape, which announced that the god was entering his body. The process was terrifying. The god was not very digestible. Old Snuff's eyes bulged, his throat swelled, his ribs strained and expanded; he effected a partial curvature of the spine with a dislocation of the shoulder blades. Every joint in his crazy body was thrown out, and the business of the god's entering him was perfectly visible—as in the case of a snake's swallowing a rabbit.

And nothing came of it. The Arabian Horse stayed at her anchorage, the waters of the lagoon were calm or barely rippled by the gentle land breeze. The lines of shadowy black bowmen upright on the beach, with bows bent and left feet forward, did not move.

"You see? He is powerless against me!" Barzillai called exultantly. "Why does he not shake this ship ashore as he has others? Has not his god entered him? Does he not shake well? Yes, as well as ever he did. But against me he is nothing. Who else is in a mood to challenge the gods? Where are these boasters who made the earth tremble with their tongues? Do you bring spears against the enemy? I will deflect them. Have you hatchets? I will destroy your aim. Peace is better now. It is my will that you return to the reefs and fish. The attitude of the fish is good. Let the turtle fleet load its nets and go to sea, order the fishermen to the shoals and the woodcutters to the mountains. Look in your looking-glasses and see the fear in your own faces. I command that forty whales' teeth be sent to me at the spirit house."

Vatai was close enough to him still for him to feel against his arm the touch of her clay-sweetened breath, but he did not look at her. He had risked all on this one cast and for that tyrannous trader whose very shadow he abhorred. These warriors who had cried "*Woi, woi,*" so reverently when he had put down his drinking cup only this morning—what would they say now? Some of them had smooth bodies, wistful mouths like girls; their faces could not be told from girls' faces. Barzillai knew that in spite of their bullet dodging and bold speeches, they were frightful cowards. A draft of air could spin them on their irresolute heels. Many times after dark, when they heard the bones of their victims whistle to them from the bushes, they ran into the clubhouse like madmen and hid in the rafters. Now, would they heed the voice of this questionable god? It was possible. The

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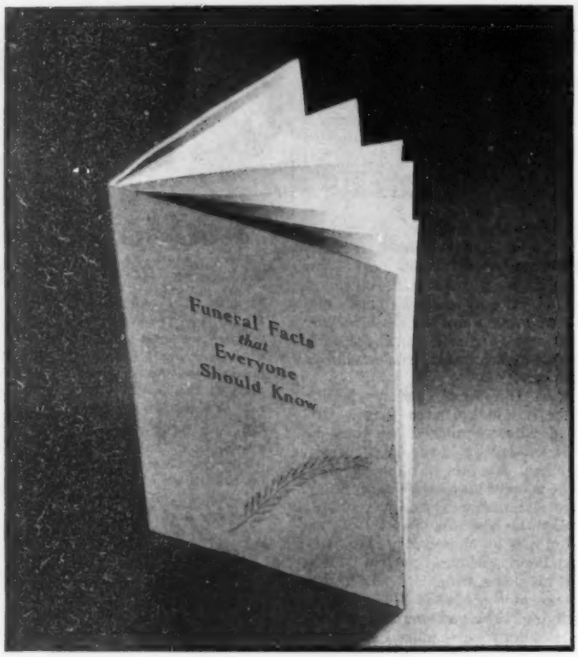

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king himself, relaxing his grip of Damaging Beyond Hope, was evidently revolving the situation in his mind. The god was his son-in-law; first seen drawn down out of heaven and rolling on the rim of the sea in the likeness of a red ball. And it was true, the Arabian Horse had not been shaken closer.

It was Old Snuff who tipped the scales. He staggered to his feet, covered with sand, and the god mysteriously out of him.

"Is his heart a stone, that a bullet will not enter it?" the priest yelled. "Has he practiced bullet dodging on his table-land? Is his skull iron, that a hatchet will not cleave it?"

Old Snuff had the boldness of despair. It was very likely that if Barzillai should renew his grip, the priest himself would be thrust into the oven. He snatched up one of the cast-iron axes and hurled it straight at Barzillai's red-brown body.

Barzillai felt the ax strike his shoulder, and fall. The blow was not disabling; and Barzillai stood with a fixed smile of scorn on his lips for just that part of a second before he felt the warm rush of blood down his arm. The flames of the sandalwood fire leaped up, and the priest, mad with joy, pointed out Barzillai's arm and dripping crimson fingers.

"Blood! Blood! Blood! A god bleeds! He bleeds! He is no god! He bleeds!"

There was a great rattling of shields and spears, exhortations, but even now nobody wanted to be the first to cut down the body of that bogus god. So that it might not be known who had done it, the king put the fire out with sand, crying out in the obscurity, "Take him whole! Do not crush his skull! I want it for a drinking cup!"

Barzillai whirled and dodged. He had caught a glimpse of Paddy Connor going, wigless, for the water's edge. That celebrated myth maker would certainly be hard put to it to explain this shortcoming of his god. He could never explain it. Barzillai was in the very middle of the fighting men; he had seized shield and club, and was laying about him smartly. The air was full of those absurd cast-iron axes. Barzillai, fighting clear, found the trade house already in flames. The bamboo canes of its walls snapped and crackled like a volley of musketry.

When Tim Jaggars' powder kegs exploded, Barzillai pitched his whole length in the sand. The king's forces threw themselves flat, as in the bullet-dodging practice; it was the voice, the king thought, as he confessed later to one Captain Quill, of that "gun to shoot the earth with," and his warriors took to cover at the very moment that Zack Wilkins, with a dozen men, armed to the teeth, stepped ashore out of the Horse's jolly-boat.

The king, absconded somewhere in a hollow tree, screeched frantically, "Put these men into the ovens!" but there was nobody at hand to carry out this order. Zack Wilkins had been in fracases like this before. Paunchy, bearded, formidable, his belt stuck full of pistols, his iron-gray hair ragged and uncombed, he walked across the white sand. Barzillai Shand was just getting to his knees.

"Here's the little godling himself," the captain jeered. "Have you got the ovens hot for me, my boy? Where's the king? I'll bet another time when I am pouring him coffee and happen to sneeze, he'll drink it just the same."

Barzillai Shand, with Paddy Connor and the port watch, were swaying on the Horse's port main braces. Paddy croaked the age-old exhortations to men pulling on the braces: "Oh, whey hu; I tol' you! Hah Julia! Bowse her again, buils! Now—now she's coming! Oh, square the man's yard!"

The slatting canvas over their heads filled and quieted, and a boiling of water attested the increased pace of the ship's hull through the reef opening. Captain Zack jogged Barzillai's elbow.

"Feel natural, does it?" he bellowed.

Barzillai didn't answer.

"Mind you," said Zack, "no sulks."

Barzillai, an outcast god in a red flannel shirt and dirty white duck trousers, hung his head. For this detested captain he had lost his love, his lazy Paradise, forsaken godhood. For this, and why? Because of a moment's vision of the white spire of the South Church in Salem, the ropewalk, the varnish factory, and the dark rippling of the North River past the hedged terraces of Captain Arad Whitney's four-square mansion there? Had the voice of his sister Lettie Shand whispered in his ear? Or the capable touch of Molly Wilkins' fingers drawn him?

But in Salem he was nobody, a joke—the dreamy handsome Barzillai who had been dubbed too left-handed to work in the ropewalk because his contrariety would get into the strands.

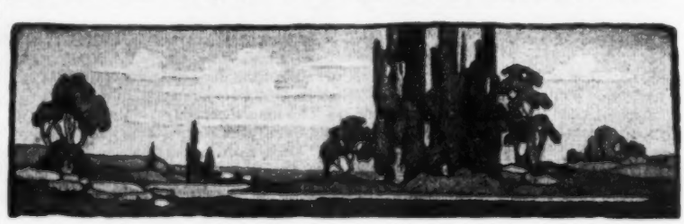
"No sulks, I say," Zack Wilkins growled, stepping closer and thrusting against him with the flat of that big plum-colored hand. "A god has got to look pleasant here. A god, hey? You've lost me three houses and a good five thousand in fish, playing the god there, and it's not your fault if I'm not cooking now in their cursed ovens. Well, I'll sweat it out of you. I'll make you turn your back to windward before this cruise is over. A god, are you? If you're that, you can get those poor women out of trouble."

They were abeam of that point on the shoal where the king had tied three women to a stake to propitiate the water god. One of these, Barzillai saw, was the Christian who had been converted at the last love feast—the very lady who had been under that forty-gallon iron pot in the king's palace. A high run of tides was coming on, and the three dark, pitiful heads, clustered close, had only their chins out of water. The Horse could not stop; to back the main yard here would mean disaster for all hands. Three heads black against silver foam from the ship's wake, and the convert in the middle. Barzillai felt a tearing surge of sympathy for that dark soul. Something in her, as in himself, had brought her down from high place, pushed her on to her destruction.

He turned away, winking his eyes, and saw the long curve of a fire arrow in the heavens. It was the sort of arrow given to women to shoot into the straw thatches of stockaded towns during sieges. Vatai had had one in her hand. And this arrow could be traced to the beginning of its flight at that cliff's edge, where Vatai had laved his temples; that cliff from which Fijian wives who failed of strangulation were in the habit of jumping to overtake their vanished men.

The arrow was nothing but a track of fire, like Vatai's soul, warm, swift, friendly—love itself. Barzillai seemed to see her spring up, sink to her knees, flutter her lids, shape her prettily tattooed mouth into a smile; and, as if bodying this thought, the arrow at its height paused, flared, drooped, and went black out.

"Now I am a soul killer. Now at last I have killed a soul," he whispered to Paddy Connor. The myth maker was not so easily persuaded. He shook his head sadly. He was done with that nonsense for all time.



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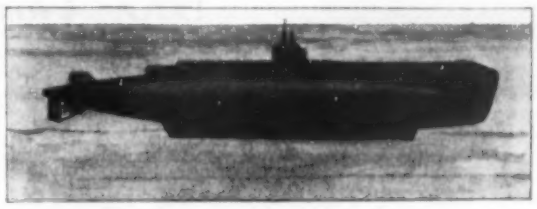

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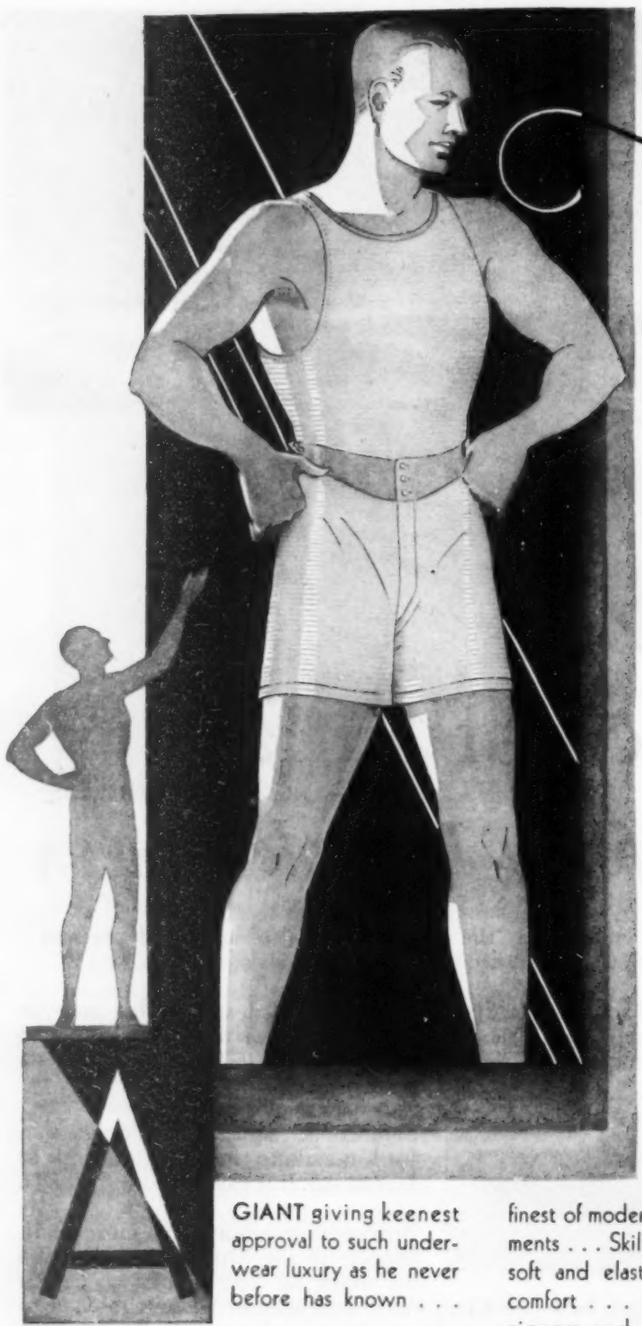

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EACH TO HIS OWN

(Continued from Page 54)

in his agony could all but feel the spires of the giant spruce trees scraping against the landing gear.

Slowly at last, ever so slowly, they started up again. This time it seemed ages before Shorty breathed clear air again, and now with difficulty. The prospector knew that they had been forced to climb exceedingly. As suddenly the stringy fronds of cloud about them broke away into extreme depths, like a hole punched in a dirty sheet, a pin-point spot of earth showed beneath them, and instantly the ship began to spiral downward. The pin point disappeared, the course straightened. Again they were in fog, again they were climbing.

Two more hours passed above the clouds. Then Manning deliberately pushed the nose of his ship downward for another exploring expedition. Shorty McNeil did not know why. He only realized that the time long since had passed for their arrival at Lake McLachlan. Manning with his instruments undoubtedly knew where they were, but such things were beyond Shorty. He could only blink and stare blankly about him as the fog closed in anew—blink and stare and wait.

Once more there was that awful uncertainty of descent. He could not see the altimeter; he could not have read it accurately if it had been within his range of vision. There was only the sinking knowledge that they were coming steadily closer to the earth, and that this earth was gray, shrouded, beyond his sight. Another horrible hour passed, and again the ship took a swift course downward. Manning, leaning out anxiously now, had shouted something and pointed. But Shorty could see nothing. Down—down—still downward. Now it was Shorty who shouted. The fog below had turned to a slatish black, punctuated by a rounding area where only white showed. A lake!

Manning had seen it. Now the ship was circling, now it was gliding on a low throttle. They swept over the very tops of the spruces, stabbing upward through the gloom. There was the soft impact as the pontoons struck water, the roar of the motor as Manning again gave it the gun, the swift gliding again and gentle pitching. Then suddenly Manning cut out the engine and slapped the tail of the plane into the water, hard, desperately. The splash of it sent a veritable deluge of spray over the craft; it veered, it swayed drunkenly, its yellow wings tickling the surface of the gray lake. Manning half rose, motioning in wild pantomime. Again a tremendous surge. Shorty McNeil's feverish hands went to his belt; his lips moved in silent mouthings.

Then out of the fog something raced toward them—a shapeless mass of blacks and grays which seemed to tower about them and over them and suddenly close in. Thunder shook the world about the gray-faced prospector. Great invisible hands caught him and wrenched him. Then Shorty McNeil knew no more.

It was a voice which awakened him, a voice and a sense of horrible chill. He moved his stocky head slowly and felt the cold touch of water against his neck. Shorty's aching, blurred eyes opened, centering upon the outlines of wreckage, half buried in water and in the slime of the shore beneath tangled bush. Then Shorty felt the tug of hands beneath his armpits and realized that Cap Manning stood in the water beside him. When Shorty looked up, the face of his companion appeared old and lined; his shocky hair was matted and straggling about his forehead; a slow stream of red diffused itself upon his left cheek from a scalp laceration.

"Are you all right, Shorty?" he asked. There was an anxious, vibratory quality to his voice. Shorty now became aware of a tremor in the muscles which supported him. The stocky prospector forced a grin.

"Not too bad," he answered with a show of cheerfulness. Now that a long-feared thing had really happened, there was a certain sense of relief, of deliverance. Then, as he rubbed a dripping hand across his aching forehead: "I guess I got a bump. But I'm all right." He sloshed to his feet, standing knee-deep in water. "I must not have been knocked out long—or I'd have drowned."

"You were in the cockpit," said Manning dully. "I pulled you out."

"Oh," said Shorty dazedly. Then, with a glance toward the wreckage, "It looks like we smashed up."

The other man was slow in replying. He had moved a few feet, and stood abstractedly, his right hand alternately raising to his cheek and then dipping into the water, that he might remove the weakened stains of red.

At last he twisted his head, as if to free his throat from painful constriction.

"Yes, Shorty," came at last. "We cracked up. I couldn't see in the fog; we went straight into the bank. I'm sorry."

"You couldn't help it. I guess we had to land somewhere."

"We were in trouble. My compass was haywire—spinning like a top from magnetic attraction. This bloody country up here—full of iron. A fellow can't tell where he's going without the horizon." Manning shook his head again and slapped viciously at his neck. The mosquitoes were whining about them now, clouding voraciously forth from the dense foliage. "I had to do something; we were running low on gas."

"The fog was awful too," said Shorty.

"That was the trouble. The cloud line was right on the ground; and every time I'd get into it looking for a landing place I'd get farther off our course—with the compass blotto. I kept getting higher too—we were up fourteen thousand once." Manning looked wearily about him. "Well, I guess it isn't going to do us any good to stand here in the water." He turned and sloshed toward the shore, both hands raised to his neck now in warfare against the mosquitoes.

Shorty followed him obediently. At last, dripping, they clambered over a black mass of granite, shiny with moisture, and sank there, still too dulled by the crash to be fully alert to their situation. But at last Shorty stirred. He rose and, big hands on his stocky hips, stood looking about him, finally to center his eyes for a moment on a strip of beach where a few small teeter-tails uttered their lonely cries as they poked about the sand.

"Well, I guess we'd better think about fixin' up a camp," he said. "No tellin' how long we're liable to be here."

Manning whirled. "If you think we're going to stay here ——" he snapped.

Shorty eyed him mildly. "That's what the rule book says. 'Stick to the plane,' it says."

Manning did not answer at once. He only sat wiping at his head with a wet handkerchief, pulling it away and staring at it, then replacing it to the wound. Shorty rose and, going beside him, examined the laceration.

"I'll boil up some leaves after while," he said. "That'll fix it all right; it ain't bad."

"First get the fire," Manning answered hopelessly, then rising, walked to the wreckage of the airplane, cursing the mosquitoes, which literally swarmed upon him as he disturbed the foliage in his progress. Shorty watched him.

"Guess he's kind of lost without it," he said to himself after a long time. Manning was still beside the wreckage, moving slowly about it, hovering over the smashed motor, or bending to pick up a piece of a shattered wing and merely stand for a long time with it in his hands before disconsolately tossing it into the water. Finally Shorty went beside him.

"If you'll help me out there, I'll get out my pack sack and we'll make camp," he suggested. "Get a fire going and a good meal and we'll feel better."

Manning whirled. "That's it!" he snapped. "Rub it in! Call the rule book up! Recite Paragraph Fourteen for me!"

Shorty knew what he meant:

No airplane shall leave its base upon a sustained flight without leaving behind full description of the course and destination, with projected time of arrival. Each ship shall be equipped with rifle, cartridges, fishing lines and iron rations for three weeks. In case of accident, pilot and prospector shall stick to the ship and await relief airplanes which will be started after a lack of report for four days.

"I guess we can both recite it," said the prospector. "But what for?"

Manning's lips twisted. "Making it good, aren't you?" he asked. His straggling hair, his stained cheeks and gaunt eyes gave him a queer, stricken appearance. "You know you've thrown me into a flat spin. I passed up the rules. They won't even know where to send for us. I wanted to sneak in on the camp at Tower Mountain; they've been loafing there. I wanted to catch 'em. The base camp doesn't know when or where I'm supposed to show up."

"Yes, sir," said Shorty deferentially.

Manning rubbed a hand over the ragged fracture of the propeller. "As for the supplies—we haven't any. It looked like a perfect day. I didn't see any need to go to that trouble. You can't light a fire with wet matches."

Shorty had begun to climb upon the wreckage. "If you'll steady me," he said, "I'll get my pack sack. We'll be all right."

Unconsciously Shorty McNeil was taking command—as if the reversal in surroundings had caused a legitimate reversal in their relations. He uttered no recriminations in answer to the confession of Cap Manning. They were lost, without means of travel, without food. Talking couldn't help that. So while Manning supported him, he dragged the dripping pack sack from the flooded cockpit, and scrambled with it to shore. Then silently he swung it to his back and staggered to the fog-clad beach, Manning following silently.

He dug deep into it, once the straps had been loosed, and brought forth a metal box, wrapped tightly in rubber sheeting.

"Plenty of matches," he said quietly. "Get some gum off them spruces and put it under the wood. That'll start the pitch going." Then, in seeming disregard for the other man, he fished anew into the sack, bringing forth at last an ordinary slingshot. Carefully he selected a few small, round pebbles from the beach and began to creep upon the smallest of the teeter-tail, collected curiously now at the end of the sand. There was the flip of rubber, and a scattering of birds, leaving one fluttering upon the ground. Shorty McNeil, a sprawling figure in the fog, ran forward and caught it clumsily.

"Kind of cruel," he said, as, holding the wounded bird in one thick hand, he poked anew into the pack sack with the other, at last to bring forth a sodden ball of cord, ending in piano wire and a heavy hook. He impaled the bird and, unrolling the ball, swung the baited hook in wide circles over his head before sending it outward to the edge of the lily pads. "Funny, ain't it?" he asked, as he watched the fluttering bait. "Nearly everything in the bush lives off of something else that's crippled."

Manning swiped desperately at his neck.

"Especially the mosquitoes," he grumbled.

"I'm kind of used to 'em," said Shorty. "They've bit me so much." Then with a glance toward his superior: "Maybe you'd better wrap a bandanna around your throat. There's one in my pack sack. There's blood on your neck—black flies. They're bad if they get you in the glands."

Manning rubbed his neck quickly and stared at the stains on his palms. With a nervous sort of haste he made for the pack sack and its sodden contents. Out at the edge of the lily pads, where a bird struggled, the water suddenly surged and boiled,

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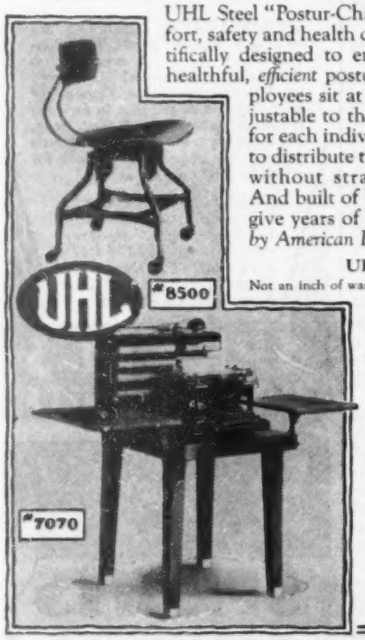

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while Shorty McNeil allowed the line to go slack for a moment, then suddenly brought it taut with a two-handed jerk.

"Pike for supper," he said. Then with a glance over his shoulder, "Oh, you ain't started the fire yet?"

"How can I do everything at once?" There was a fretfulness to the other man's voice. "I've got to fix up some kind of protection against these flies."

"Maybe I've got some citronella," Shorty answered patiently as he brought an immense northern pike hand over hand to shore, and stunned it with a grinding blow of his boot heel. "I'll mix up some with spruce gum if I can get a little gasoline out of that engine. It ain't pretty, but it helps to keep the flies off."

Thus the few remaining hours of daylight began. Shorty built a fire, being careful to assemble plenty of spruce gum before ever risking a match, and then, the first blaze going strong, pulled some coals from that, and heaped upon it an armful of spongy, damp muskeg, which emitted dense smoke, acridly.

"That'll keep a lot of 'em away," he said to Manning. "You sit there and I'll toast this here pikie."

They ate silently, biting their food from the ends of the forked sticks upon which it was broiled. Then Shorty moved the fire, leaving dry sand behind, and rebuilding it to greater proportions, poked branches into the ground upon which to hang the contents of his pack sack for drying.

"Better move your smudge a little closer," he said to Manning, crouched tearfully in the smoke. "You want to get them clothes good and dry before you go to sleep in 'em." He halted then, looking out into the lake to where the smooth-cut end of a log showed slightly below the surface of the water. "I guess I'll take a look at that log."

He pulled himself out of his wet clothing, hanging it carefully upon sticks. Then his misshapen, bulky form slid into the water, stroking with a power that was almost graceful. He reached the log and, bracing himself there, tugged and jerked at it until the end came to the surface. Then he rubbed at the face of the wood, halting to study, then reverting to his rubbing again. At last he doubled and with a jack-knife movement pushed himself away from it, returning with sweeping strokes to the shore.

"I know where we are," he said simply, as he came shivering to the fire and his clothing. "That log's got an R on it."

Manning came to his feet, blinking. A far different man he was now from the trim captain who had left the air base at Lac du Grace. Smears of gasoline-cut spruce gum covered his face and neck and matted the hair at his temples. His uniform sagged, his breeches had lost their flare. He was shoeless, his socks sand-covered and muddy, while his boots dried by the fire.

"Then let's get out of here!" he commanded. Shorty looked mildly up at him.

"It's over a hundred miles."

"How do you know?"

"By that R on the log."

Manning swung his shoulders. "Listen, this isn't any time for kidding."

"I'm not kidding," said Shorty. "That's a Ralston log."

The other man flung himself away, back to the smoke of the smudge. "I suppose it had a map and a full description written on it."

Shorty McNeil looked at him, as if awaiting another caustic remark. There was none. Manning sat in the smudge, his eyes closed, his arms folded with his hands up his sleeves, to free them from the torment of the flies, a white band about his head where Shorty had wrapped a handkerchief over a balsam of boiled roots and leaves which he had gathered seemingly at random. No word passed between them for a long time; then as the short, sub-Arctic night closed in, the prospector halted from his work of rehanging his pack-sack contents.

"Tell you about that log," he volunteered. "I seen the sawed end—that's why I swum out there. About five years ago a company named Ralston—marked their logs R, you see—put in a bush camp up Landing River. Well, they only cut one season and made a log run and then went broke. There's only one little lake that Landing River flows in and out of, that's Bluestone. This here must be it; I'll be able to tell in the morning when I see the inlet and outlet. I come this way once, about twenty years ago. If it's Bluestone, then we're thirty-five miles from the Connemora, and about seventy down that to McLachlan."

Manning stirred, and rested his chin on his hands. "That doesn't help us much. A hundred and five miles in the bush."

"No, I guess not," said Shorty, and began to move the fire again. "If you're dry enough now," he suggested, "maybe you'd better get some sleep as soon as this sand cools a little."

Twenty minutes later he suggested it again, but Manning sat motionless. Quietly Shorty renewed the smudge, and flopped to the sand. Soon he was snoring. But shortly after daylight he stirred in obedience to a shake at his shoulder.

"The fog's lifted and the sun's coming up," Manning said. There was something of the old command in his voice. "Take a look around you. If this is the place, we'll hit the trail."

Shorty rubbed his eyes. "Hadn't you better stick to the rules?"

"How can I when I made them useless by breaking them? Besides, I haven't slept a wink—these flies. A man would go crazy here!"

"There's flies everywhere in the bush," said Shorty, sitting up.

"Yes, but at least we'd be on the move, getting somewhere. Take a look around you. Is this the place? We'll eat some more of that fish and get moving."

Shorty got up and studied his surroundings. Then he plunged into the junglelike recesses of the bush and disappeared, his right hand subconsciously breaking a twig from surrounding foliage at every few steps. Manning waited through a half hour of agony, then Shorty came out of the bush at exactly the spot he had entered.

"Yeh," he reported, "it's Bluestone. Landing River runs out over to the left."

"Then let's eat and go."

Shorty hesitated, his hands shifting; he was embarrassed, seeking to frame a question gently. "Maybe you couldn't stand it," he said at last.

Manning laughed. "You're the first man who ever said that."

"I didn't mean it that way. A hundred miles is a lot of bush."

"We'll see whether I can stand it," answered Manning. "Going to leave that stuff here?"

"No, I'll take it."

Again Manning laughed. "Spotting me a pack on your back, eh?" A sneer came to his lips, the sneer of a man with his back to the wall. "Want to have plenty to say about me when we get back?"

Shorty McNeil faced him, his mild blue eyes looking up into the narrowed ones of his companion. "I ain't got no right to say nothing, captain," he answered. "It wasn't your fault we smacked up."

"No?" The other man looked away. "Well," he said at last, as if with an effort, "I'm glad you feel that way about it. Shall we cook breakfast?"

A half hour later he straightened from the smudge.

"I hate to give that up," came with a half laugh. "Want me to take that pack for a while?"

"No, I'm used to it."

"Which way?"

"I marked the trail to the creek. Then we keep as close to the water as we can. There's lots of muskeg though, and swamp. Maybe we'll have to swing off to ——"

He halted his sentence and, with a shift of his pack, moved his forehead swiftly into the tumpline. Then, arms dragging at his sides, eyes pulled into Mongolian almonds by the strain of the tump strap, his great shoulders bowed against the weight

(Continued on Page 213)

24 Hours · *with the man* · who never had Anything to Do with a Carey Roof

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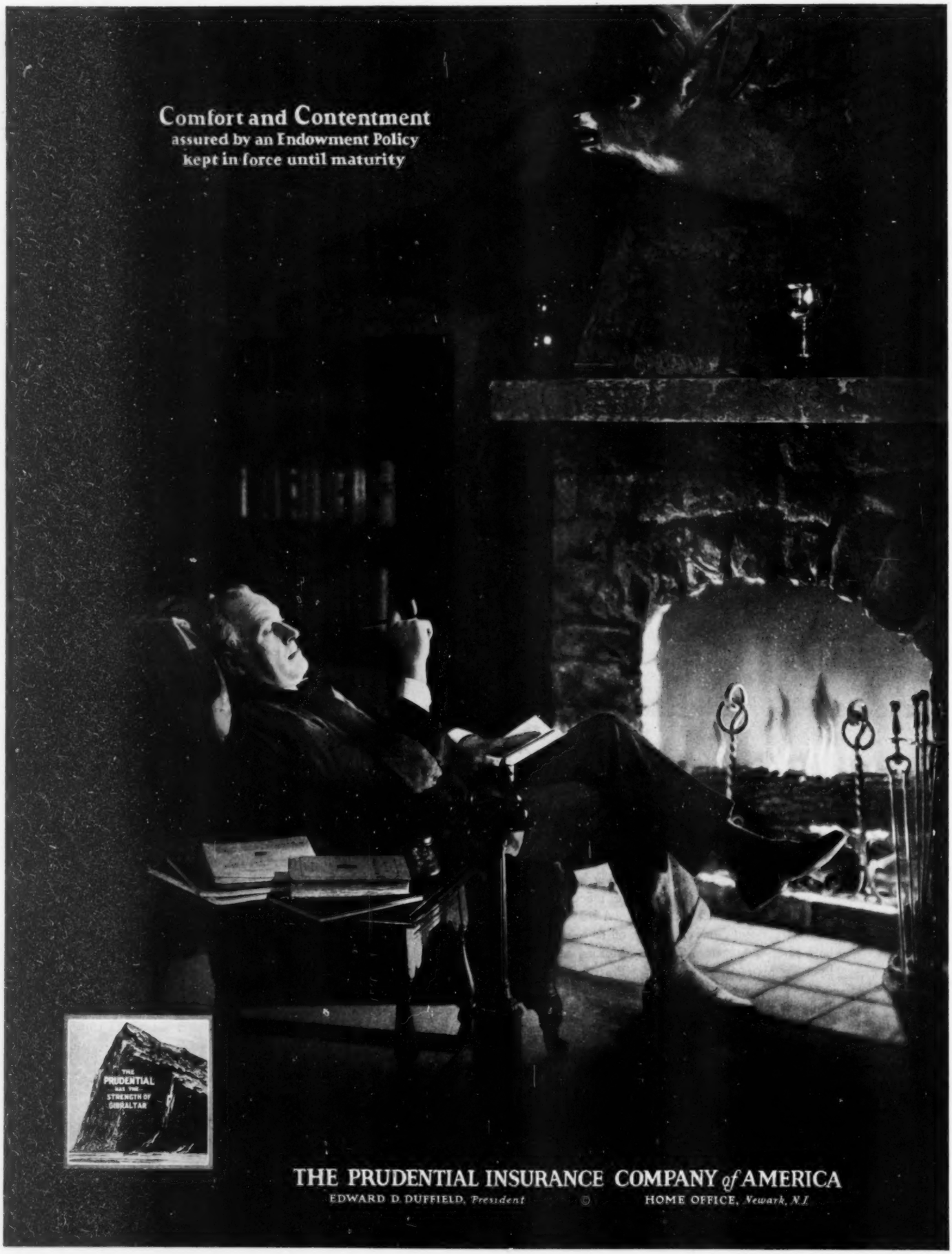
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(Continued from Page 210)

of his pack, he started laboriously forward, a strangely slow, plodding gait, as if in truth he had become an animal of heavy burden.

The bush had opened and closed upon the disheveled form of Captain Manning long before Shorty reached it; for a time he could gain no sight of the man ahead as he moved stolidly onward through the dank vegetation, or wallowed in the stretches of black bog, where only the sunken roots of trees formed a footing. But at last Manning appeared, his hands moving frantically about his face and neck, as he stood for a moment in wait.

"Make it faster!" he commanded. "These flies will eat us up!"

"They're about the same everywhere," said Shorty philosophically. Then as Manning turned anew to his course: "Break a branch every now and then; I'll follow you."

They came together again an hour later; Manning struggling waist deep in the stinking depths of swampy muskeg. Black puddles had formed where he had essayed a dozen avenues of progress; puddles with coffee-colored foam upon them. Shorty swung an arm awkwardly.

"Guess we kind of have to watch these things," he suggested, "and stay by the ridges where we can. Maybe I'd better go ahead."

"Not unless you walk faster," said Manning.

"Don't forget to break a branch now and then," answered the prospector. "Hold southeast whenever you can get your eye on the sun."

On they went, to the sweat-oozing heat of midday and the swarming of insect torment, the bulletlike attack of the bulldog, the whirr and bite of the moose fly, the acidlike incisions of the black flies, clustering about the tender flesh of the eyes, the blinding clouds of mosquitoes. Through their attacks, through the morasses, through the dry stretches where the white moss crinkled under his feet with vibrant hints of the horror that would come with the slightest touch of flame, through the interminable stretches where the muskeg lay like a tremendous sponge, and where one's steps must be high and awkward to encompass it; through it all Shorty McNeil progressed with that slow, cumbersome gait, his form taut, his eyes rolling now and then to catch the sight of a broken branch, a footprint in the slime. Not an unnecessary muscle moved; his great chest rose and fell smoothly, evenly. But at the times when Cap Manning waited for him, the sweat stood forth in rings even through Manning's cap, and he was panting. The long day passed until six o'clock. Cap Manning stopped beside the coolness of a lake.

"Make camp here?" he asked. Shorty McNeil stared mildly.

"We've got six hours' cool daylight yet."

Manning answered only by a plunge into the bush. The crackling of his progress guided Shorty for a long time before he was forced to watch for trail marks. At last he shouted, and when he reached Manning, together they fought their way to the brown-watered stream.

"I got a couple of fool hens back there with the sling shot," said Shorty. "We'll cook 'em."

Five hours later, Shorty awoke from sound sleep and rubbed the mosquitoes from his swollen face. Then he turned and, rising, walked to a bent form in the smoke of a smudge.

"You oughtn't've tried to do so much today," he said in kindly fashion. "That's why you can't sleep."

The other man turned with an exasperated gesture. "It's the flies. And wondering where we are, and how we're going to get out. How do we know we were on the right trail today?"

"That's what beats a fellow in the bush," answered Shorty, still in that quiet tone. "Here, I'll build the smudge around you. Now lay down and try to sleep."

When he awoke again, with the sun high, it was to Manning's shouts and shakings. They ate the rest of the prairie chicken, and started anew. But during the afternoon the form of Manning gradually came closer and closer in those infrequent moments when the tangled thicknesses of undergrowth, of shaggy birch and blister-rusted spruce and poplars gave Shorty McNeil a chance to look ahead. By night, the prospector was only a few steps behind. The next morning it was Shorty who hesitantly shook the man beside him.

"Kind of hated to do it," he apologized. "Gosh, a good night's sleep ——"

The other man's voice interrupted him, coming from behind feverish hands, rubbing at features which had become all but unrecognizable.

"I could have killed you last night—snoring like that! I didn't drop off until after daylight."

Berries were the breakfast this morning, as berries had been the meal the night before. There had been no game, no bait for a vagrant trout in the stream. The grueling march began again, hours of plunging and fighting their way through the tangles, of ensnarements in the brambles, of the suck and pull of the muskeg. As the day passed, Shorty McNeil often took the lead.

Another day followed that and still another; now there were long waits when Shorty stood with his pack on his back, waiting anxiously for the sound of the crackling bush behind him. Another night, and another morning.

EDUCATIONAL-BRUCE PHOTO., NEW YORK

Then, in the stink and heat of noon, Shorty McNeil turned in his course and began a matter-of-fact retreat. Cap Manning sat, unmindful of the slime, in the bog at the foot of a tree.

"Come on, Cap!" said Shorty. The man did not answer. "Come on!" he repeated.

Manning shook his head. "Leave me alone," he said thickly.

"Come on!" came the quiet repetition. A big hand reached out and caught Cap Manning by a shoulder, pulling him upward. But the form slumped back, once the hold was released.

"Leave me alone, will you!" There was a high pitch of resentment in the aviator's voice. "Never give a man a chance to rest; never let him get his breath—just go pushing on, pushing on. I'm not going to stand it!"

Shorty McNeil pressed his lips. The big hand gripped again at the shoulder. A wrench and he had pulled the other man to his feet.

"You get on there!" he commanded. "Hear me!" Then as Manning sought to evade him, a fist doubled and swept fair to the aviator's cheek. "Go on!"

A flare of anger came into the slits of Manning's eyes. His shoulders bunched, then sagged. "All right!" he grumbled. "Make a coward out of me!"

But Shorty shook his head. "I ain't making a coward of you, Cap," he apologized. "I just know what happens when you give up in the bush. You've got to keep going. And you're going!"

Late that afternoon, a moose, deep in the bush, raised his head, then crashed away. A strange sound had come to him, of humans, literally screaming in their anger. And after that the bellowing command:

"Go on! Go on, I tell you! Will I have to beat you again?"

Another night, another dawn. And again through the tangled blackness of the bush, the cry of a man in agony, in supplication. But after a time there was no sound, only that of a reeling thing threshing about, striking out at variance, to stagger back again as a stocky man with a pack on his back caught his arm and straightened him. Froth was on Cap Manning's lips now. His eyes were closed, his throat swollen until there was no chin. His boots were black with mud and slime, the trim breeches torn and ragged. His coat was gone, his white shirt in tatters.

"Come on, Cap!" begged Shorty. "We'll make it. We ought to be pretty close now ——"

Then he caught swiftly at the form beside him, at last to lower the sagging body to the ground. For a long time then he only stood, looking about him in a queer, harassed manner. But at last he set his pack on the ground and methodically cut the straps from it. Then he bent and pulled the knees and wrists of the unconscious man together and trussed them. He bent. The giant muscles of his neck became purple with strain. He grunted and straightened, shifting his burden until his big arms could support the load upon his shoulders. Then, still plodding, Shorty McNeil went onward.

Late that afternoon an engineer, surveying far out from McLachlan, squinted curiously as something crossed the hair line of his transit, far beyond the chainman. He looked again, then straightening, peered in the distance. After a moment it appeared again, a staggering, stocky form with a heavy roll about his neck. The engineer shouted and moved forward. A chainman joined him. With realization, they called anew a shout of encouragement, and began to run.

It was freeze-up time before the necessity arose for Shorty McNeil to be summoned again to the air base at Lac du Grace. There seemed to be a different atmosphere about the mess table. The bottle passed as usual. The cookee moved about with his big aluminum pitcher. Then Cap Manning raised his glass.

"To Shorty McNeil," he said quietly.

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CRIMINALS, PROSECUTION, ET AL.

(Continued from Page 21)

since the Baumes Law than ever before. Unless they have collateral or know that the gang will put up collateral for them, the bondsmen will not trust the criminal on the chance that he will do a job to pay them, because the criminal himself is afraid that the job done to pay his debt will prove his fourth offense and life imprisonment. So H is against laws like that in New York."

There are two methods the bondsmen use to regain their forfeited bail. The first is called suing a dummy. If the criminal has jumped and can't be found, the case is tried, provided, of course, that the bondsman has pull, before the court convenes in a complaisant political judge's private chambers. A dummy man is put up as the defendant. The judge dismisses the case on the grounds of insufficient evidence. Here is an actual illustration:

A group of men were stealing merchandise. They used the house of a friend as a repository. They were caught delivering the last lot; and bail was set. The men got out, jumped bail, were not found, and fixing went under way. A politician spoke to the judge.

The judge said that the only way in which the case could be discharged would be to bring the defendant, before court opened at 8:30, to his private chambers. A dummy answered as the defendant. The judge heard the case, asked a couple of questions, and as, of course, there were no witnesses present, discharged the case on lack of evidence. The bail was remitted.

A variation of this, however, is the following case: A resort was raided. A number of men with concealed weapons were picked up by the police. A bondsman bailed all of them promptly from the station house. The case came to trial the next day. The bondsman and the resort keeper picked up some bums, gave them a dollar apiece, and sent them to court to answer under the names given, fictitiously, by the defendants. They were fined a dollar each and discharged. Bail was remitted.

The next method is that of postponement.

Legally, the bondsman has a year in which to produce the man for whom he has gone bond. But if the same political party remains in office for four years or for the succeeding four, the case may be postponed and postponed until it becomes dead wood and is forgotten. H said that if the reform candidate had got into office instead of the old D. A., stories like this would have been uncovered to such an extent as to make anyone's hair stand on end.

As Good as His Bond—and No Better

Without letting postponement go on indefinitely, there is the practice of keeping the criminal under cover until the right judge is sitting, and then bringing him out for trial when the criminal can be sure of an acquittal.

H held a criminal for a year because he was told to keep his whereabouts secret until a certain judge was sitting. Finally, fearful that he would lose the $15,000 he had put up, he turned the criminal over to the police, because he believed he was being double-crossed. This is the only case, in his nine years of bonding, when he has ever disobeyed gang orders like that and reneged on a prisoner.

All sorts of collateral are put up with the bondsmen to liquidate into money for the bond. H said he would accept booze, goods, jewelry, and so on. One bondsman was squealed on as having accepted stolen goods, and sent up to the penitentiary.

Another case of remission of bail cited was of a bondsman who had put up property to the extent of $2500. The prisoner jumped.

The bondsman, through his lawyer, pleaded that it was impossible for him to pay the sum—a son in college, and so on; he was land poor. The bail was reduced to $500, and it is doubtful whether the bondsman will even pay that amount.

This man is only one of hundreds, as you know. They carry on the largest part of the bonding business of the city. They are intimate friends of gangsters and politicians. H constantly talks of times when he was almost shot up. He is a young man. He keeps cocking his hat in different positions over his eyes, wears well-cut clothes, has manicured nails, attends to business, speaks in the language of the gangster, calling bail jumpers "lamesters," the district attorney's office, the "D. A.," and so on.

Of the bail scandal, the New York County Association of Grand Jurors says, in one of its reports referring to the series on crime:

"In THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Mr. Child emphasized the importance of the ready release of prisoners on bail as a major contributing factor to crime." . . . Examples quoted: H. R. was arrested in Manhattan. He was held to be the head of a gang of loft thieves. Search of his record disclosed that three indictments were pending against him; two were for loft jobs. He was out on bail. No less than thirty-seven times his lawyer has secured postponement of his case!

This is an excellent example of the close interrelation between release from bail and legal maneuvering to delay prosecution indefinitely, thereby making it easier to beat the case, and at the same time affording an opportunity to the criminal to meet expenses by operating with his gang.

Aid and Comfort for the Guilty

"The law," says another part of a grand-jurors' association report, "now permits the professional robber, burglar, narcotic seller, pickpocket, and so on, to purchase their liberty not only with credit but by the proceeds of their criminal activities."

Now the fact is that the bail abuses could be stopped by legislatures which honestly desired to do so and had laws carefully drafted for the purpose. Many of them could be stopped by the persistent watchfulness of the prosecutor. As for legislation, there always appear to be forces which defeat the plugging of the loopholes of the law. One of these forces unquestionably is that of lawyers and reformers who "live in the books"; the other is the political pressure of shysters, bondsmen and ward leaders friendly to the criminal. As the New York Times says in a recent editorial on the general subject of the difficulty of making the law machinery respectable:

"In the report of the Crime Commission for 1929, there is a historical review of what has been done since 1926 to improve the administration of criminal justice in this state. In no spirit of ingratitude for what has been done, fully recognizing a considerable achievement, we may best aid the commissioners by dwelling on some vital changes which they have proposed again and again, but to which the legislature has remained deaf.

"Why should a prosecuting attorney be forbidden to say a word to the jury about the refusal of a defendant to take the witness stand? If the defendant is innocent, why is he silent? Why does the legislature refuse so to amend the Code of Criminal Procedure as to withdraw a protection needed only by the guilty?

"The commission has proposed that the legislature pass a resolution for a constitutional amendment enabling it to provide by statute that a defendant, charged with any other crime than murder, may waive a trial by jury and have his case disposed of by a judge. This is no Utopian dream. For many years it has been in successful operation in Maryland. It has been found greatly

(Continued on Page 217)

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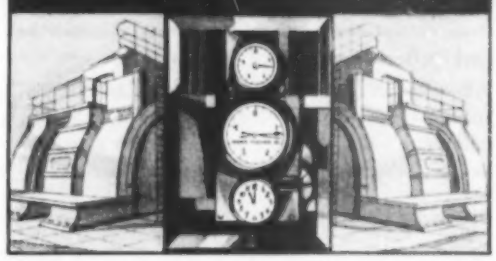

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. . .the little rivet, whose removal makes all the difference in the world in steel-shafted golf irons

ABOVE is a lifelike portrait of the rivet that has always joined the head to the shaft in irons.

In Spalding Cushion-neck Irons, that rivet loses its job! It's fired, banished, ousted, to make possible the first steel-shafted irons, and the *only* steel-shafted irons that combine the sweet feel of the finest hickory with the advantages of the steel shaft.

And if you are one of that great majority of golfers who are wedded to steel-shafted *woods*, you know what these advantages are.

Advantages of the Steel Shaft

You know that the steel shaft, because it is lighter, puts greater swinging weight into the head where it belongs and where it aids controllability.

You know that the steel shaft, because it is thinner, has less wind resistance to contend with, and therefore makes every shot a wee bit cleaner cut.

You know that the steel shaft, because it is more uniform, permits more perfectly matched clubs. You know that the steel shaft can't warp.

Because of these virtues, a majority of golfers have used and liked the steel shaft—in *woods*. But despite these virtues, this same majority have shunned the steel shaft—in *irons*.

Because, in steel-shafted irons other than Cushion-necks, the metal-to-metal contact of steel head against steel shaft forms a perfect conductor that sends the shock of every shot scooting up the shaft and into the hands. This metal-to-metal contact, with its shock and its vibration, causes the harsh, unpleasant feel that has made steel-shafted irons so unsatisfactory to play.

But in the Spalding Cushion-necks, there is no such thing as metal-to-metal contact. The steel heads never touch the steel shafts.

For before each shaft is fitted into the hosel of the head, it is enclosed in a cushioning sleeve of lively rubber. Vibrations can no more pass through this rubber sleeve than can electric current pass through the rubber insulation on a wire.

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A great idea! But the rubber sleeve alone does not do the trick. For that rivet, small as it is, is big enough to nullify the good effects of a dozen rubber sleeves. With the metal rivet in there, touching both steel shaft and steel head, all the good of the shock-absorber is nullified—metal-to-metal contact still exists, and still gets in all its foul work.

So the Spalding experts worked and experimented for two years. And once more justified their reputation as the world's greatest club-makers by working out an ingenious way of crimping the end of the hosel around the rubber so that no rivet is necessary!

That method of joining does more than eliminate the rivet! It also eliminates any possibility of the rubber losing its liveliness, for it seals out the air forever. No air means no oxidization. And no oxidization means that the rubber will stay lively throughout the long life of the club.

Other gadget-bedecked clubs will appear and optimistically claim shock-absorbing virtues. But only Spalding *can* offer steel-shafted irons that are absolutely free from shock, vibration, sour feel. For Spalding has the whole Cushion-neck principle so thoroughly protected that no other club can achieve the same sweet feel without transgressing Spalding patents.

Tell your Professional you want to try these marvelous Irons. Play the first set of Cushion-necks he can put into your hands. And prepare yourself for one of the biggest thrills this grand old game has ever given you!

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The Cushion-neck construction comes in Kro-Flite Custom-Built Registered Irons, Kro-Flite Standard Registered Irons, and Kro-Flite Related Irons.

Every club in each set has exactly the same swinging weight as every other club. So, instead of trying to master six or nine different swings, you master one. That swing and that timing are right for every iron in your bag!

Buy a Matched Set in either of these two ways

Kro-Flite Custom-Built Registered and Standard Registered Irons are sold in sets of six or nine only—never separately. A complete record of every Registered Club is kept by Spalding. Thus, any time a club is lost or broken, Spalding can make you up a duplicate that doesn't differ by so much as a hair.

Kro-Flite Related Irons are sold separately or in sets. By getting clubs of the same index you eventually have a perfectly matched set even if the clubs are bought months apart.

Prices of Kro-Flite Cushion-neck Irons

Custom-Built Registered	*Set of nine*	$90
	Set of six	60
Standard Registered	*Set of nine*	$75
	Set of six	50
Related	*Set of nine*	$54
	Set of six	36
	Each	6

Let your Professional outfit you. Spalding dealers also carry these clubs, as do all Spalding Stores.

(Continued from Page 214)

to expedite justice and reduce its cost. Some other states have envied and studied it. It has been introduced, with effect, in Hartford. Purely optional to the defendant, it deprives him of no right. In cases that have resulted in local excitement and bias, it is a guaranty of impartiality. . . .

"In these vainly repeated recommendations of the Crime Commission are the potentialities of a fruitful and far-reaching improvement of our system of criminal justice. But time was made for lawyers, and the legislature is a lawyer."

We are constantly thrown back upon the conclusion reached by Raymond Moley, who has had the closest and most practical experience, in distinction to the lily-hand investigators, that in the absence of changes, some of them constitutional, to provide better machinery of justice, we shall be faced constantly with the deals between criminal elements and justice which, either by corrupt alliance between politics and crime or by mere inefficient awkwardness, open the holes for the organized gangster and racketeer to slide out.

We have already spoken of the influence of the prosecutor upon the fact that the preliminary hearing and grand jury may result in dismissals, low bail or no bills. We may now look at the respect the law deserves by its promptness or delays, much of which question depends on politically elected prosecutors. Indeed, the criminal knows that there is a direct relation between his good or bad chances of escape and the slow or swift motion of justice.

Long Delays, Few Convictions

This is pointed out by the Illinois Crime Commission, referring to the Illinois survey of delays:

"From 81 to 110 days' delay from filing of the charge to elimination in the trial court without punishment, which is the record in down-state counties, may indicate the reason why many of these cases were thus eliminated—that is, without punishment. Delay always works toward no punishment. Even those cases which are tried to juries cannot fail to be adversely affected by the lapse of 112 days before trial, which is the median in the seven less urban counties. Milwaukee presents an outstanding example of speedy administration. By far the largest number of cases going into the courts there are guilty, the record being 1149 out of 1519 entering the trial court. This includes pleas as well as convictions by court or jury. A median of 17.22 days from the date of filing the charge in the court of preliminary hearing to final conviction in the trial court is a standard to which not only the courts of Illinois but those of other states as well may hope to attain. In this connection, it should be noted, however, that nearly one-third of the cases were tried by the court after waiver of jury, which may be done in felony cases in Milwaukee. In such cases, 23.17 days elapsed from the filing of the charge to trial and disposition. The jury may not be waived by the defendant in felony cases tried in Illinois, so that some of the speed in Milwaukee may be ascribed to the difference in procedure; moreover, the prosecuting attorney may there initiate felony charges upon information rather than by indictment of the grand jury, which still further facilitates the prosecution. Such a system in this state would probably add greatly to celerity of prosecution and therefore to the better administration of justice."

Enforcement by Public Opinion

"In conclusion, it should be said that public opinion in any given county can make or break the enforcement of the criminal laws in that county. Bankers wish bank robbers severely dealt with; some people wish automobile thieves severely punished; farmers want chicken thieves vigorously prosecuted; and there are those who believe that the enforcement of the prohibition law should be more vigorous than that of any other statute. Judges, state's attorneys, sheriffs and policemen are human. The people of the country are very apt to get the kind of enforcement of the criminal laws they themselves desire. The officers having to do with law enforcement of all kinds, when they have demonstrated their ability and good faith, should have the support of the press and of the citizens generally. On the other hand, it is important that the officers of the law—and this especially applies to the state's attorneys—should interest themselves in keeping the people of the county informed as to the conditions and in trying to mold public sentiment into an attitude of upholding the law. It was Abraham Lincoln who said: 'Public

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sentiment is everything. With public sentiment, nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed. Consequently, he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be enacted.' It lies within the power of every state's attorney, if he will conscientiously and energetically accept the responsibility which goes with the office, to be in truth 'a molder of public opinion' in the sense that it was defined by the immortal Lincoln."

The difficulties all along the line, except for the quality of some judges and the automaton functions given them, are to be found mostly in the prosecutor's office. It is quite true—though the local prosecutor is elected, though he and his assistants are underpaid, though he is responsible to no one and is not obliged to keep complete records of every case—that American legal machinery is too often open to this scandalous evil of bargaining with the gunman, the gangster and the racketeer. There is nothing in that landscape to create respect for law.

There is little in the appearance or character or actions of a large number of the lawyers who practice mostly in our criminal courts to indicate that they have any respect for law or the majesty of the law. To their eyes, law practically is out of sight and sound. What every shyster and court orator and mouthy cross-examining lawyer knows is that what he deals with is a maze of personal equations—the judge, the clerk, the bailiff, the coroners, the bondsmen, the prosecutor and prosecutor's boys, the juryman, the intimidated witness, with claptrap and emotionalism, with reporters and juries, with a public opinion either wholly asleep to the gentle stream of crime-ring immunity or awakened to morbidity by press hysteria.

Basement Bargains in Crime

What this type of lawyer thinks about is seldom the law as an ultimate opponent, but the law as a seller—seller of dismissals, bargainer for lesser pleas, a trader in the market place.

One of them, in the presence of his criminal client—a bright, clear-eyed, professional young man who laughs at the psychiatrists—said to me:

"You allege that the criminal laws are not for revenge, nor even to provide a clinic for reformers and medical explorers. On the contrary, you have always contended that the criminal law was to put a cost tag on criminal behavior which would make young boys and girls and the rest of us who are still law-abiding say, 'Well, I'd better not do so-and-so, because if I do, so-and-so will happen to me!' A cost tag, you say? Well, my principal business is not to tear that tag off. My first business is to mark it down to a bargain price—a basement bargain price!"

He succeeds.

Does this create respect for law?

In the last analysis, public opinion, and nothing else, will cure the present situation in our law-enforcement machinery. The National Crime Commission, to which the President's Law Enforcement Commission is the successor, recognized the necessity not only to establish standards adaptable to universal adoption; it made its principal objective the encouragement of local or state commissions. And we had no delusions as to their efficacy unless they served to awake their communities. Such an awakening cannot be brought about without the intervention of the press.

For my part, I have always been unable to see that scolding the newspapers for sensationalism does any good. Misrepresentation or bad reporting is censurable. The truth—whatever it may be—brings to the trial court of public opinion, in occasional sensational cases, the farce of our criminal law.

Of course there are abuses. For them, it is useless to blame the press. If judges allow sensationalism in their courts and conduct trials lacking in dignity, it is not the press but the courts which must take the blame. Recently the American Bar Association created a committee. An extreme view upon the work of the committee—with some merit—is expressed by the American Labor Banner—a publication which many conservatives would term radical:

"It is announced that an American Bar Association committee is going to study newspapers in a group of big cities to find out what's wrong with the way newspapers handle crime.

"'The upholding of the dignity of Justice' is the Bar Association's aim, it is announced. The association is to have local members act in each case, so as to avoid friction. Better handling of crime news is wanted, we are told. Papers in twenty-five cities will be studied to bring about this upholding of the dignity of justice, better handling of crime news and better coöperation between press and bar.

"When the American Bar Association—the air-tight organization of lawyers and judges—gets to fooling with the way newspapers handle news, it is time to at least beware. Crime news undoubtedly is handled with great abandon. It is splashed around most when it is muddiest. New York—one of the cities where a study is to be made—probably leads the parade of muck in crime news, but there is plenty to be said for Chicago and other cities.

"However, there can be no great feeling of public safety in leaving the mending job to the American Bar Association, which more and more has come to feel the urge to stick its legalistic nose into public affairs with the object of running those affairs."

Again, when reading this comment, we must come back to the truth that it is the law and its machinery which must command respect. The press, unless it lies, merely tells the story. The absurdities of expert testimony as to insanity are not the fault of the press. The ridiculous heroism draped on the shoulders of vile characters who, before the law, "get away with murder" is not the fault of the press. The game of law beating in our American courts upon which the public looks as at a football game or boxing match is not the fault of the press. On the contrary, the newspapers, no matter how sensational, if they tell the truth, are in the process of throwing the blame for toleration of stupid law machinery upon the public itself. The public gets what it wants.

Trial by Newspapers

For instance, let me paraphrase a report made to me: In as much as a police-court reporter is assigned to one or a small group of courts, he naturally cannot print anything which would make it impossible for him to get information from his beats. He becomes a friend of the court officials, and in many cases would prefer to risk or bias the truth rather than lose a friendship which is profitable to him. Take, for instance, the investigation which was about to be made here on the beating up of criminals and prisoners by detectives. The beating certainly went on; a reporter tells me of cases where detectives entered houses they were raiding, threw coffee in the faces of girls, strong-armed the men, and did all manner of cruel things that would hardly be conducive to breeding respect for law. This was unnecessary. These were not cases of gun squads terrorizing a gang, but the sort of procedure where the cops are sure of their arrests. The reporter to whom I spoke said that it was impossible to do anything about it. The only thing he could say was: "Don't pull that when I'm around." The newspapers finally got wind of what was going on through the gossip of the reporters and hounded the police chief until he promised to investigate. But the reporters could bring back no actual news because of their close connection with the courts. The chief issued the statement that nothing of the kind was going on, and the story was forgotten.

Reporters know that such stories can be contrasted with the English police methods. Scotland Yard will keep its eye upon a criminal without arresting him, until they have completely sewed up a case against him. The arrest is made in a perfectly polite and gentlemanly manner. The prisoner is told that anything he may say will be used against him. The detectives may buy him a drink, or he may buy them one. But under all the nicety of his treatment he knows that if the Yard has him, it also has a clear case, and his conviction is ten to one against him.

The reporter of experience knows that, again and again, and ever and ever, American newspapers have given away police secrets. Special writers have discovered, by detective systems of their own, the whereabouts of the criminal and given him the chance to escape by publishing the facts. The police have often complained about this method of preferring a good story to aiding justice, but nothing can be done about it as long as the newspapers prefer a headline to justice, or as long as newspapers are better and more efficient than the police and the courts. The English method of refusing the papers the right to print testimony of the case until it is over prevents public acquittal or conviction.

A Headliner's Holiday

Many say that newspaper exploitation makes crime inviting. But in the case of a young hero who continues polishing his gun, in view of the fact that he never gets a conviction and always gets a nice piece of money for writing his thrilling story, who is to blame? The press? Or the system which frees him? The publicity newspapers give criminals most undoubtedly has its effect on the young sixteen and seventeen year olds who are doing so much of the shooting today. But what is the story? The story is not a story about the press. The story is the story of inefficient or corrupt machinery of the law.

The biggest selling point in a news story is illicit love; particularly between two everyday people. Hence the attending excitement over the Snyder-Gray case. The newspapers had a festival over the shabby story of the corset salesman. More "trained seals" were employed to give their various views than for the Geneva Conference or the League of Nations session. Each paper outdid the other in the attempt to find new angles to the story. And lastly, it was not the papers alone! Gray finished a book on the eve of his execution! The Hickman case sold hundreds of thousands of additional papers. Richer pickings for the city papers than even Lindbergh afforded. But what is responsible for such a situation? The press? No. The law. And also you, who tolerate such machinery of the law as allows flash lights in the courtroom and fails to adopt the dignity of the English procedure.

If any popular indictment is to be made of the newspapers—and any such indictment is a paradox, since no paper lives upon unpopularity—it is that the press, because of the reasons I have given, only reports the high lights of sensationalism and law-enforcement absurdities, and fails to give the public the true picture of the constant flowing stream of cases which indicate that the moron and the stumbler among criminals are the types which go to prison, while, because of silly, unorganized machinery of justice, organized crime can so often get its representatives out of trouble.

If the President's Law Enforcement Commission can get down to practical recognition of the fact that human fallibility will be with us for a long time not only in the diseased minds of convicted fools or social pitiables but also in the coroner, the prosecutor, the judge, the court clerk, the jury, the criminal lawyer, who let smart and organized criminals go, the necessity of such reform of organization as we will try to set forth in other articles will be shown to an anxious public.

What we want is the same efficiency and sense as may be found today in a breakfast-food factory.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Child. Those to follow will examine the possibilities of efficient reorganization of legal machinery.

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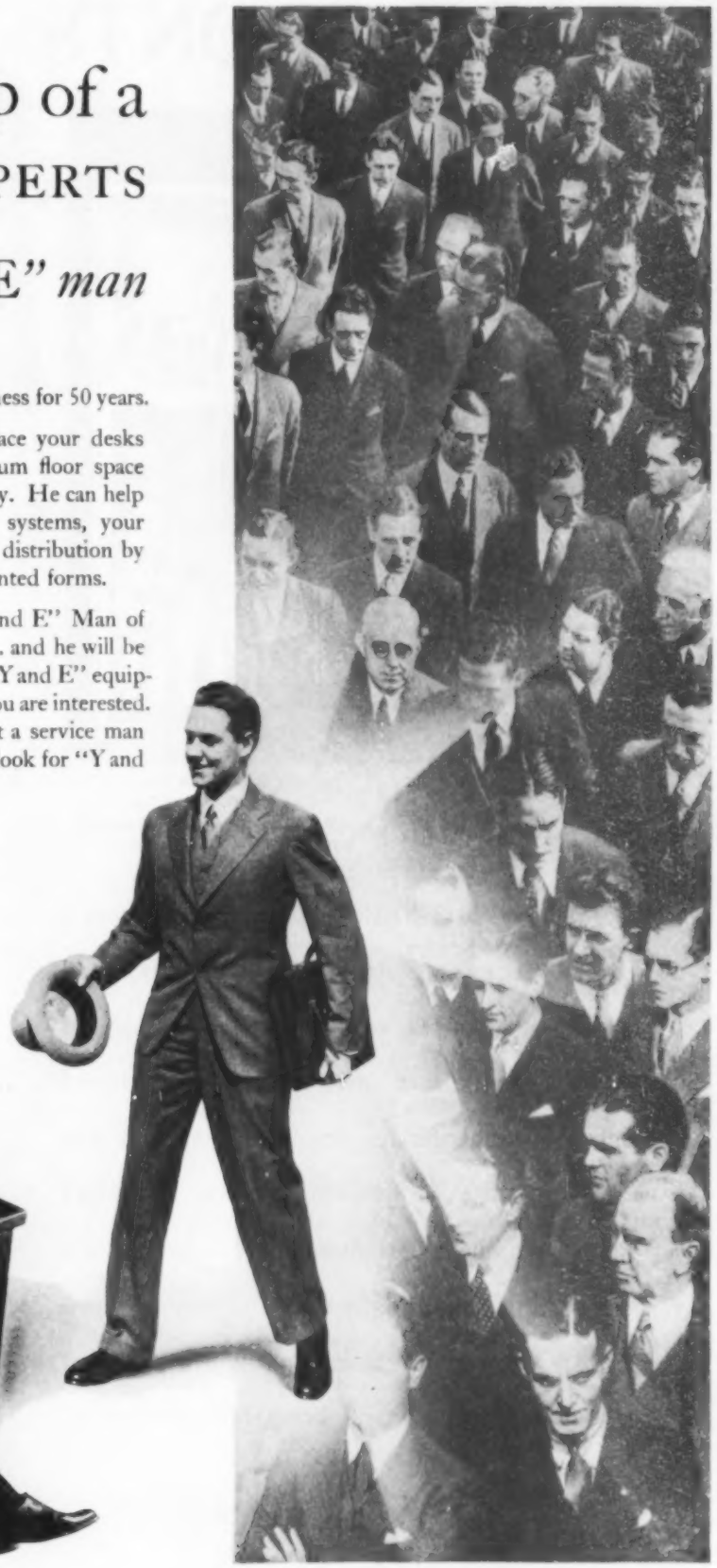

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Index of Advertisers

May 3, 1930

	PAGE
Ætna Life Insurance Company and Affiliated Companies	130
Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co.	196
American Brass Company, The	134
American Chicle Company	119
American Farm Machine Co.	209
American Rolling Mill Company, The	99
American Sales Book Company, Ltd.	200
Antrol Laboratories, Inc.	213
Arch Preserver Shoes	195
Armstrong Cork Company	92, 93
Auburn Automobile Company	49
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.	81
Ayer & Son, Inc., N. W.	65
Baltimore & Ohio Railroad	158
Beckley-Ralston Co., The	205
Berry Brothers, Inc.	135
Brockway Motor Truck Corporation	168
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation	111
Buick Motor Company	70
Burgess Battery Company	146
Burroughs Adding Machine Company	190
California Crushed Fruit Corporation	138
Campbell Soup Company	35
Capehart Corporation, The	115
Carey Company, The Philip	211
Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, The	172
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	127
Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co., Inc.	142
Champion Spark Plug Co.	76, 77
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.	178
Chrysler Sales Corporation	53
Cincinnati Victor Company, The	197
Clark Grave Vault Company, The	207
Clark Lighter Co., Inc.	209
Clinton Carpet Co.	186
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.	224
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	137
Commercial Investment Trust Corporation	139
Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Company	173
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	84, 85
Crawford, McGregor & Canby Company, The	116, 117
Creo-Dipt Company, Inc.	143
Cudahy Packing Co., The	IV Cover
Cyclone Fence Company	170
Delco Products Corporation	155
Denney Tag Company, The	182
Dill Company, J. G.	96, 97
Dodge Brothers Corporation	47
Duke Power Company	222
Du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc., E. I.	75
Dur-O-Lite Pencil Company	144
Eagle Pencil Co.	131
Eastman Kodak Company	124, 125
Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc.	185
Elgin National Watch Company	204
Estate Stove Co., The	183
Evans & Co., Victor J.	213
Fandango Products of New York, Inc.	213
Fire Association Fleet, The	184
Fisher Body Corp.	42
Fisk Tire Company, Inc., The	68, 69
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	202
Forhan Co.	140, 141
Frigidaire Corporation	108, 109
Fromm Bros.	217
General Electric Company	67
General Foods Corporation: Postum Company, Inc.	100, 101
Sanka Coffee Corp.	55
Gerber Products Division, Fremont Canning Co.	165
Gillette Safety Razor Co.	91
Glo-Co Company	214
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	112, 113
Graham-Paige Motors Corporation	51
Graybar Electric Co.	223
Grigsby-Grunow Company	89
Heinz Company, H. J.	152
Hewes & Potter, Inc.	136
Heywood-Wakefield Company	188
Hires Company, The Charles E.	153
Hirschl & Bendheim	213
Hoover Company, The	149
Hormel & Co., Geo. A.	199
Hudson Motor Car Company	44
India Tea Bureau	218
Ingersoll Watch Co., Inc.	106
Johns-Manville Corp.	63
Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, Iver	193
Johnston Company, Robert A., III	Cover
Kawneer Company, The	220
Kendall Refining Company	123
Klein & Sons, Mathias	126
Krank Co., A. J.	161
Lambert Pharmacal Company	57
Larus & Bro. Co.	148
LaSalle Extension University	193
Lever Bros. Co.	177
Libbey-Owens Glass Company	150
Libby, McNeill & Libby	37
Lincoln Motor Company, The	80
Lorillard Company, P.	72
Lupton's Sons Co., David	95
Masonite Corporation	103
McCall Co.	120, 121
Metal Egg Crate Co.	201
Mollé Company, The	107
Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc.	221
Motor Improvements, Inc.	189
Mountain Valley Springs Co.	174
National Cash Register Company, The	145
National Casket Company, Inc.	206
National Pipe Products Corp.	164
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.	205
North American Accident Insurance Co.	197
Norwich Knitting Company	208
Oakland Motor Car Company	73
Olds Motor Works	40, 41
Old Town Canoe Co.	193
Packer Manufacturing Company, Inc., The	201
Paramount Publix Corporation	78
Parker Pen Company, The	II Cover
Paterson Parchment Paper Company	203
Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n.	110
Pioneer Suspender Co.	194
Plymouth Motor Corporation	64
Polk Miller Products Corp.	128
Post's Bran Flakes	100, 101
Pratt & Lambert-Inc.	147
Probak Corporation	81
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Prudential Insurance Company of America, The	212
Rastetter & Sons, Louis	197
RCA Victor Company, Inc.	87
Reo Motor Car Company	104, 105
Rex Pub. Co.	214
Ross Gear & Tool Co.	160
Rutland Fire Clay Co.	201
Sanka Coffee	55
Schalk Chemical Co.	191
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	205
Sears, Roebuck and Co.	129
Sharp & Dohme	187
Simoniz Co., The	169
Smith Co., Wellington J.	218
Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc, L C	175
Southern Pacific	118
Spalding & Bros., A. G.	216
Spratt's Patent Limited	209
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	88
Standard Oil Company of New York	167
Studebaker Corp. of America, The	163
Switzerland Cheese Association, Inc.	181
Technicolor, Inc.	82
Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation	171
Thomas Clock Co., Seth	151
Toledo Metal Furniture Co., The	210
Truscon Laboratories, The	191
Tung-Sol Lamp Works Inc.	162
United States Tobacco Company	59
Universal Pictures	62
U. S. Lines	192
Vacuum Oil Company	39
Valentine & Company	132, 133
Valvoline Oil Company	156, 157
Vitrolite Company, The	166
Warren Telechron Co.	215
Watkins Company, The R. L.	180
Waverly Oil Works Company	176
Western Clock Co.	1
Wheeling Steel Corporation	61
Wrought Iron Research Association	179
Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., The	198
Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.	219

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PIEDMONT INDUSTRY CAROLINAS

This Night

NIGHT'S cloak of green is fastened with a moon.
Fire stars are buttons on his purple vest,
And some wild, wayward, lovely hand has strewn
Along his path sleep's little leaves of rest.

Down all earth's shadowed boulevards and squares,
And cobbled streets and stone ways, up and down,
And little roads that finish unawares,
And splendid highways stretching through the town ——

Down every darkened thoroughfare I pray
Peace follow those who walk and cannot weep;
Peace move with them this night, nor let them stray
Upon their ancient needs which do not sleep.

Peace comfort them, and peace bring some delight
To all earth's lonely gentlemen tonight.

—*Bert Cooksley.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

May 3, 1930

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SHORT STORIES — PAGE

Sales Resistance—*Frederic L. Smith, Jr.* *Illustrated by Arthur William Brown* 8
There Were Giants—*Albert Richard Wetjen* *Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer* 10
Black Wednesday—*Walton Green* *Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart* 12
The Brass Hat—*W. Townend* *Illustrated by Grattan Condon* 16
Money Isn't Everything—*Margaret Culkin Banning* *Illustrated by May Wilson Preston* 18
Those Old Pals of Hers—*Nunnally Johnson* *Illustrated by Matt Clark* 22
Music at Ragusa—*Struthers Burt* *Illustrated by R. M. Crosby* 24
Peter Rook, Honest Bucketeer—*Thomas McMorrow* *Illustrated by Raeburn Van Buren* 28
Making of a Sportswoman—*Frederick Hazlitt Brennan* *Illustrated by James H. Crank* 30
The Soul Killer—*Richard Matthews Hallet* *Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer* 46
Each to His Own—*Courtney Ryley Cooper* *Illustrated by James H. Crank* 52

ARTICLES

The Arduous Art—*Ben Ames Williams* *Photographs* 6
More or Less Lucky Dogs—*Boyden Sparkes* *Photographs* 14
Criminals, Prosecution, et Al.—*Richard Washburn Child* *Decoration by Wyncie King* 20
Housekeeping at the White House—*J. Frederick Essary* *Photographs* 26
Overproduction Can be Cured—*W. M. Jardine* *Cartoon by Herbert Johnson* 33
Surprise Stuff—*George W. Gray* *Photographs* 56
Deflation—*Will Payne* *Photograph* 58

SERIALS

Bad Penny (In three parts)—*Samuel Merwin* *Illustrated by Arthur William Brown* 3
Happy Landings (Conclusion)—*Fanny Heaslip Lea* *Illustrated by Henry Raleigh* 36
Hard Money (Fifth part of six)—*Clarence Budington Kelland* *Illustrated by Orison MacPherson* 43

MISCELLANY

Editorials 32
Post Scripts 34
Cartoon and Comedy 71
Out-of-Doors 72
Getting On in the World 180
The Lesser Bird Dogs—*Don Cameron Shafer* 201

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

GraybaR

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

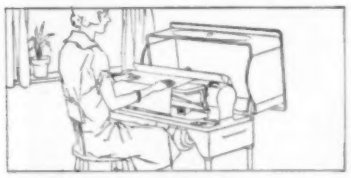
TIME · TIME · TIME

Does it always pursue you? It needn't!

When all the hands of all the clocks seem turned against you, remember this:

There are *new ways* to "cut down" on household duties.

There is, for example, an Ironer,



a wonder of wonders that eliminates two-thirds of one's former ironing time. The miracle this Graybar appliance performs at the snap of a switch is typical of the things Graybar electrical appliances will do. Isn't it worth **$165*** to add very nearly half a day to your week?

... And, while we're talking about

the new labor-savers, here's the Handy Vacuum Cleanerette. It's only **$13.50!** It cleans hard-to-clean upholstery, it cleans harder-to-clean corners, it cleans *stairs*, it cleans *clothes*, it cleans *automobile interiors* (husbands, note). All

THAT'S how lots of women feel. Pursued, pressed, *harassed* by the hands of a clock ... But they needn't be.

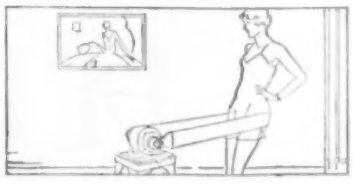
They simply aren't giving electricity a real chance to help them. They haven't yet turned over their heavy household duties to sturdy electrical appliances. They haven't yet found the power back of the electrical outlets in their walls ... But they should.

Electricity and electrical appliances are fast taking over burden after burden in the home. The appliances on this page are up-to-the-minute examples of Graybar's many efficient preservers of human energy. It will take just a few minutes to read about them. And they may save hours, and even whole days, of time.

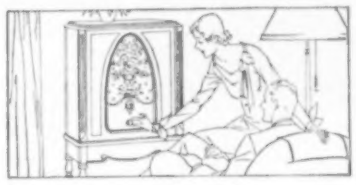
• • •

in all, it's the happy answer to a housewife's prayers.

... Imagine! Even the art of reducing has been reduced, in point of time. You can take a "3-mile walk in 3 minutes"—with a Graybar Stimulator.



You can have, for only **$59.50,*** an electrical exerciser that's practically a whole gymnasium in your bedroom!



... Even your spare-time can be more full of worth-while things—thanks to Graybar Radio.

... There's lots more to this story of time-and-labor saving. Ask your nearest Graybar dealer. You'll find him, eager to serve you, at the sign of the Graybar Shield of quality.

He'll show you—gladly and helpfully—the very efficient Graybar Two-Speed Clothes Washer, the Sunshine Health Lamp, Sewing Machine,

Vacuum Cleaner, Radio, and all the other Graybar products that make the running of a home easier.

You may be interested to know that Graybar has also been making the running of industries and of railroads and businesses everywhere easier for sixty years. Graybar's 60,000 electrical items—and Graybar's system for getting them to the user—have done a lot to speed up things in America!

May we tell you about those items on the coupon below?

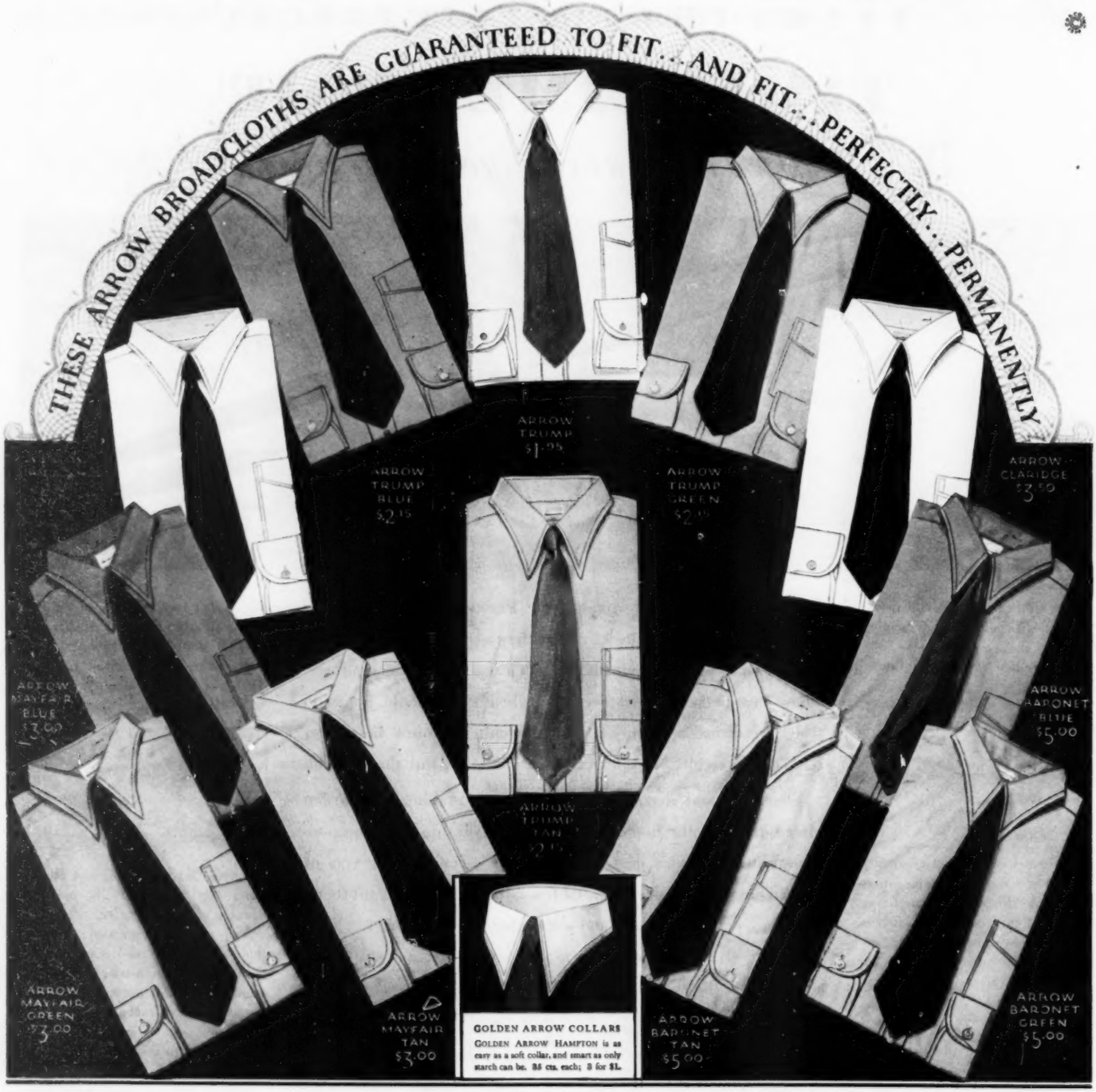
Tune in on the Graybar Hour every Tuesday, 10 to 10:30 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time ... Columbia network.

* *Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.*

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO. S.E.P.-M1
GRAYBAR BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Please tell me all about the
☐ Ironer ☐ Cleanerette
☐ Stimulator ☐ Radio
or _____
Name _____
Address _____

DID you know that every one of these Arrow Broadcloth Shirts, from $1.95 to $5, is *guaranteed* for permanent fit? Did you know that Arrow has invented, and is now using, on all these shirts, the "Sanforized" shrinking process—and that it simply erases from your life such irritants as strangling collars, climbing sleeves, and shirt-tails that shrink two or three inches? Did you know that Arrow is the very largest, shrewdest, and ablest judge of the excellence that *you* insist upon in your linen—as well as one of the largest buyers of it—and finest tailors of it? You can expect *extra* value from any Arrow Broadcloth Shirt, and you can expect Arrow's representatives, anywhere, to have precisely the broadcloth model you want.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.
Arrow Collars . Handkerchiefs . Shirts . Underwear

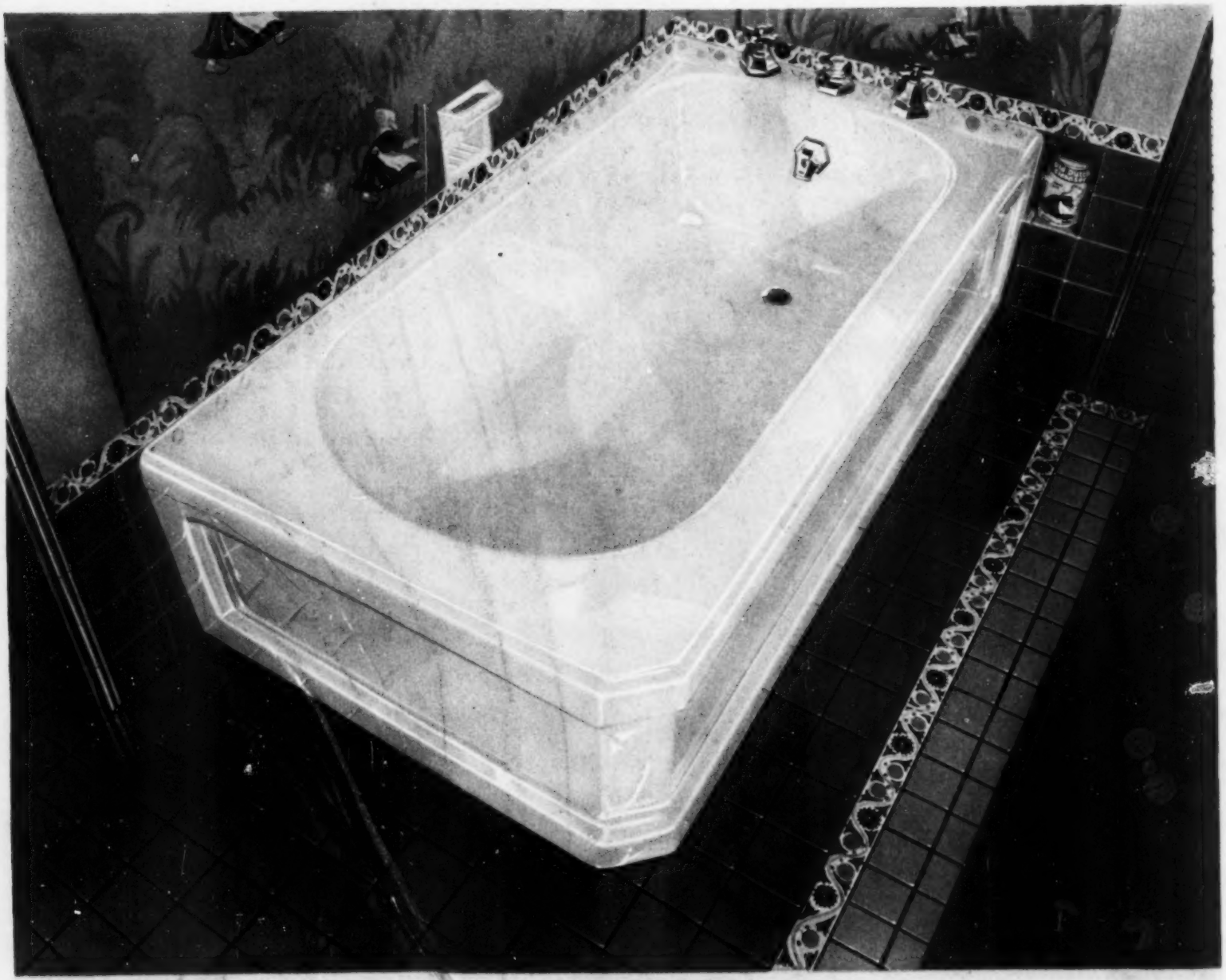

THESE ARROW BROADCLOTHS ARE GUARANTEED TO FIT... AND FIT... PERFECTLY... PERMANENTLY
ARROW TRUMP $1.95
ARROW TRUMP BLUE $2.15
ARROW TRUMP GREEN $2.15
ARROW CLARIDGE $3.50
ARROW MAYFAIR BLUE $3.00
ARROW TRUMP TAN $2.15
ARROW BARONET BLUE $5.00
ARROW MAYFAIR GREEN $3.00
ARROW MAYFAIR TAN $3.00
GOLDEN ARROW COLLARS
GOLDEN ARROW HAMPTON is as easy as a soft collar, and smart as only starch can be. 35 cts. each; 3 for $1.
ARROW BARONET TAN $5.00
ARROW BARONET GREEN $5.00

ARROW SHIRTS

— AND ONLY ARROW SHIRTS HAVE ARROW COLLARS

for Mother on her day
SUNDAY, MAY 11th
YOUR sweetest thoughts of Mother will be best expressed by CAVALIER . . . Johnston's famous assortment of chocolates in the red and gold metal container . . . Graced as it is by the appropriate Mother's Day card, this gift becomes even more beautiful and personal . . . A token that will portray your fondest wishes . . . Priced at five dollars, three dollars, and a dollar-fifty . . . There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods.
Johnston's
CHOCOLATES
The CAVALIER ASSORTMENT

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND



Old Dutch cleans with a smooth, easy sweep. It doesn't scratch. It's free from grit.

Old Dutch Cleanser *keeps lovely things lovely*

and gives you the happy assurance of Healthful Cleanliness

Safe cleaning . . . that's the important question in present-day homes where lustrous surfaces and colorful equipment are so much in vogue. If beauty is to live, things must be safely cleaned . . . that's why millions of housewives use Old Dutch, the modern, perfect cleanser.

With Old Dutch, safety is inherent . . . an elemental part of its make-up . . . as distinctive of this natural cleanser as Healthful Cleanliness.

The very character of Old Dutch . . . soft, flaky, free from all destructive content . . . assures protection for fine, smooth surfaces, along with cleanliness that safeguards health.

Protects surfaces . . . because it's free from scratchy grit, acid and caustic. *Safeguards health* . . . because it cleans thoroughly; removes dangerous impurities you cannot see along with those you can see.

You can use Old Dutch with absolute safety for all household cleaning — for porcelain, enamel, tile, floors, windows, on any surface where water may be used. The ease with which it cleans will please you; so will the amount of work a little Old Dutch does. Keep a package in the bathroom, as well as in the kitchen and laundry. Old Dutch is your assurance of Healthful Cleanliness and the continued loveliness of lovely things.

Old Dutch Cleanser is economical because it goes further and lasts longer

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

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